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THE NEW APPEAL OF AMERICAN FASHION

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the New York Collections



One dip of the little wand per day, one 1-ounce bottle per year is all you need use when you wear Countess Isserlyn Make-Up.

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Think of it as $20 a year.

Alexandra de Markoff

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OSCAR DE LA RENTA LAYERS his knits, lavishes wood hues on wine wool, renders an Autumn ensemble with bonfire vibrance. Shirtdress, tanktop, cardigan, dickey and belt . . . five breezy pieces for **$495.** Sorry, no mail or phone. Tier into Plaza Collections on the Fourth Floor.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1971

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

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DAVID BAILEY

COVER: Classic opening to The New York Collections—the officer's coat in blond wool. Originala designed by Ilie Wacs; Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America (full length, page 237). . . . With it, the look of a small neat head and a face with more color—trends you'll hear more of, this issue. The warm healthy glow here comes from Helena Rubinstein's Burnished Peach Blusher, Tangier-ine Le Lipstick; on the hair, Roux's Lucky Copper Fanci-full Rinse. Coif, Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

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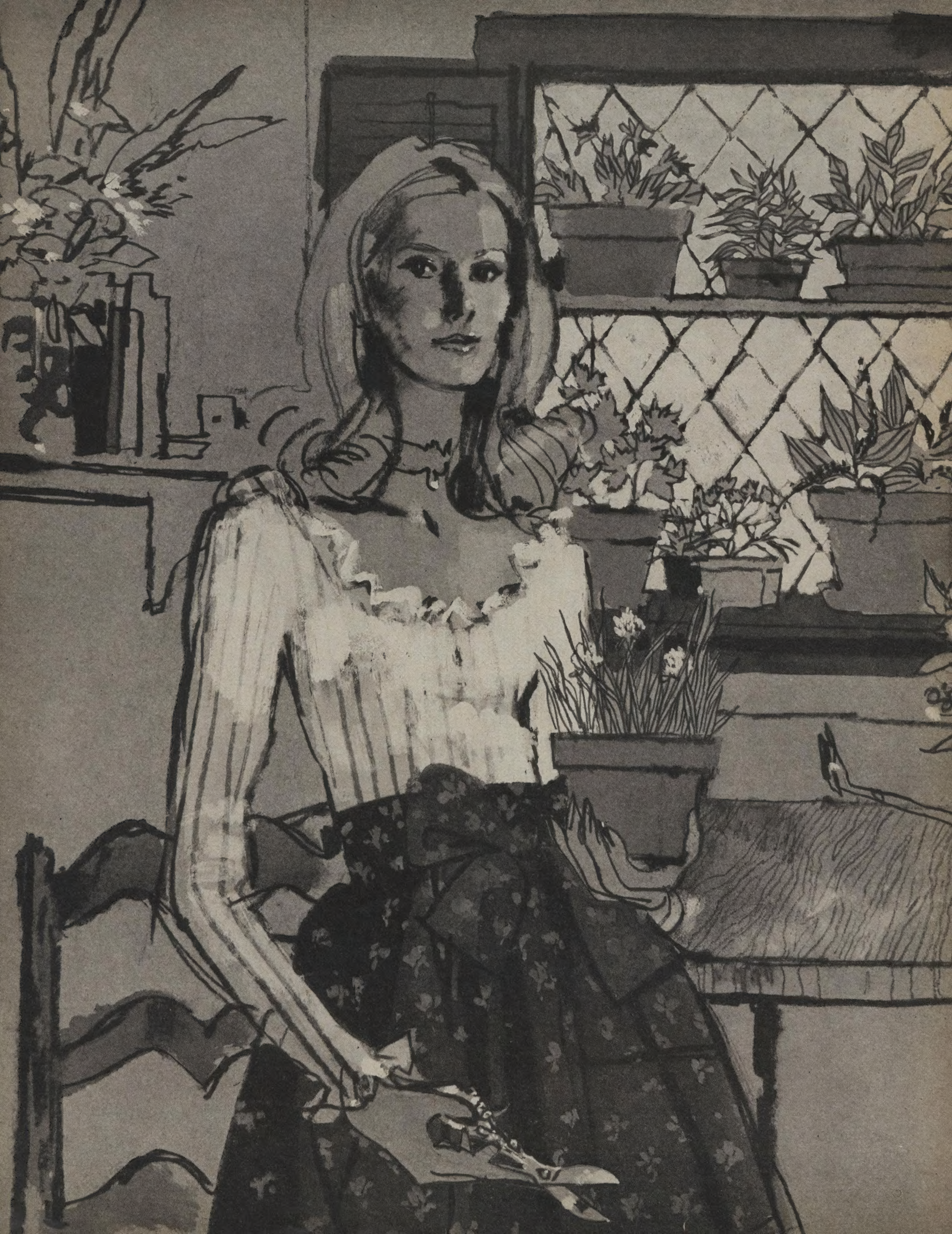
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Robert Randall



Photo: Avedon

Chester Weinberg for Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis »»



'For the many women whose skin is sensitive,
tender or fragile, I have created
The 'Sensitive Skincare' Collection.
A remarkable new kind of special care
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—Charles Revson



Until now, there has been no truly adequate care for sensitive skin —*not necessarily allergic*—but inclined to 'over-react' and be easily irritated. This special-care collection of soothing creams and balms for the sensitive skin is based upon the pure essences of natural herbs—mistletoe, yarrow, fennel, balm mint, camomile. Anything that could be even *mildly* irritating has been screened out.

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Herbal Under-Makeup Creme. A rich daytime emollient that retains moisture.
Herbal Nightcreme. A blend of herbs, oils, moisturizers that replenish dry skin.

The Green Series for the special care of Oily, Sensitive Skin:
Herbal Facial Cleanser. A soothing, non-greasy wash that is *non-stripping*, too.
Herbal Mineral Rinse. A mild, stimulating toner that *won't burn or sting*.

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson



Fur Hat by Janet Leitner

Photographed at The Park Lane, New York

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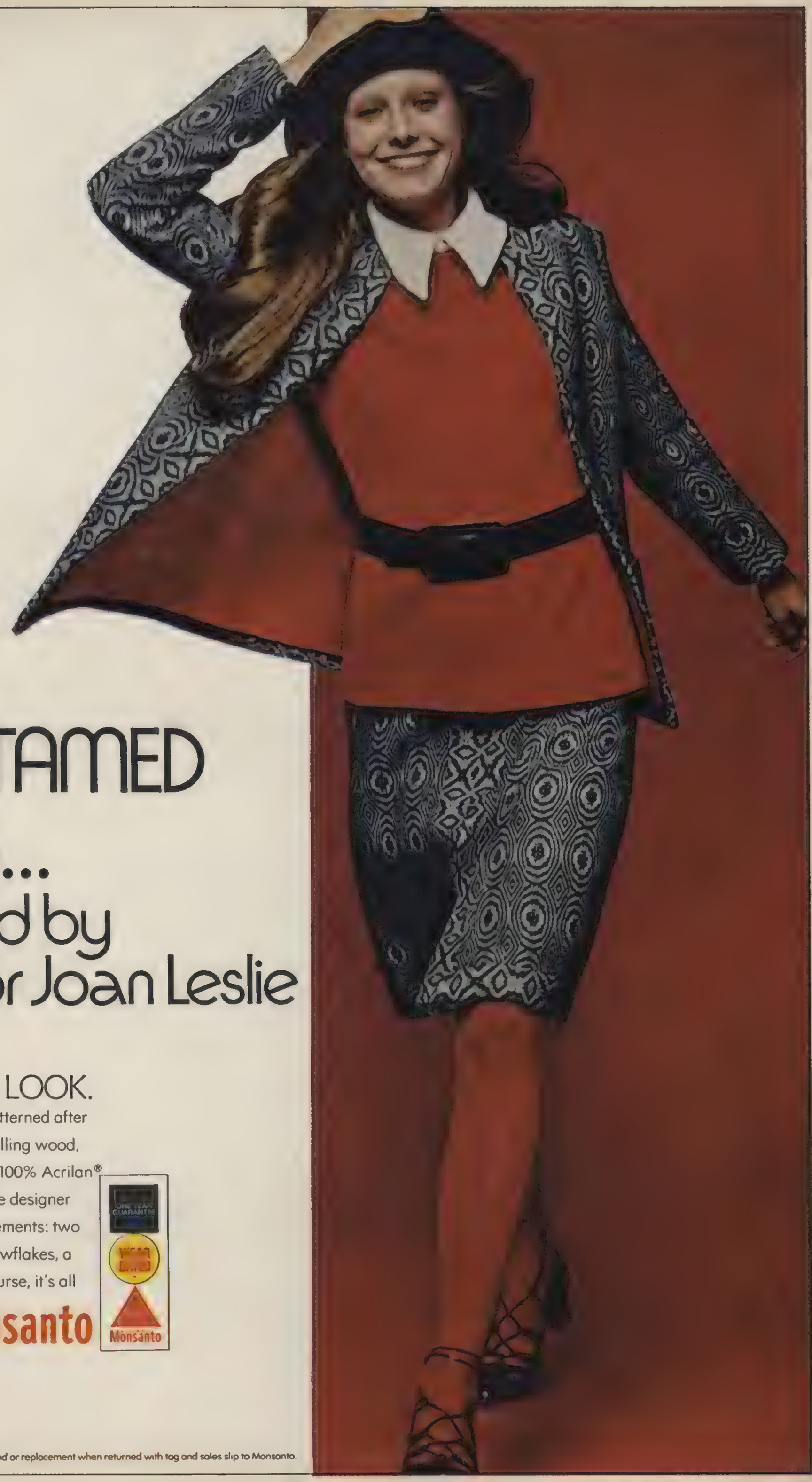
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across the country

For the fourth year in a row, stores from coast to coast will be showing clothes from Vogue's special report on The New York Collections, celebrated by many of them with fashion shows, Vogue's own movie, and other events listed here.

L. S. Ayres & Co.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

"The Best of The New York Collections" as seen in Vogue. Benefit of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Thursday, Sept. 23, 1:00 P.M. Indianapolis Athletic Club Ballroom.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

"The Best of The New York Collections" as seen in Vogue. Benefit of Fort Wayne Philharmonic Orchestra. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 1:00 P.M. Sheraton-Fort Wayne Ballroom.

Dayton's

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Annual Fashion Benefit for The Friends of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Monday, Aug. 16, at 6:30 P.M. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

The Denver, Colorado

DENVER, COLORADO

Fashion: Opus 1971, sponsored by The Junior Symphony Guild for the benefit of The Denver Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, Aug. 28, 6:00 P.M. The Dome.

El Palacio de Hierro

MEXICO CITY

New York Collections Formal Showing featuring Oscar de la Renta—Fall, '71. For the benefit of Obra Social Legaria. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 9:00 P.M.

B. Forman Co.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Forman Flair Award—Vogue Fashion Show. Sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary to the Medical Society of the County of Monroe, for the benefit of the Health Career Scholarships. Tuesday, Sept. 14, 10:30 A.M. brunch. Regimental Hall, Flagship Rochester Hotel.

Frost Bros.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Frost Bros. and Vogue present "Fashion Gala Baccanale," benefit of San Antonio Symphony Society. Friday, Sept. 17, 7:00 P.M. "Oakwell" home and gardens of Robert L. B. Tobin.

Garfinckel's

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Garfinckel's and Vogue present "The New York Collections." Major window and interior displays. Aug. 26 through Sept. 6. Daily fashion shows in Tea Room—Greenbrier Restaurant, 12:00 noon–2:00 P.M.

Halle's

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fashion International sponsored by the Women's Committee of the Cleveland Orchestra, for the benefit of The Cleveland Orchestra. Thursday, Sept. 16: Petite Luncheon—11:30 A.M.; Fashion Show—1:00 P.M. Severance Hall.

The Wm. Hengerer Co.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Sixth Annual Fashion Design Award, co-sponsored by The Wm. Hengerer Co. and The Junior Board of The Millard Fillmore Hospital, for the benefit of The Volunteer Council of The Millard Fillmore Hospital. Friday, Sept. 17. Champagne Brunch at 11:30 A.M. Brookfield Country Club, Clarence.

Annual Showcase Ball, co-sponsored by The Junior Board of The Millard Fillmore Hospital and The Wm. Hengerer Co., for the benefit of The Millard Fillmore Hospital Building Fund. Friday, Nov. 12, at 10:00 P.M. Grand Ballroom, The Statler Hilton, Buffalo.

Joseph Horne Co.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Vogue/Inside Horne's, benefit of the Junior League of Pittsburgh. Friday, Sept. 10, 5:45 to 7:30 P.M. Peacock Lane, 4th floor, Joseph Horne Co.

J. L. Hudson Company

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Fashionscope '71, for the benefit of the Junior League of Detroit. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 2:30 P.M.; Friday, Sept. 24, at 6:30 P.M. Hudson's Auditorium.

Hutzler's

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Rendezvous with Fashion": Designer Show and Luncheon. Monday, Sept. 13, at 12:30 P.M. Hunt Valley Inn.

Jordan Marsh, Boston

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

New York Collections . . . Fashion Show. Tuesday, Sept. 21: Coffee—10:30 A.M.; Fashion Show—11:00 A.M. Fashion Center, Jordan Marsh.

Stanley Korshak

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Governing Board of The English Speaking Union with Vogue Magazine and Stanley Korshak presents New York Collections Fall 1971, for the benefit of English Speaking Union. Tuesday, Sept. 14: Cocktails—11:30 A.M.; Showtime—12:30 P.M.; Luncheon—1:15 P.M. Guildhall of the Ambassador West Hotel.

I. Magnin

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Luncheon and fashion show, for the benefit of the Seattle Opera Association. Friday, Sept. 10. Olympic Hotel.

I. Magnin

PORTLAND, OREGON

Champagne buffet and fashion show sponsored by Parry Center for the benefit of handicapped children. Saturday, Sept. 18. I. Magnin.

I. Magnin

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Luncheon and fashion show, sponsored by the San Marino Auxiliary for the benefit of the Five Acres Home for Children. Thursday, Sept. 23. Huntington-Sheraton Hotel.

I. Magnin

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Buffet and fashion show, "Tally-Ho," sponsored by Charity for Stanford Children's Convalescent Home. Saturday, Sept. 11. Menlo Circus Club.

O'Neil's

AKRON, OHIO

50th Anniversary Celebration of the Akron Art Institute, for the benefit of Akron Art Institute. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 7:00 P.M. Cocktails, dinner, dancing: Akron Art Institute.

Sakowitz

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Fashion Shows: Wednesday, Sept. 15, 11:30 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. at the Sakowitz Post Oak Store—The Assembly.

Festival of Romance Ball, benefit of Texas Institute of Child Psychiatry. Sunday, Oct. 3, 7:00 P.M. to midnight. Sakowitz—Downtown—3rd floor.

Stix, Baer & Fuller

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Stix, Baer & Fuller and Vogue present "The New York Collections": Thursday, Sept. 2, at noon, Stix, Baer & Fuller—Downtown—Missouri Room; Friday, Sept. 3, at noon, Stix, Baer & Fuller—Westroads—Garden Room.

Swanson's on the Plaza

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

"Bal Luminière Charity Ball," for the benefit of Cripple Children's Hospital. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 7:00 P.M. The Carriage Club.

Fall Fashion Event—Top Cream Show. Thursday, Sept. 9, at 11:00 A.M.

Titche's of Dallas

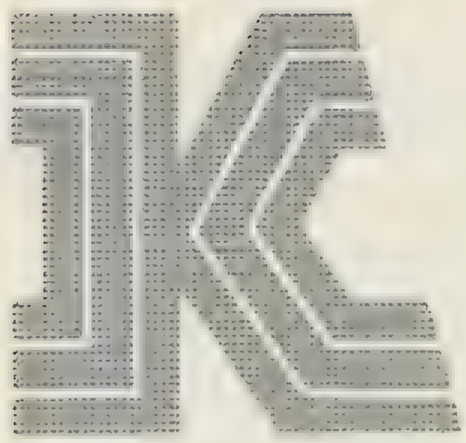
DALLAS, TEXAS

Arête Awards Presentation (13th Annual), benefit of Women's Council of Dallas, Inc. Tuesday, Sept. 14, at noon. Regency Ballroom, Fairmont Hotel.

John Wanamaker

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Shall We Dance?" Benefit of Philadelphia Orchestra. Friday, Sept. 17, at 2:00 P.M. The Academy of Music.



The Kenton Collection

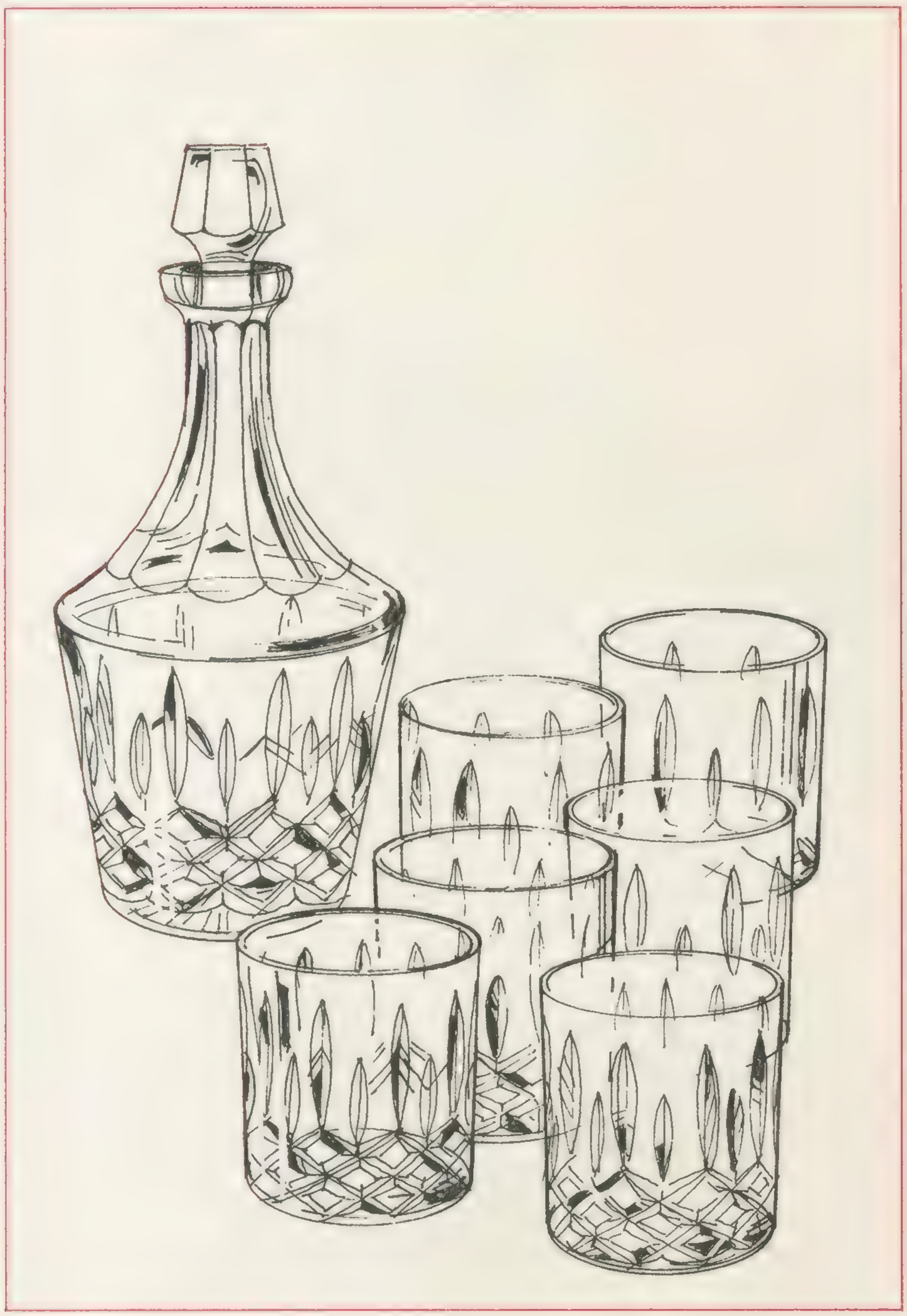
Georg Jensen

Mark Cross

Cartier

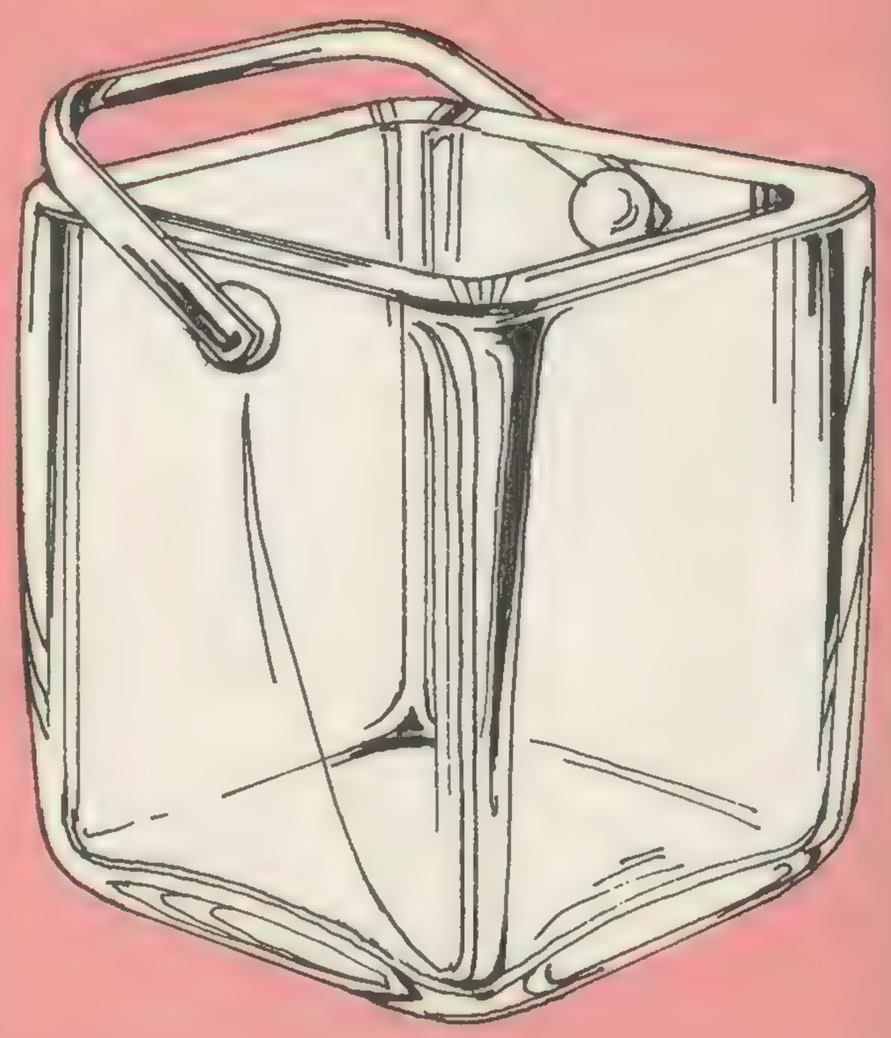
Valentino

Kenneth Jay Lane



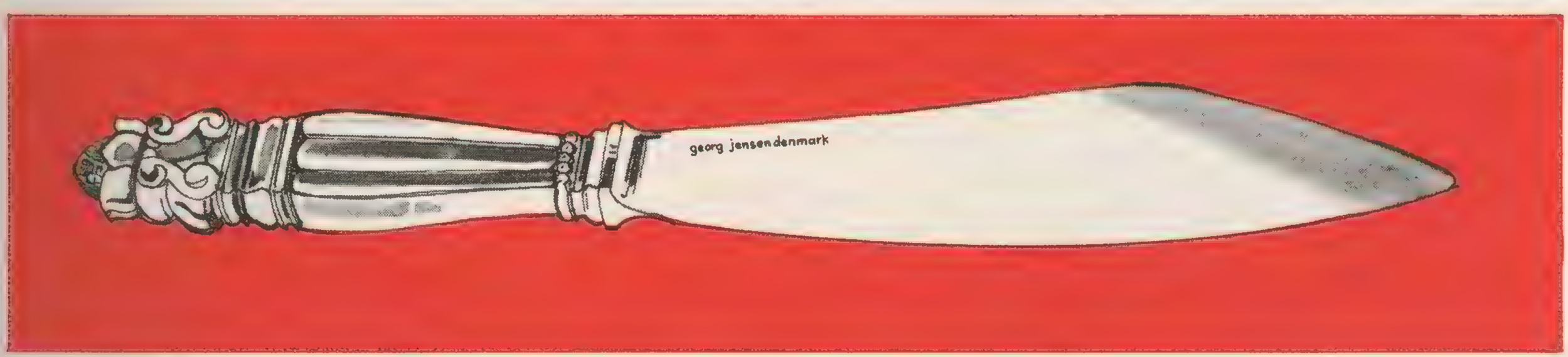
GEORG JENSEN: Hand-blown Galway crystal decanter, cut and polished by hand in Ireland, where they have a great respect for glass and what it holds. 27-ounce capacity. a. 40.00 *(1.85)*.

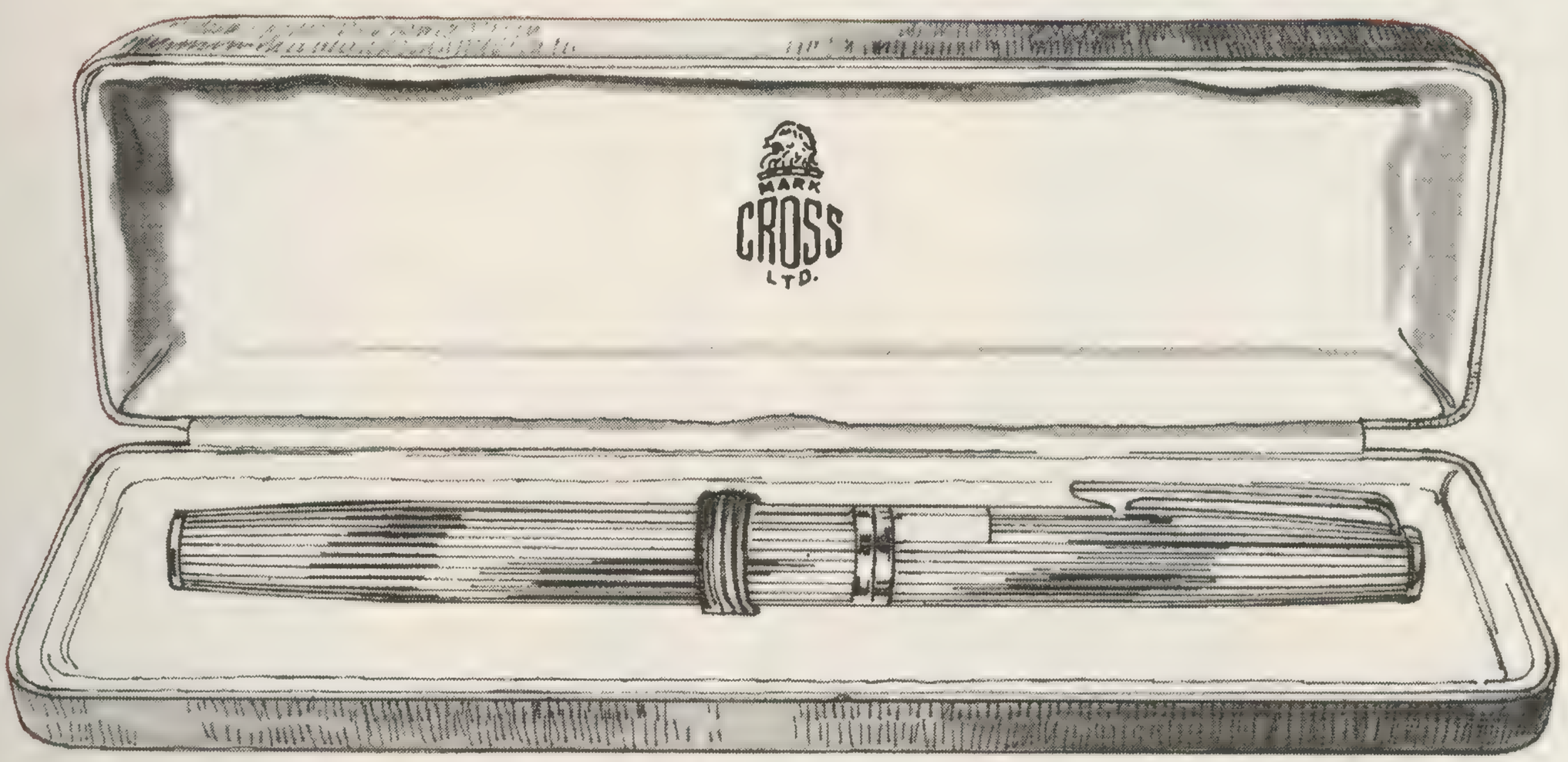
Set of six matching double Old-Fashioned glasses. b. 45.00. *(2.70)*.



CARTIER: This icy ice bucket is pleasing to bon vivants of all persuasions. A cool cube of crystal with a silver handle, it holds enough "rocks" for the first round of drinks—or for an entire evening, if the party is for two. 5-3/4" high. c. 50.00 *(2.50)*

Copyright 1971 By The Kenton Collection





GEORG JENSEN: Acorn cake knife. Beautifully fluted handle crowned with the ornate acorn design. Finest sterling reflects the craftsmanship of the world-renowned Jensen silversmiths. An elegant gift for very special people. 1c. 40.00 *(1.25)*

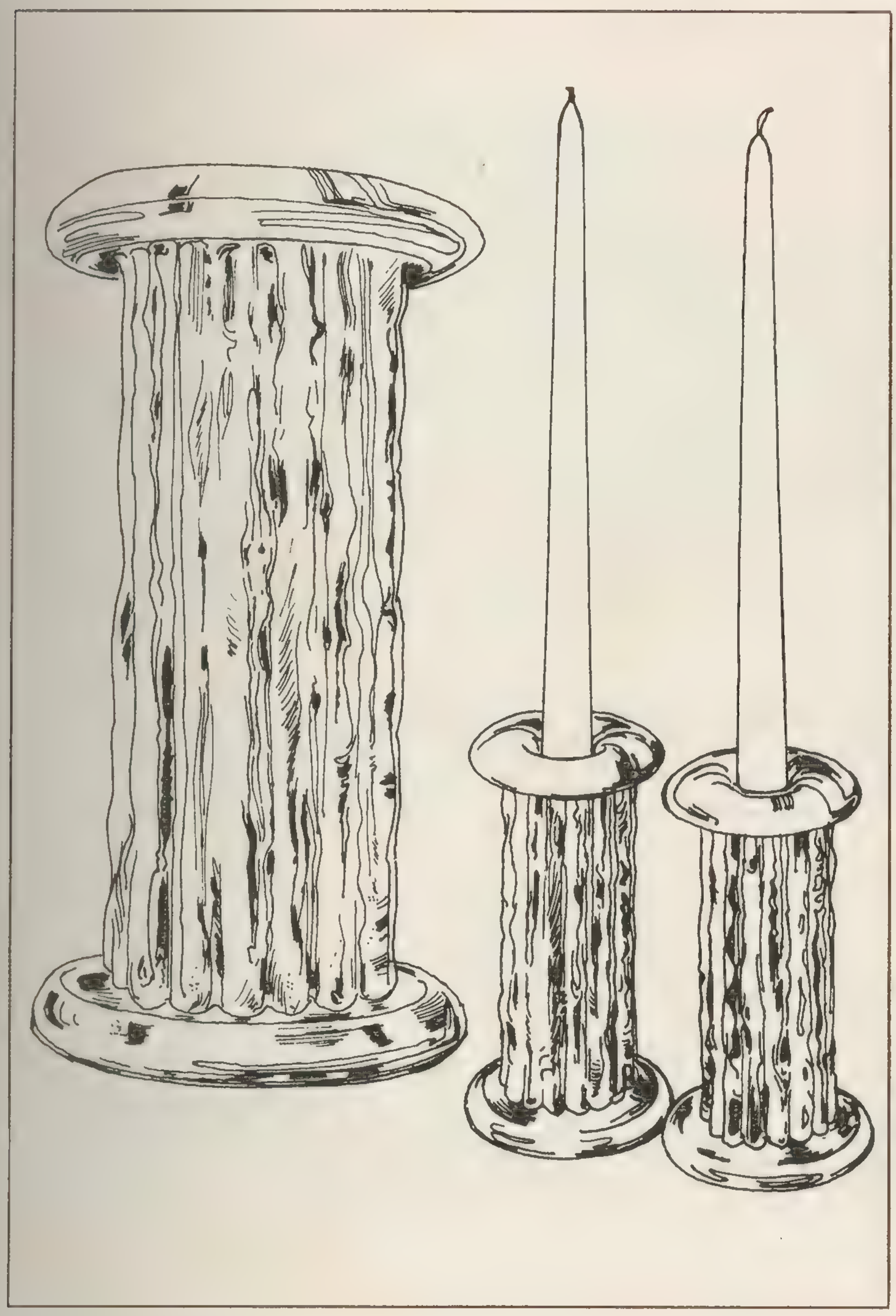
MARK CROSS: Their exclusive sterling silver fiber tip pen. It's the one that not only looks sleek and handsome, but writes that way too. A great graduation gift, it lends a distinctive new flair to any signature. By Mark Cross, Ltd. 1d. 18.00 *(.75)* 1e. 5 ink cartridge refills 4.00 *(.75)*



KENNETH JAY LANE: Here's how he brings Byzantine splendor to the most sensuous woman you know. A doublé-dangle of sumptuous golden metallic pendant on handsome chain links. It's the most stop-look-and-glisten jewelry on the fashionable scene. 2a. 20.00 (.90)



KENNETH JAY LANE: He's not your run of the mill numerologist. Instead of using Arabic or Roman numerals, he clearly spells out the time in a distinctive script. From France: 17-jewel timepiece in a gold-tone metal case, on a coffee-colored ostrich-embossed strap. 2b. 35.00 *(1.00)*



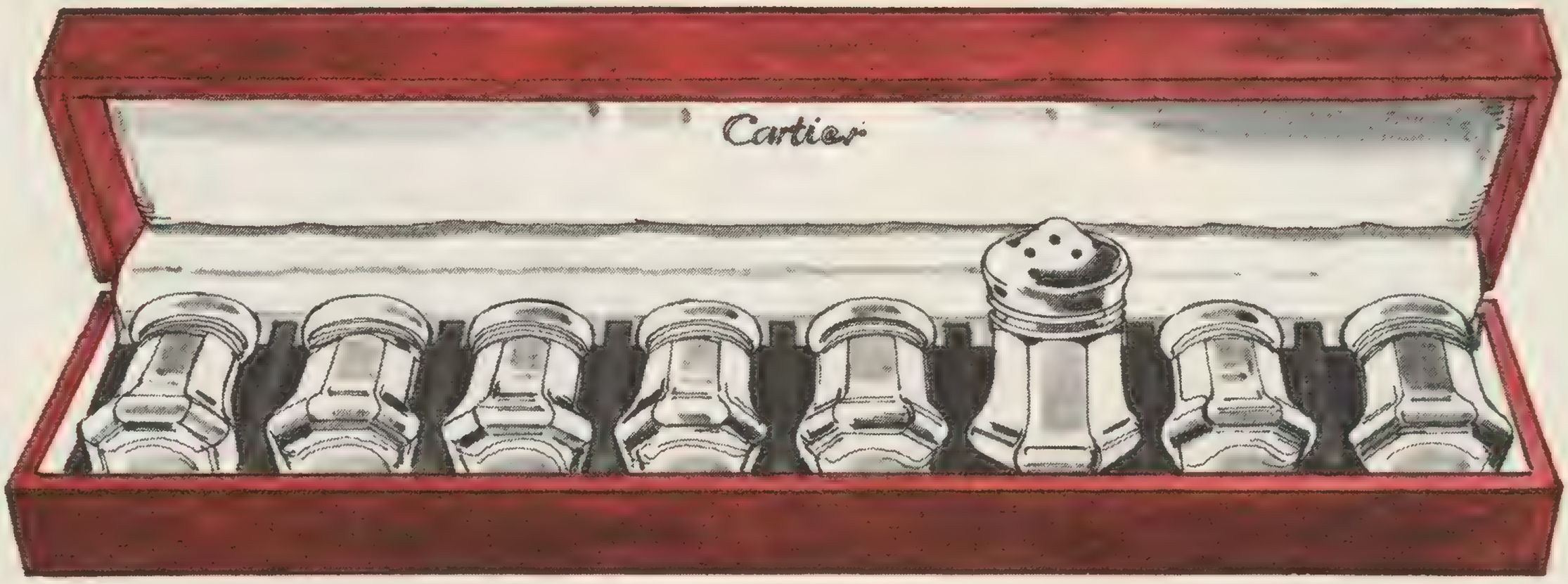
GEORG JENSEN: Kosta-Boda of Sweden designs the ultimate "Rurik" candlesticks. Finest crystal in a column of rippled translucence spouting into smooth holder. 5¾ inches high. 3a. The pair 19.00 *(2.50)*



CARTIER: Personalized key ring. Cartier shapes their world famous sterling silver into an oversized tear drop disc, engraves it with three block initials and latches it to a loss-proof circle to carry as few or many keys as you need. 3b. 12.00 (.75)

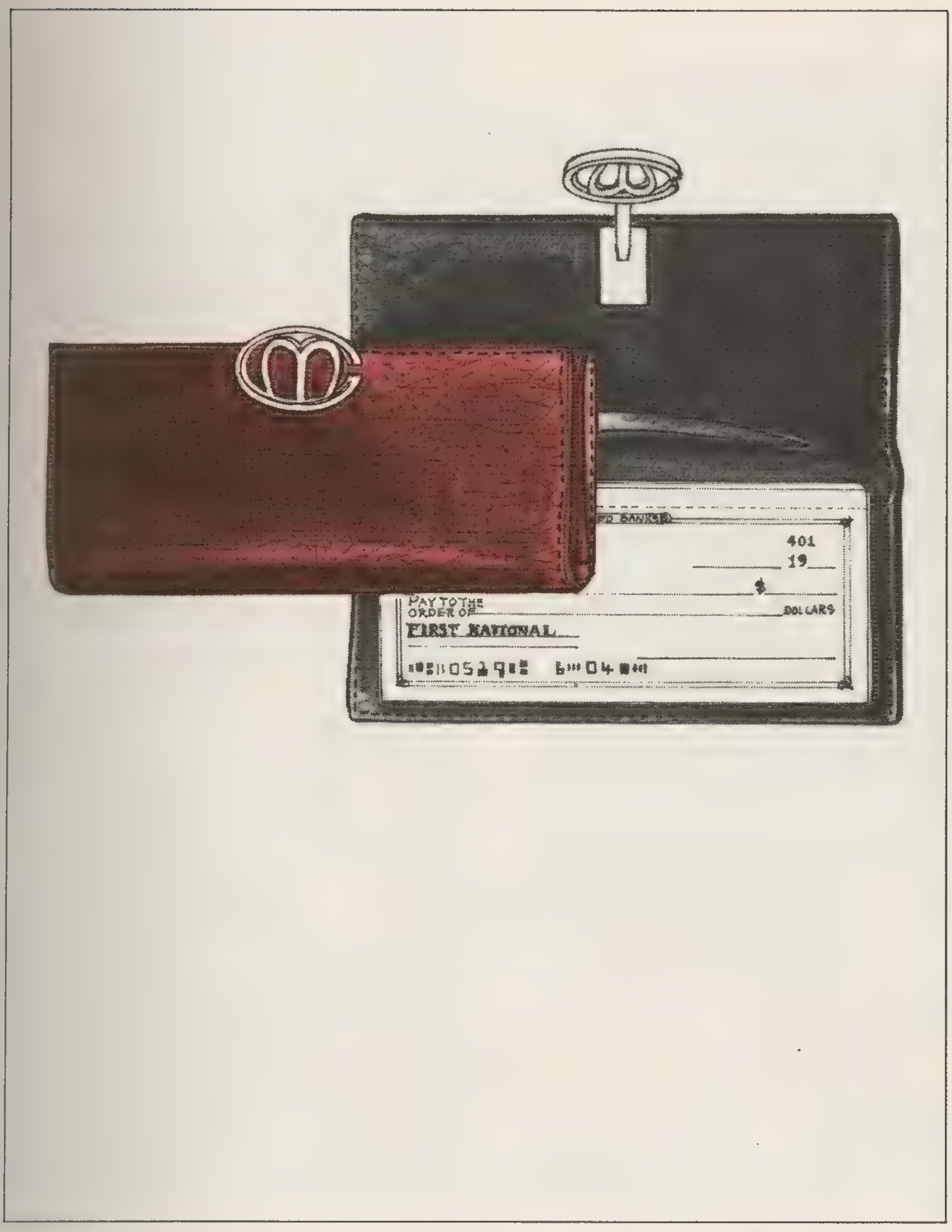
K





MARK CROSS: Why travel First Class if you pack just any portable cosmetic case. This Mark Cross exclusive is 10⅛" x 10¼" of fine black Italian calf. With extra-secure clamp closing and a nearly puncture-proof red vinyl lining that is absolutely water-and-spillproof. 4a. 20.00 *(1.00)*

CARTIER: Eight little ways to say thank you or congratulations...the exclusive gift set of miniature silver shakers. 1¾ inches tall, each piece is octagonally panelled and Georgian in design. Delivered in a velvet-lined storage case. 4b. The set 30.00 *(1.25)*



MARK CROSS: Their exclusive all-purpose checkfold. It's a wallet, credit card case and checkbook rolled into one beautiful little purse (6½" x 3"). A smashing set of compact compartments (5 in all). Maroon or navy soft Italian pigskin bearing the distinctive MC signature clasp. 5a. 25.00 *(1.00)*



ROYAL COPENHAGEN: Fat Robin of porcelain. A rare specimen that is truly a collector's item. Three-inch high figurine with red breast and grey wings, guaranteed to win the heart of the most discriminating bird watcher. 5b. 25.00 *(1.25)*

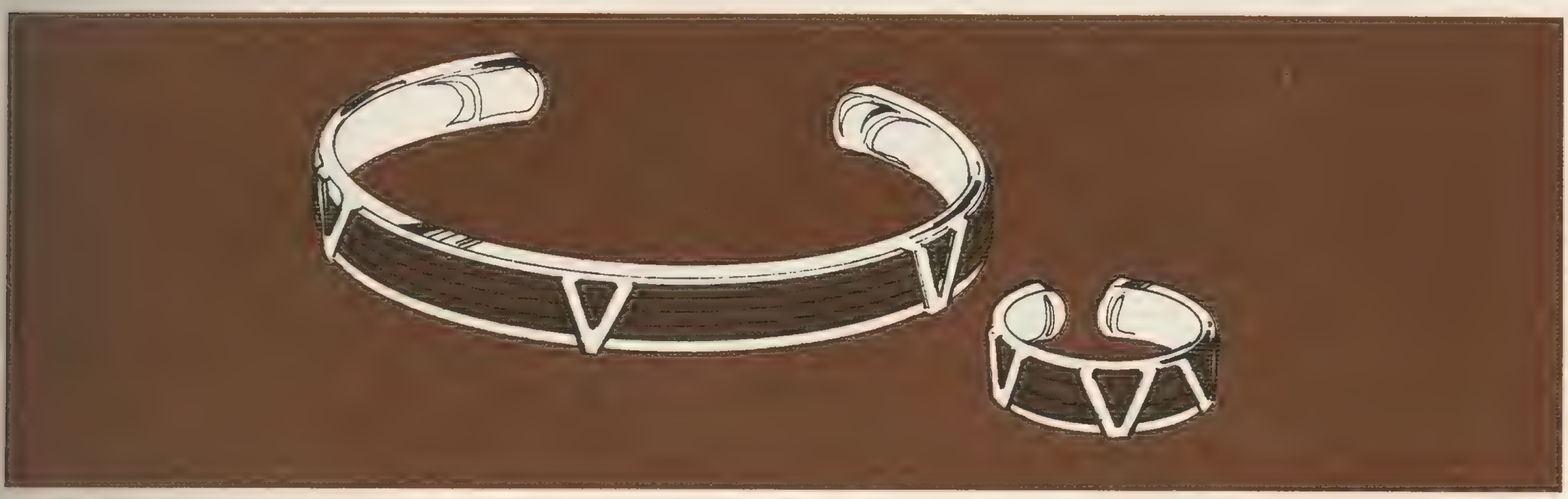




VALENTINO: The Italian fashion-innovator squares off with excitement in this exclusive 24″ square cotton scarf of scallops. In a delicious mixture of fresh mushroom-and-white. Smashing enough to wear in as many ways as your imagination dares. 6a. From Italy. 14.00 (.75)

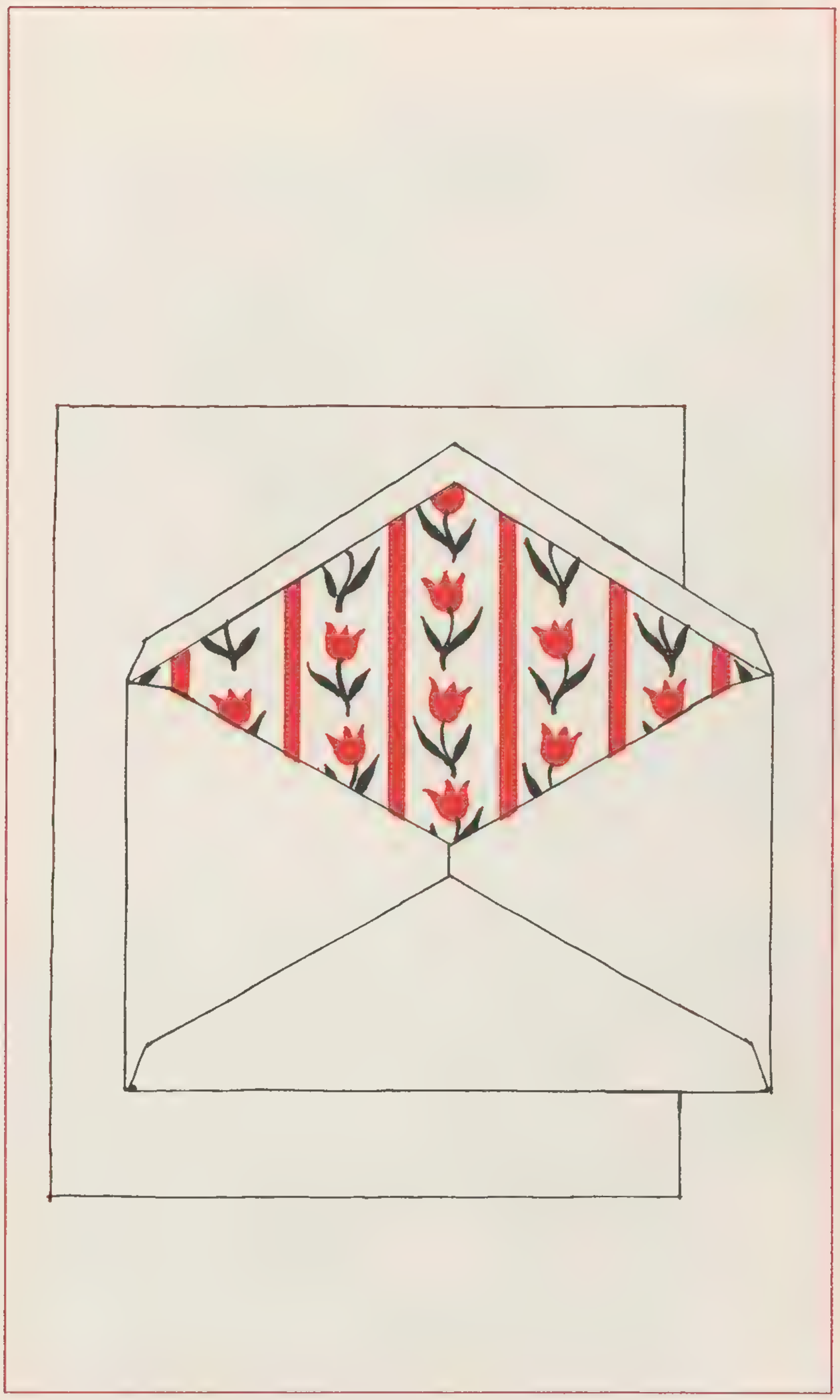
CARTIER: What happened when a famous jeweler took up basket weaving? This charming sterling silver masterpiece. 2″ x 2″ basket is hand-woven exclusively for Cartier. It's lovely filled with miniature dried flowers, or sitting on your dressing table as a holder of tiny things. 6b. 25.00 *(1.25)*





MARK CROSS: The glorified weekender: briefcase, grooming kit and overnighter all in one great bag. Sized to slip beneath an airline seat, yet so spacious it's literally a portable closet complete with hangers and rack. Water repellent cotton canvas bearing the exclusive MC signature. Richly trimmed in calf. 7a. 145.00 *(3.50)*

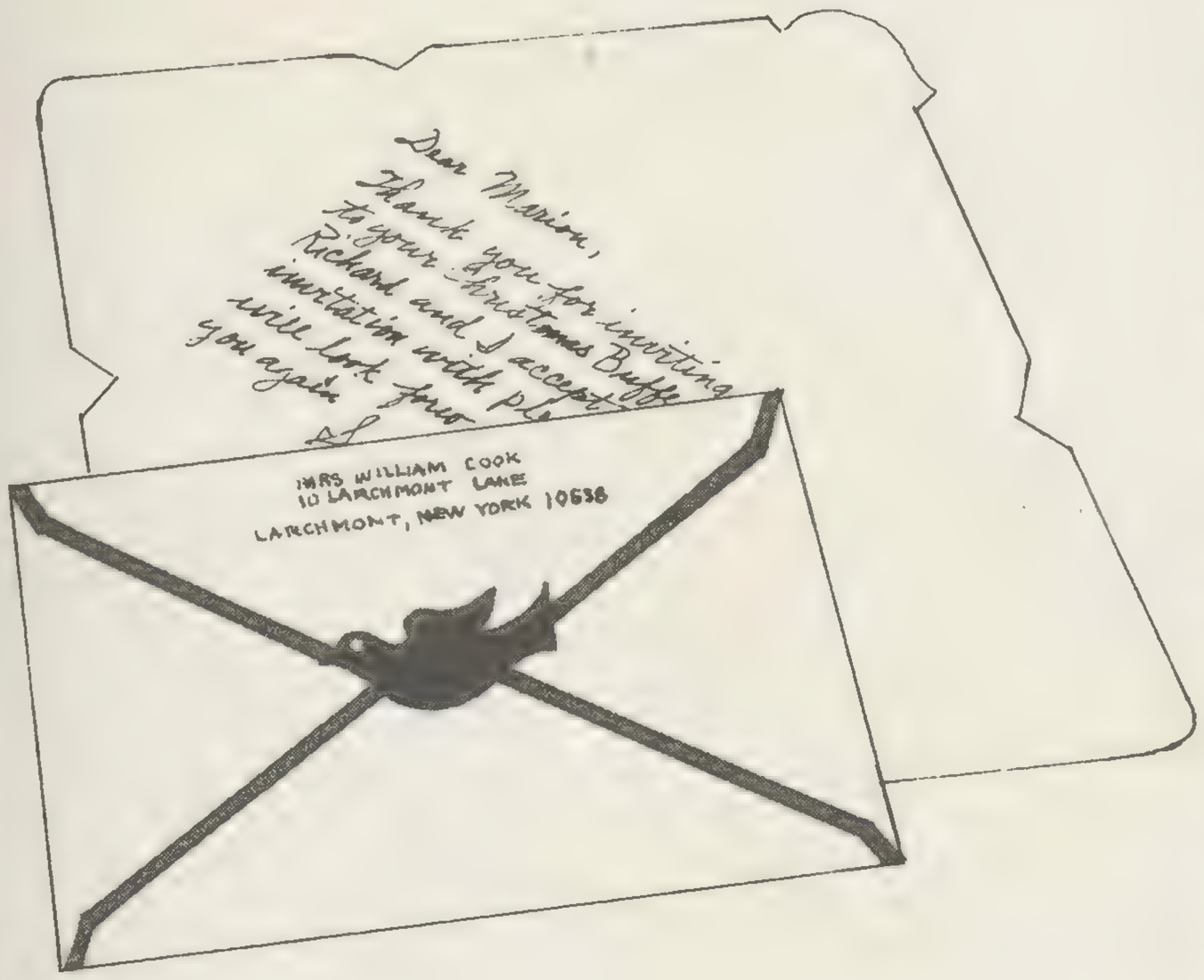
VALENTINO: Elephant hair has been historically linked with mysterious and supposed strength-giving powers. Poppycock, of course. But in Valentino's hands, no one could deny that it has glamour power to spare. Sterling silver inlaid with sleek, skinny ribs of authentic elephant hair. 7b. Bracelet 50.00 *(.75)* 7c. Ring 15.00 *(.75)*



GEORG JENSEN has found a way to landscape letters. So, say it with flowers. Hot house tulips blooming inside sheer envelopes, 'round matching ivory sheets. Exclusive design by Georg Jensen on Crane's world-renowned fine quality lightweight airmail paper. 8a. 100 sheets with 50 envelopes 10.00 *(1.00)*



CARTIER: Elegant deckle-edge informals in citroen yellow, delicately monogrammed in Siamese pink. Matching envelopes with sheer pink lining and the subtle embossed Cartier signature. Our exclusive way to keep in touch. 8b. Box of 50 notes and envelopes 12.50 *(1.00)* 8c. 50 engraved notes and envelopes including cost of die 36.50 *(1.00)* 8d. 100 engraved notes and envelopes 51.00 *(1.25)*



GEORG JENSEN
MESSENGER DOVE:
The most exclusive and original little notes in flight. And there's no need for envelopes, as this unusual design makes its own. Send our dove with love on notes far away, or as an invitation to a bridge luncheon. He'll fly wherever your imagination allows. 9a. 50 personalized notes, 8.00 *(.75);* 9b. 100 per personalized notes, 15.00 *(1.25).*

The Kenton Collection Order Form

Please add postage and handling charge as shown in parentheses ( ) following the item price.

My Name _____

My Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

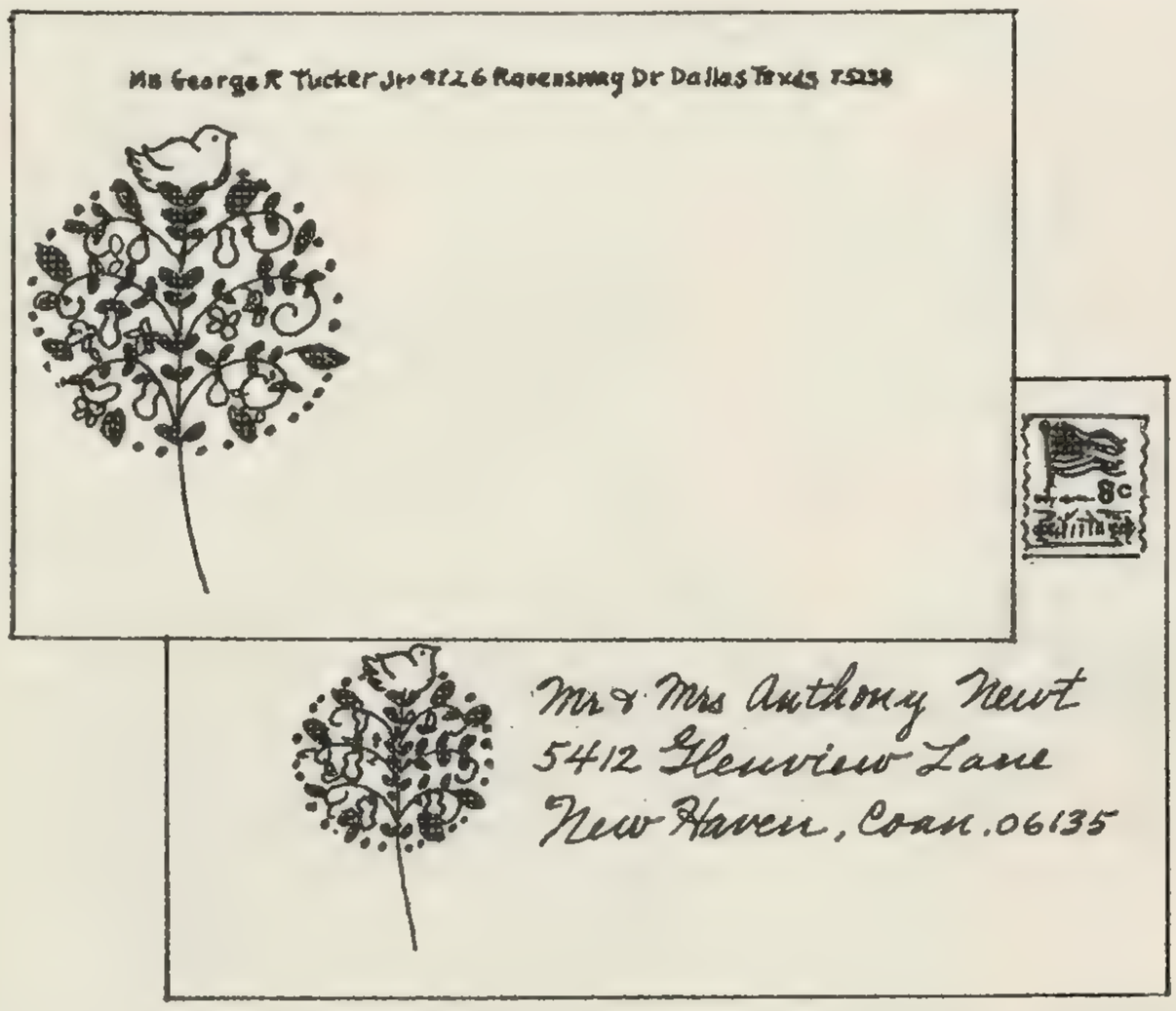
Please charge to my American Express • Diners Club • Master Charge • Bank Americard
(circle one) Account #_____

Or, Please bill me. I have an account with Cartier • Georg Jensen • Mark Cross
Other _____ (Specify)

Description	Item #	Quantity	Price	Postage & Handling	Total

Add 5% sales tax if delivered in Texas _____

The Total Order _____



CHRISTMAS CORRESPONDENCE CARD: A new design approach to the Partridge in a Pear Tree. Suitable for personal Christmas greetings and Holiday invitations, or informal R.S.V.P.'s. Red and green design printed on smooth vellum-finish stock. 10a. 100 personalized cards for 8.00; 10b. 200 personalized cards for 14.00 *(1.00)*.

The Kenton Collection

Cartier • Mark Cross • Georg Jensen • Kenneth Jay Lane • Valentino

4435 Simonton, Dallas, Texas 75234

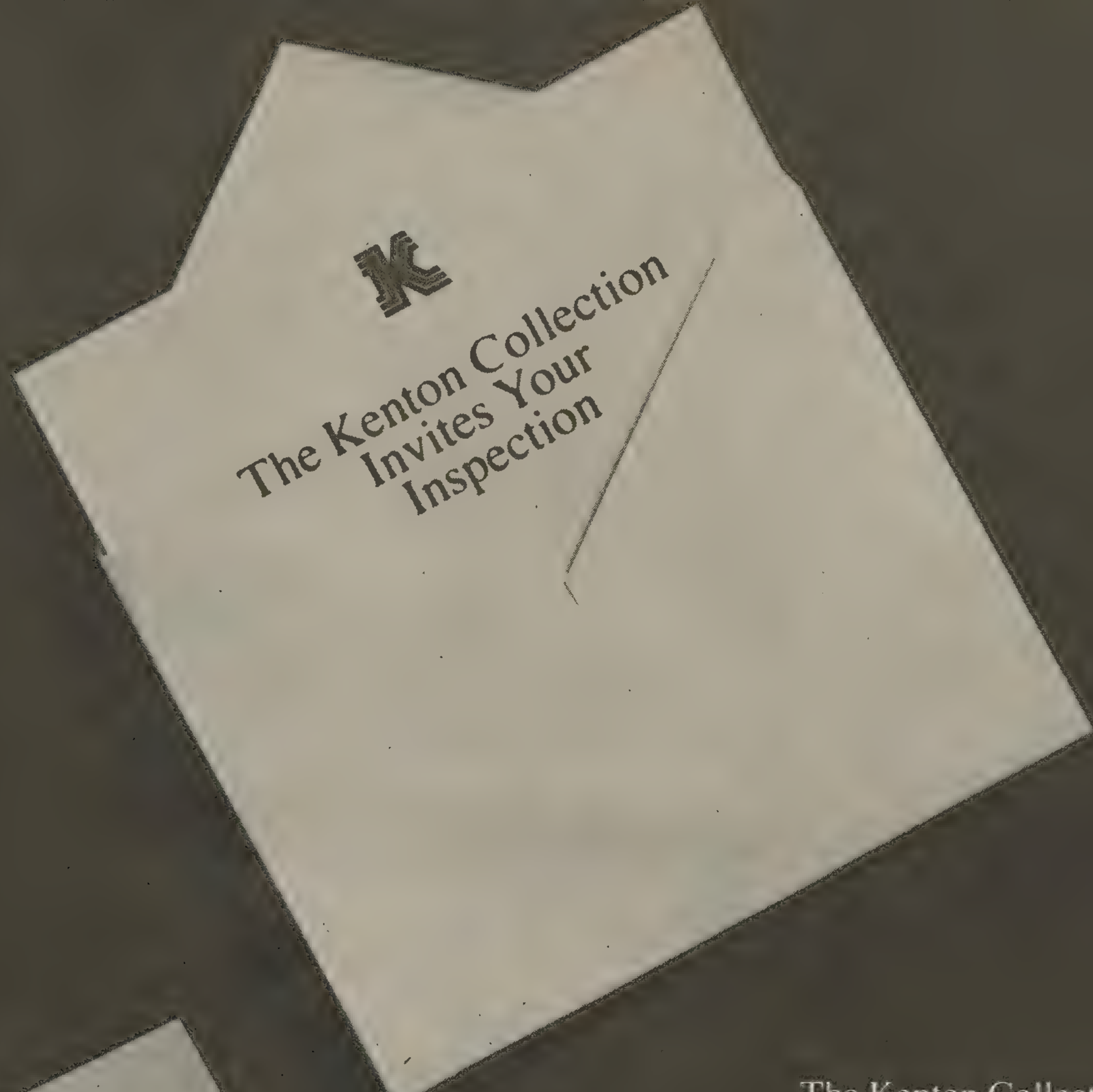
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The Kenton Collection is a new and fabulous coming-together of these noteworthy names in the world of elegance:

Cartier
Mark Cross
Georg Jensen
Ben Kahn
Georges Kaplan
Kenneth Jay Lane
Valentino

You'll find over three hundred magnificent gift-selections for the most discriminating people you know in the very first Kenton Collection Christmas Book. A sixty-eight page shopping center you can browse through right in your own home.

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if you'd like
to see the first
Kenton Collection
Christmas Card Book,
featuring designer-cards
from Cartier, Georg Jensen
and The Museum of Modern Art,
it's yours for the asking.
Just write to:
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P.O. Box 34257, Dallas, Texas 75234.

Just send one dollar to:
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Dallas, Texas 75234.


WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?
An exquisite extra-dark
natural mink
bred only by
the Great Lakes Mink men
and designed by master furrier,
Maximilian.
BLACKGLAMA®


THE suede suit from our GIVENCHY NOUVELLE BOUTIQUE collection
Jacobson's
Michigan



THE HOUSE OF
SANDEMAN



LA VIDA CON GUSTO

Travel with a Spanish flavor...

Arrived in Jerez, sunny region in Spain where the world's finest sherries are produced. Travelled in a navy blazer pantsuit with gold braid by Susan Thomas—pure wool doubleknit for comfort and good fashion looks. (Opposite left, 6-16. About $86*).

Toured the vineyards of the House of Sandeman and received a personal invitation from David Sandeman to taste his famed Armada Cream Sherry, unequalled in flavor and bouquet. Toasted the end of a perfect day in my softly-shirted navy wool doubleknit evening suit by Susan Thomas. (This page and opposite right, 6-16. About $100*).

*Prices slightly higher in the West.

Available at Bonwit Teller (Miss Bonwit), New York and branches; Sakowitz, Houston; Raleigh's, Washington, D.C.; J.W. Robinson (Sports Dresses), Southern California.

Wool. It's got life.

PURE WOOL

Susan Thomas

A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY


BRANDY


CREAM
SHERRY
SANDEMAN



THE HOUSE OF SANDEMAN

LA VIDA CON GUSTO

Tasting Adventure in Jerez...

Visited the town of Jerez de la Frontera in an Adele Martin dress of lightweight wool double-knit. (This page, red/black; grey/rust; 6-16. About $56*).

In a cafe sipped Sandeman Cream Sherry and Partners' Port. Never realized the image of the Sandeman Don represented so many distinctive products—including an eight year old Scotch, known as the 'King of Scotch' in 63 countries!

For sightseeing chose an Adele Martin wool doubleknit in super colors only pure wool can give. (Opposite, black/white, black/red, navy/green; 6-16. About $56*).

Available at Bonwit Teller (Miss Bonwit), New York and branches; Joseph Horne (Regency Room), Pittsburgh; Garfinckel's (Greenbrier Shop), Washington, D.C., I. Magnin, West Coast.

*Prices slightly higher in the West

adele martin

A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY

Wool. It's got life.

PURE WOOL


SANDEMAN
BRANDY
ILSE SMITH FOR
Dalani
A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY



THE HOUSE OF SANDEMAN

LA VIDA CON GUSTO

A Toast to Great Tradition...

Weekend at the country home of Don Fermin Bohorquez, famed breeder of fighting bulls. For an adventure on horseback, wore a zesty red wool doubleknit cape by STJ—with its own black ribbed wool dress. (This page, 6-14. Cape, about $96* Dress, about $60*).

Made an impression at dinner in my slinky wool jersey body dress by Ilse Smith for Dalani. (Opposite, black, red; 6-16. About $56*).

Equally impressive was the Sandeman Brandy, so fine and mellow because it's smoothed in ancient sherry casks—a Sandeman tradition since 1790.

A contemporary tradition with smart travellers everywhere—fashions that carry the Woolmark label. The Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best... PURE WOOL.

DALANI available at Bonwit Teller (Miss Bonwit), New York and branches; H&S Pogue, Cincinnati; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin (Miss Magnin), West Coast.
STJ available at Bonwit Teller (Miss Bonwit), New York and branches; Jordan Marsh (Biscayne East Dresses), Florida; Joske's, Houston; J. W. Robinson (Pacesetter), Los Angeles.

*Prices slightly higher in the West.

Wool. It's got life.

PURE WOOL®

S.T.J.

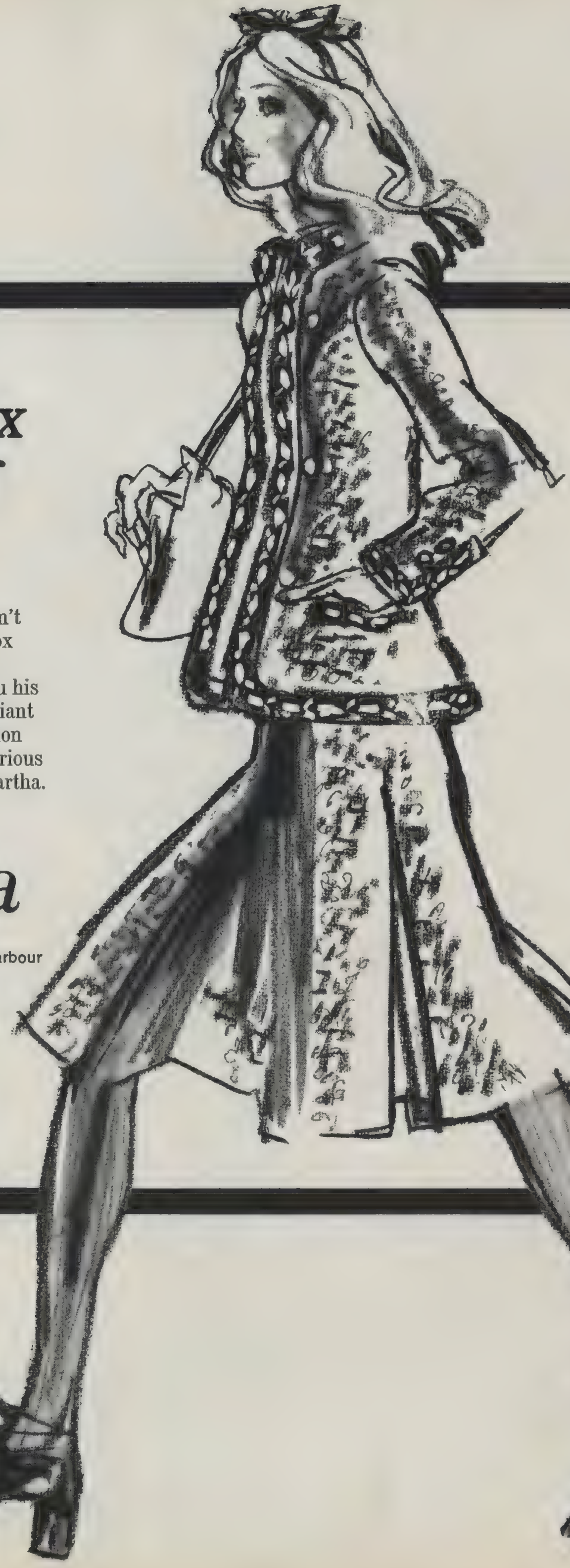
A DIVISION OF [illegible] THE APPAREL COMPANY

Seymour Fox designs for Martha

In this age of constant change, isn't it nice to know that Seymour Fox is still the master of the civilized classic? Martha brings you his beautiful understatement, his brilliant tailoring, his consummate attention to detail in this Anglo Fabrics luxurious Mohair suit. See Seymour Fox at Martha. It's the civilized thing to do.

Martha

Palm Beach New York Bal Harbour



Drawing by Sandra Leichman

MOHAIR



that ayres look–

The more mink,

the merrier

your winter

will be.

Wear it

wrapped and

full-length.

Trimmed

with tipped,

dyed Russian

sable collar

and detachable

border.

It's that

Ayres look by

Chester Weinberg

in natural

"Chestnut" mink.

L.S.Ayres+co.

INDIANAPOLIS LAFAYETTE
FORT WAYNE LOUISVILLE

Crompton is your velveteen.

Calderon Division of S. Howard Hirsh gown.
Crompton cotton velveteen.
Navy, teal, brown or plum with gold braid trim.
4-14. About $90.
Bonwit Teller, New York; Burdine's, Miami;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Esther Wolf, Houston;
Neusteters, Denver; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

Feel romantic. Be yourself.



CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY- INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10018.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

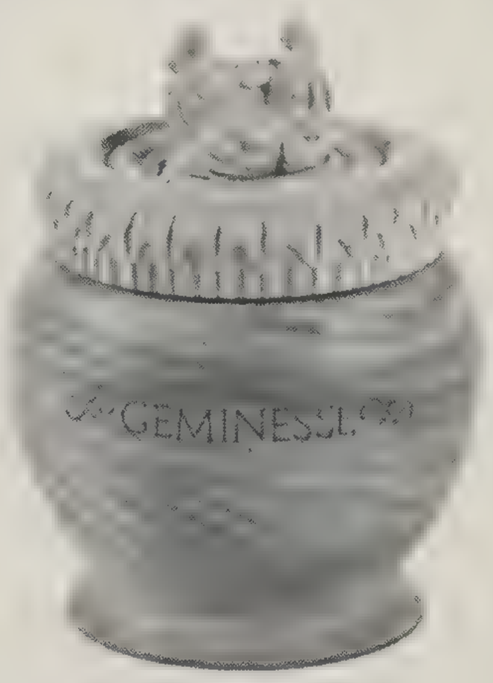
BEAUTY REPORT:

GEMINESSE

Photographed at the home of Conte and Contessa Rudolfo Crespi, Palazzo Oeescalcchi, Rome, Italy.

The Superiority Complexion

Much more than mere make-up, it's an enriched moisturizing treatment and a veil of sheer perfection, all in one.



Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Make-up

An extraordinary blend of the world's finest creams and moisturizers, whipped to sheer weightlessness. To pamper and protect your complexion every moment you wear it. To sweep tiny imperfections from view. To grace your face with a radiant glow that is seemingly flawless, disarmingly natural.

GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

Contessina Pilar Crespi

It's a totally enriching experience for your skin

© 1971 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada.

on stage: blassport's neo-classics in grey flannel. blazer plus vest, shirt and tie, pleats. now featured at joseph horne co.



PREVIEWED IN HORNE'S SYMPHONY GALA AT PITTSBURGH'S NEW HEINZ HALL FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS.

on stage: bill blass' leading lady. black elegance in a costume bordered in cross fox. now featured at joseph horne co.



PREVIEWED IN HORNE'S SYMPHONY GALA AT PITTSBURGH'S NEW HEINZ HALL FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS.







BILL BLASS COUTURE FASHIONS *for the far reaches of the night: plethora of velvet dots on multi-printed chiffon, gorgeously collared with feathers, siren culotte dress and coat in gold and wine brocade, the bodice of lamé chiffon, and (top right) the beckoning shimmer of the red and black print chiffon dress with a slanting hem.*

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DALLAS · HOUSTON

I. MAGNIN
WEST COAST

B and B&B...







B&B LIQUEUR D.O.M *for the perfect after-dinner drink. Mixed here in a Stinger to add an extra fillip of excitement to a festive evening. "B&B is my favorite drink after coffee and on into the evening," says Bill Blass. The setting for his civilized lifestyle is his Manhattan apartment, seen in these and the following pages.*

for a letter-perfect lifestyle

B and B&B...

THE BILL BLASS CULT *is also for daytime perfectionists: they love the romantic look of the taupe, alligator-patterned cotton velvet raincoat with raccoon-trimmed hood and boots, the golden amber fox cape; and, for male devotees, the suede cardigan shirt with suede knee-patched jodphurs and the magnificent wolf greatcoat.*

THE B&B CACHET *is universally recognized by connoisseurs of fine liqueur. In the famous Abbey at Fecamp, France, on the west coast of Normandy, Benedictine is gently blended with superb Cognac Brandy. The result: a drier, smoother than smooth liqueur, delicious when served a la Francaise, poured straight from the bottle.*

JOSEPH HORNE CO.
PITTSBURGH

GIDDING-JENNY
CINCINNATI

DAYTON'S
MINNEAPOLIS

for a letter-perfect lifestyle





THE BLASSPORT FLAVOR *is chic, crisp, universal: striped blue wool trouser suit and waistcoat, silk shirt and tie, and the definitive English schoolboy look in checks and plaids with chamois waistcoat. Men's fashions by Bill Blass for PBM: smashing gray spaced-plaid tweed jacket, gray flannel slacks, tweed tie, windowpane check suit, beige on navy, in a Scottish Saxony.*

THE B&B TASTE *is unique, a happy blend of Benedictine's delicate finesse with the dry bouquet of Cognac Brandy. Its particular talent is versatility – it is exquisite on-the-rocks, straight or in a Stinger. B&B's distinctive flavor identifies it with a contemporary lifestyle and makes it the universal choice for entertaining.*

JOHN WANAMAKER
PHILADELPHIA

HUTZLER'S
BALTIMORE

FROST BROS.
SAN ANTONIO

All the clothes shown on these six pages are available at other fine stores across the country.



B and B&B...



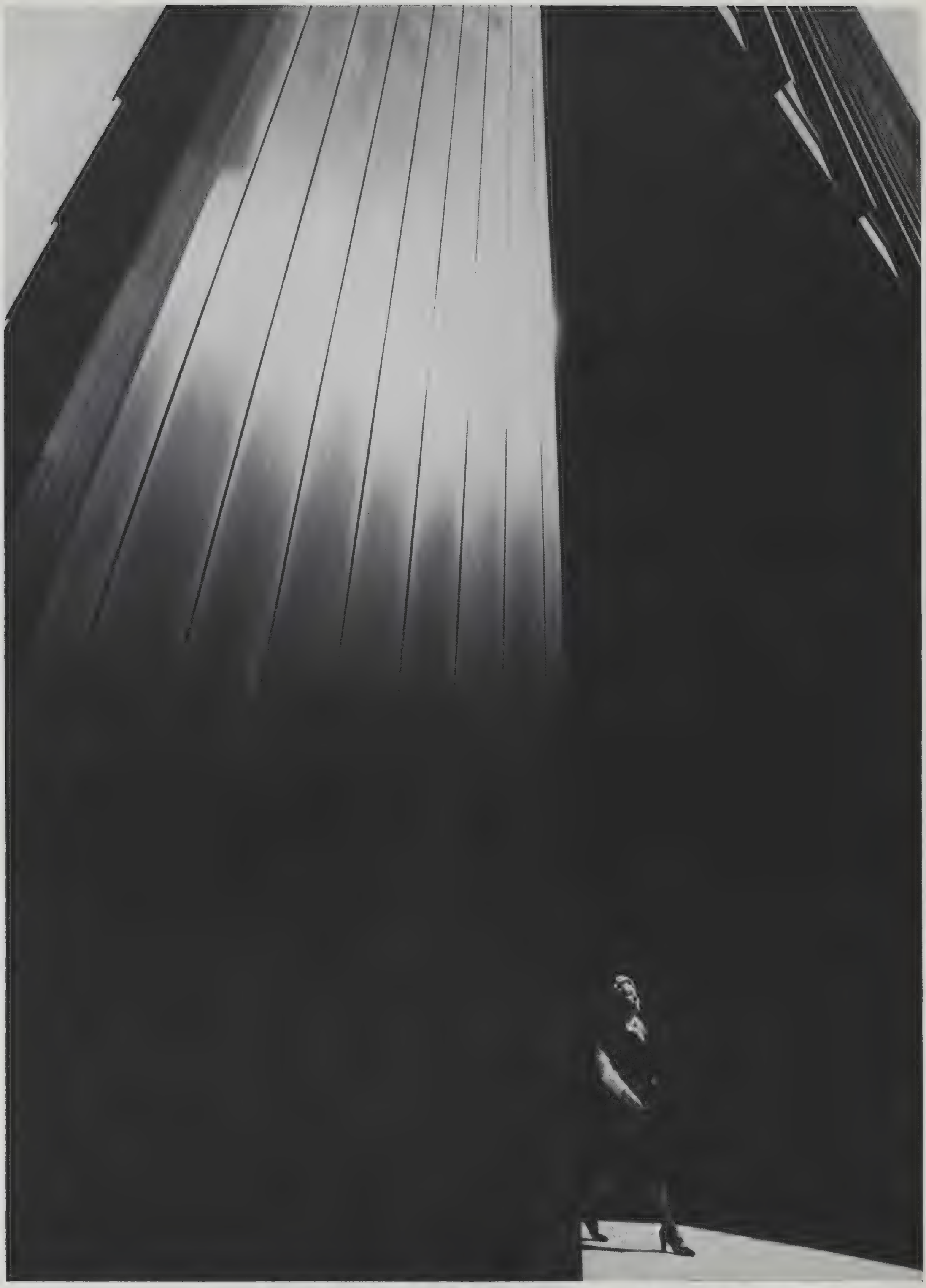
for a letter-perfect lifestyle

calandre

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Bloomingdale's



Little lady with big ideas. Adele Simpson.

The essence of elegance:
exotic Maja perfume by Myrurgia
and a stunning fencer shaped
black wool by Geoffrey Beene.
Hudson's Aisles of Beauty
and the Crystal Room.



Woodward Shops—Hudson's

The classicist's neo-classic:
Bill Blass scintillates
the cardigan suit
and sends it forth all
glitter and glamour.
From Hudson's Crystal Room.

Woodward Shops—Hudson's

JORDAN MARSH

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED IN HISTORIC BOSTON



Pure luxe from Zelinka-Matlick, the deep richness of black melton velour swathed in silver fox, romantically hooded. One from a collection now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' shop.

Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs.

JORDAN MARSH

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED IN HISTORIC NEW ENGLAND



Blassport buttons the blazer in brass on brown velvet, teams it with the unexpected punch of plaid pleats.
Part of a trend-setting collection now in the Jordan Marsh Pacesetter Shop, Boston



Oscar de la Renta. Isn't he romantic?

RICHTON INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION, 1345 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10019 212-765 6480


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From the left: See-through crochet 'Little Notion'™ bra, $6; bikini, $3.50. 'Merely Me'® stretch bra in sleek 'Shimmer-Sheer', from $4; one-size bikini, $3. 'Comfort-Wire'® bra, from $6.50; garterless controller, $11. Pared-to-a-bare-minimum 'Brieflee'® bra, from $5; bikini, $2.

Here's looking at you!

For the love of the body beautiful...



SEA DREAM®
COLLECTION BY
maidenform*

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1971 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, lingerie, swimwear. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

From the left: 'All the Time'™ sheer, stretch camisole, $4; one-size-fits-all bikini, $3. 'Here's Looking at You!'™ demi-bra,† from $6.50; bikini, $3. Sleek, slinky slip, $7. Long sleepgown, $11.

Here's looking at you!

For the love of the body beautiful...



SEA DREAM®
COLLECTION BY
*maidenform**

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1971 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, lingerie, swimwear. Prices slightly higher in Canada. † Pat. Pend.

Paganne

by GENE BERK



DuPont's Antron Nylon

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CHARLES JOURDAN

Sakowitz FALL BRIEFING: The streamlined coat, lavishly trimmed with created by Maximilian natural Russian lynx. in rare natural Russian broadtail, $5,950.00. Ours alone in Texas.



FALL BRIEFING: The suit militaire...a classic by Geoffrey Beene in ranch mink for Dan Grossman. $4,000.00.

natural Blackglama
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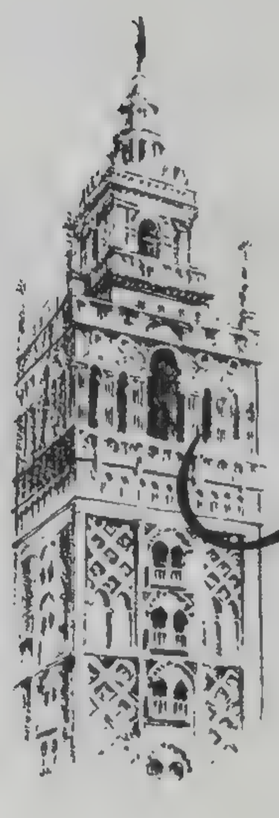

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THE STARTING LINEUP: Dallas Cowboy John Niland, and wife, Iree **THE PLACE:** The Texas Stadium, new home of the Cowboys **THE LOOK:** The belted trench by Russel Taylor of Dynel® Modacrylic/mohair, leather trim. **$155**



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CONNOISSEURS' CHOICE: DAVID CRYSTAL AND COGNAC

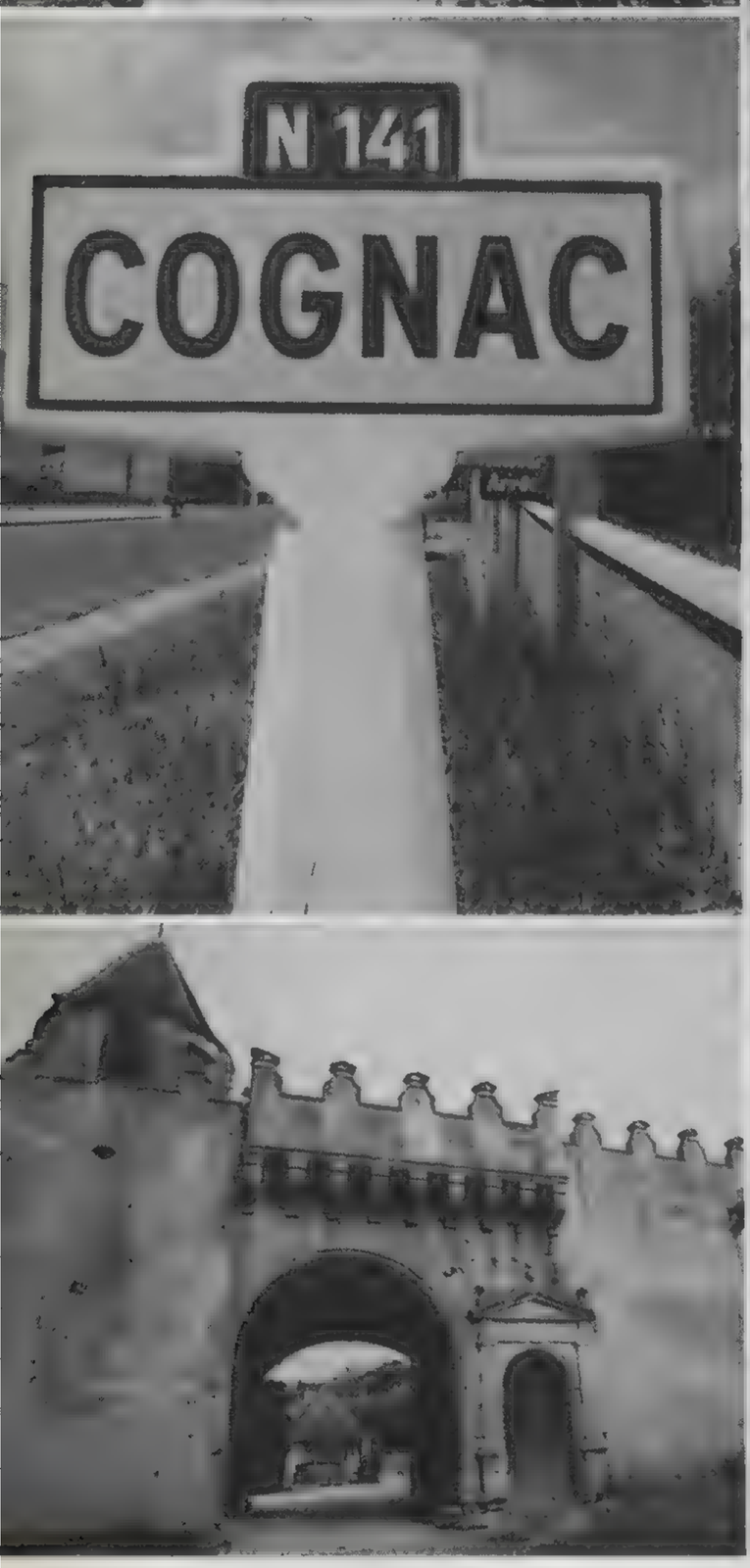
Fashions interpreted in doubleknits of Dacron®

A world famous corner of France. The sleepy little town of Cognac, where the brandy of brandies originates. Cognac, classic drink of the connoisseur. Distilled here in the presence of two great dress classics from David Crystal. Both of easy-going doubleknits of Dacron® polyester for fashion connoisseurs on the move. Left, shirtdress with crocodile insignia, contrast stitching and tortoise-toned buttons and belt. Shamrock, red, wood violet or camel. Right, black and white pebbly textured knit ties with a jaunty leather-like belt. Also, brown and red shades. Both 8-18. About $42.













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CONNOISSEURS' CHOICE: DAVID CRYSTAL AND COGNAC

Fashions interpreted in doubleknits of Dacron®

Steeped in tradition, cognac ages and mellows in casks of seasoned Limousin oak. Watching the cooper at work, a pair of Crystal's young traditionalists in doubleknits of Dacron® polyester, both sporting the crocodile insignia. At left, red hot seasoning in an A-line dress with striped collar and tab. Also, navy and chocolate. About $36. Right, a long, lean, striped coatdress. Greystone, camel/navy or vanilla/brown. About $42. Both 8-18.

















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Strangers at the gates of "paradis"...the romantic French name for cognac cellars. In this cool, cave-like atmosphere cognac matures slowly, acquiring a gentle bouquet and an unparalleled taste. From Crystal, two shirtdresses: left, oatmeal wool doubleknit trimmed with tortoise-toned buttons and belt. Also red or wood violet. 8-18. Right, oxford grey wool jersey, sparked with contrasted stitching and leather-like belt. Taupe or royal, too. 6-16. Both about $46.

Prices may vary slightly in certain cities. All dresses available at all stores and at additional stores listed immediately following these pages.











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Albert Lea, Minn — Andersen's Fashions
Albuquerque, N Mex — Arden's
Alexander City, Ala — Frohsin's
Alexandria, La — Gus Kaplan
Amarillo, Tex — Colbert's
Americus, Ga — A Cohen & Son
Amory, Miss — Casualaire
Anchorage, Alas — Welch's Style Shop
Anderson, S C — Vogue Shop
Annapolis, Md — Jane Elizabeth Dress Shop
Ann Arbor, Mich — Hutzel's – Mary Dibble
Arcadia, Calif — Hinshaw's
Ardmore, Okla — Daube's
Artesia, N Mex — Marsh's
Asbury Park, N J — Dainty Apparel
Asheboro, N C — Belk – Yates Co
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Ashland, Ky — Delmar's
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Attleboro, Mass — Milady's
Auburn, Ala — Polly – Tek Shop
Auburn, N Y — Bramley's
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Bakersfield, Calif — Checketts Women's Wear
Baltimore, Md — Miller Brothers
Barrington, R I — The Country Shop
Batavia, N Y — Alexander's
Battle Ground, Wash — Glennis Gal – Array
Bay City, Mich — Sam's Brothers
Beckley, W Va — E M Payne Co
Bellingham, Wash — Robert Burns, Inc
Bennington, Vt — Vogue and Vanity
Benson, Minn — Thompson's
Berkeley, Calif — Bernice Dinwiddie
Beverly Hills, Calif — Town Shop
Binghamton, N Y — Phils
Birmingham, Mich — Chudiks
Bismarck, N D — The Alex – Ruth Shop
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Blue Earth, Minn — Adolphson's
Bluefield, W Va — The Thornton Company
Boston, Mass — The Gray Shop
Bound Brook, N J — Liliane's
Braddock, Pa — Fashion Spear
Bradford, Pa — Fannin's Dress Shop
Bristol, Tenn — The Fashion Shop
Buffalo, N Y — Mabel Danahy
Buffalo, N Y — Slotkin's
Burlington, N C — Blanchard's
Caldwell, Idaho — The Clothes Tree
Cambridge, Mass — Gertrude Singer
Canton, Ill — Lee Rose
Canton, Ohio — The Parisian
Carlsbad, Calif — The Casual Shop
Carmel, Calif — Cinderella Shop
Carrollton, Ky — The Carroll Shop
Casper, Wyo — Blakey & Co
Cedar Rapids, Iowa — Martin's
Chagrin Falls, Ohio — Havre's
Chambersburg, Pa — The Little Shop
Champaign, Ill — Jos Kuhn & Co
Charleston, S C — Berlin's
Charleston, W Va — The Vogue Inc
Charlottesville, Va — Hazel M Eastham Inc
Chehalis, Wash — Bartel's Women Shop
Cheyenne, Wyo — National Furs and Fashion
Chillicothe, Ohio — Tudor's
Cincinnati, Ohio — Pogue's
Clarksburg, W Va — Broida's
Clarksdale, Miss — The Style Shoppe
Clinton, N C — The Town Shop
Colleyville, Kan — H W Read's
Colorado Springs, Colo — Gray Rose
Columbia, Mo — The Novus Shop
Columbia, S C — Lisbeth Wolfe
Cookeville, Tenn — McMurray – Roberson Inc
Cooperstown, N Y — Smart Shop
Cordele, Ga — Turton's Casuals
Coronado, Calif — Lelah Elgin
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Daytona Beach, Fla — Sussman's
Dayton, Ohio — Billy Lewis
Deal, N J — Lor Ane Inc
Decatur, Ill — Van Law Carol's
Decatur, Ill — Williams
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Deerfield Beach, Fla — Whitacre's Sportswear Inc
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Dekalb, Ill — Eileen's Dress Shop
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Des Moines, Iowa — Wolf's
Dothan, Ala — Todd's Inc
Dublin, Ga — Clyo's
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Duluth, Minn — Arthur A Silver
Dunkirk, N Y — Jayne's
Durant, Okla — Ben Siegel's
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Eau Claire, Wisc — The Fashion Store
Elgin, Ill — The Boutique
Elizabeth, N J — Mason Edwards
Ellensburg, Wash — Kreidels Style Shop
Elmira, N Y — The Lovely Shop Inc
Endicott, N Y — Lee's
Ephrata, Wash — Barnes Shop
Escondido, Calif — The Mercantile
Euclid, Ohio — Gornik's
Eugene, Ore — Town & Travel
Evanston, Ill — Bernard of Evanston
Fairfax, S C — Winnette Hal Shop
Fairmont, Minn — Georgia's
Fargo, N D — Shotwell's
Faribault, Minn — The Leader
Farmington, N Mex — Fleur De Lis
Fayetteville, N C — The Town Shop
Fergus Falls, Minn — O Meara's
Findlay, Ohio — Gair's
Flint, Mich — Ellen's
Florence, S C — Nettie Elizabeth Shoppe
Fort Collins, Colo — Scot's Ltd
Fort Myers, Fla — Elsa's Inc
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Freeport, Ill — Ruhl's
Freeport, Ill — Borchers Inc
Fremont, Ohio — Schmidt Hat & Gift Shop
Front Royal, Va — Weavers
Galesburg, Ill — Fred Schubach
Glens Falls, N Y — Merkel & Gelman Inc
Gloucester, Mass — Adasko's
Golden, Colo — The Clothes Tree
Grand Blanc, Mich — The Carriage Shoppe
Grand Forks, N D — Griffith's
Grand Rapids, Mich — Alice Jane Dows
Green Bay, Wisc — H C Prange Co
Greenville, N C — Brody's
Greenville, S C — Halfacre – Osborne Inc
Greer, S C — Elsie D Fleming Shop
Hagerstown, Md — Haber's
Hamburg, N Y — Guyette's
Hamden, Ct — Richard Thomas
Hanford, Calif — Mirviss Inc
Hanover, N H — Town and Country Shops
Harlingen, Tex — Young Fashions
Harrisonburg, Va — Joseph Ney's
Hartford, Ct — Stackpole, Moore, Tryon
Haskell, Tex — Lane – Felker
Hazleton, Pa — Catherine's
Helena, Mont — J M McDonald
Henderson, Ky — Bohn's
Hibbing, Minn — Nides Fashion Shoppe
Hickory, N C — Katies, Inc
High Point, N C — Collier Ellis
Homewood, Ala — Penny Palmer
Hornell, N Y — MacBride's
Hudson, Mass — The Redwood Shop at Gould's
Huntington, W Va — Brown's Apparel
Hutchinson, Kan — Pegues
Idaho Falls, Idaho — Le Vine
Indianapolis, Ind — Laura Martin
Iowa City, Iowa — Frankels Fashions
Ironton, Ohio — Gabler's
Ithaca, N Y — Holley's
Jackson, Minn — Gregory's
Jackson, Miss — Frances Pepper
Jackson, Tenn — Rosenbloom's
Jacksonville, Fla — Bolun's
Jacksonville, Ill — Newells
Jamestown, N Y — Nord's Inc
Johnstown, Pa — Brett's
Joliet, Ill — Fehrenbacher
Joplin, Mo — Kassab
Kalamazoo, Mich — Gilmore Brothers
Kenosha, Wisc — Skuhra Fashions
Kent, Ct — The Barn Shop, Inc
Killeen, Tex — Clytie's
Kinnelon, N J — Miss Ardon's
La Crosse, Wisc — Lothes Dress Shop
La Grange, Ill — McAllister – Schoen's
Laguna Beach, Calif — Beach & Blvd
Lake City, Fla — Bruce Clothing Co
Lakeland, Fla — Bernice's
Lansing, Mich — The Style Shop
Laredo, Tex — Polly Adams
Las Cruces, N Mex — Geor Jess Inc
Las Vegas, Nev — Fanny's
Laurel, Miss — Naomi McRae Dress Shop
Leominster, Mass — Ruth Lee Inc
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Lewiston, Me — Ward's
Lexington, Ky — Meyers
Ligonier, Pa — Post and Rail Inc
Lima, Ohio — Abraham's
Little Falls, Minn — Loretta's
Lock Haven, Pa — Grossman's
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Longview, Wash — The Empire
Los Gatos, Calif — Elegance Unlimited
Louisville, Ky — Hytken's
Lubbock, Tex — Margaret's
Lumberton, N C — The Fashion Bar
Lynchburg, Va — Stork's Inc
Macomb, Ill — Ring's
Macon, Ga — Stephen's
Madison, Wisc — MacNeil and Moore
Magnolia, Ark — May's
Malone, N Y — Empsall's Department Store
Mankato, Minn — Pierce
Marion, Ohio — Sutton & Lightner
Marshalltown, Iowa — Herman's
Martinsburg, W Va — Minnick's
Mason City, Iowa — Lundberg's
Massillon, Ohio — Zeles's
McAllen, Tex — Ladies Supply Inc
McComb, Miss — Demnan Alford Co
McKeesport, Pa — Kalzman
McLean, Va — Michael Rose
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Menlo Park, Calif — The Surrey Shop
Merced, Calif — Seib's
Mesa, Ariz — Mollies
Michigan City, Ind — Ohming's
Middletown, N Y — Kassel Brothers
Midland, Mich — The Mode Shop
Milford, Del — Derrickson's
Millburn, N J — Morris's
Milwaukee, Wisc — MacNeil and Moore
Mobile, Ala — Raphael's
Modesto, Calif — Lee's Apparel
Moline, Ill — La Rose
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Montgomery, Ala — Miller's
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Morgantown, W Va — Finn's
Mt Vernon, Ohio — Rudin's
Murfreesboro, Tenn — The Cotton Patch
Muscle Shoals, Ala — The Village Shop
Muskogee, Okla — Susman's
Mystic, Ct — Claire's
Nantucket Island, Mass — The Millmores
Nashville, Tenn — Grace's Shop
Nashua, N H — Avard's Inc
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Neenah, Wisc — Carlson's Closet
Newark, Ohio — Sharff's Fashion
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Newburgh, N Y — The Stroock Shop
New Canaan, Ct — Martha West
New Hartford, N Y — E Cramer & Son Inc
New Haven, Ct — Esther's
New London, Ct — The Woman's Shop
New Orleans, La — Godchaux's
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Norfolk, Va — Sarah Cohen Inc
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Olean, N Y — Segall's
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Oregon City, Ore — Lance Apparel
Orinda, Calif — Jack Hughes
Oswego, N Y — Shapiro's
Paducah, Ky — The Brumleys
Painted Post, N Y — Mary Kirkland
Park Ridge, Ill — The Park Shop
Peekskill, N Y — Windsor Dress Shop
Pendleton, Ore — The Frances Shop Inc
Peoria, Ill — Broms Furs-Fashions
Petersburg, Va — Rucker Rosenstock
Phoenix, Ariz — Diamond's
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Plainfield, N J — Tepper's
Plattsburgh, N Y — The Tape Measure
Pomona, Calif — John P Evans "The Closet"
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Port Angeles, Wash — Hankin's Fashion Center
Portland, Me — The Harbor Shop Inc
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Princeton, N J — The English Shop
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Southern Pines, N C — Franjean's
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Statesboro, Ga — Tillis Inc
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Sterling, Ill — The Little Gallery
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Stockton, Calif — Knobby
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Suffolk, Va — Russell & Holmes
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Sumter, S C — Schwartz Dress Shop
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Swarthmore, Pa — The Park Ave Shop Inc
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Tarboro, N C — W S Clark and Sons Inc
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Tulsa, Okla — Dorothy's
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Tupelo, Miss — Westbrook's
Twin Falls, Idaho — The Paris Co
Ukiah, Calif — Esther's Shoppe
Union, S C — Wilburn Dry Goods Co
Uniontown, Pa — Ina's Dress Shop
Upper Montclair, N J — Olympic Shop
Valdosta, Ga — C C Varnedoe & Co
Vallejo, Calif — Rosee
Ventura, Calif — Scot's Apparel
Vienna, Va — The Full Cry Shop Inc
Warren, Ohio — Roberta's
Waterloo, Iowa — Braley's
Watertown, N Y — Herr's Inc
Waterville, Me — Alvina and Delia
Watsonville, Calif — Towntry Fashions
Waukesha, Wisc — Annette Ross
Wausau, Wisc — Schmidts
Waynesboro, Va — Southern Dept Store
Waynesburg, Pa — Jo Ann's Village Casuals
Webster Groves, Mo — The Station Store
West Chester, Pa — Joel's
Western Springs, Ill — Myree Fashions
Westfield, N J — Jane Smith
Westport, Ct — Kay Walsh
Williamsburg, Va — Casey's
Williamsport, Pa — Lynn Hayes
Williamsville, N Y — The Village Tartan Shop
Wilmington, Del — Finkel's
Wilmington, N C — Wonder Shop
Wilson, N C — Lisabeth's
Winchester, Va — Modernage Shop
Winnetka, Ill — Lee San
Wood River, Ill — Phoebe Goldberg
Wooster, Ohio — Beulah Bechtel Shop Inc
Woodstock, Ill — Rosewood Apparel
Worcester, Mass — Richard Healy Co
Worthington, Minn — Harper's Fashion Shop
Xenia, Ohio — Singer's of Xenia
Zanesville, Ohio — Orpha Flowers Shop

HOW TO WIN AS A TEEN-AGE DAUGHTER

A SHORT STORY BY ANNE FEYDY

Livvy Lamers, the girl next door, got a bra for her thirteenth birthday. She didn't need one and what's more she didn't ask for one. Her mother bought it for her, wrapped it up in silver paper with a shocking pink ribbon, put it at her place on the breakfast table along with the other presents she received that year. (A five-dollar bill, a box of candy, a new pair of ice skates, and a charm bracelet.)

For me it wasn't so easy. Livvy, if not actually in possession of a bosom as she called that area, had a certain amount of puppy fat in its stead that for all practical purposes did as well. She had an understanding mother (a "social" mother, *my* mother called her) and a handsome, noninterfering father who smelled of cigarette smoke and didn't mind if you turned on the television set while he read.

We didn't have television. My father was a writer, my mother was a schoolteacher, and neither of them smoked. I had two older brothers, a fact that prevented my parents from worrying too much over my own psychological well-being, and I was totally flat-chested. Livvy was an only child.

Livvy called me up on the morning of her birthday. She wanted me to go skating with her at the river: Her father would drive us over, she said, and pick us up afterwards. "It's so I can try out my new skates." I dressed compromisingly somewhere between my mother's standards ("Cover up nice and warm, now!") and Livvy's: "For cripes sake, don't turn up in that old snowsuit thing. There might be *people* over there!" People, for Livvy, meant boys.

We skated for half an hour up the river and half an hour back. Sitting on the frozen bank with our skates off and icy knees pulled up inside our duffel coats, we waited for Livvy's father to pick us up. She had brought along her candy box and we pondered heavily over maple creams and chocolate-coated caramels. Then Livvy showed me her bra.

"It's a thirty-four double-A," she explained, pulling the package out of her duffel-coat pocket.

"Oh, you lucky stiff!" I breathed, "Can I see?"

"Okay, but don't get it dirty."

I fingered the hooks and eyes, the sateen straps, the demure pink flower stitched neatly between two barely convex cups.

"How come you wear a thirty-four?" I asked. "I thought most people started out with a thirty-two."

"I've been needing one for ages," she informed me, loftily. And she thrust it back into her pocket.

Livvy, taught by her "social" mother to be careful of her clothes, went to great pains not to wear out her bra, as if she secretly suspected that she would never get another. As her best friend and neighbor, I knew that she only wore it on the days that we had gym at school: Tuesdays and Fridays. In between she washed it and nestled it away in a bureau drawer next to her party slip.

There were fifteen girls in the seventh-grade morning gym class, and six of them, seven now including Livvy, wore bras. Seven heavy-breathing, scornful-eyed athletes, still damp from the shower, struggled into seven halters. Shrugging, straining, calling out impatiently to one another: "Hey, Karen! Would you mind doing up my bra? I can't reach." While the rest of us turned bony backs to civilization, shameful chests into the shadow of our lockers, and writhed our way into undershirts.

After two weeks of this—two anguished Tuesdays, two tortured Fridays—I had a talk with my mother. Sidling up to the desk where she sat in the evening

(Continued on page 132)

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We're about to talk you into what you've just spent your life talking yourself out of.

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In the next minute or two, then, we'd like to help you get rid of all these little hang-ups so you can go out with a light heart and get yourself the best mink in the world without having a single emotional trauma about it.

First of all, great mink like Emba® is anything but frivolous. It's probably the sanest piece of clothing you can own. As a matter of fact, Emba mink is so sane it could last 15, 20 years or even 30 years. (Although it seems incongruous to consider mink as a bargain, there you are.)

Now, as far as knowing what kind of mink you're getting into, let us assure you that we Emba ranchers are a fanatical group of men who have created a standard of mink quality and color unsurpassed anywhere on earth. So that when you buy an Emba mink, you're buying, without question, the best there is. And there are many reasons for this.

The mating game

The first reason is the way we breed. A process that's so completely controlled, the color of every young mink is pre-determined by us. Every color, even the palest, has been bred into the pelt and is natural to the fur. (What this mating control may lack in romance is more than made up for in the ultimate beauty of the individual pelts.)

Secondly, there is no mink in the world that's quite as deep and silky and sensuous.

This, strangely enough, is due to our American winter. A climate just cold enough to encourage the right density of fur. But not so cold that it produces a thick, leathery underside. (Which is why Emba feels light on your shoulders and warm around your body.)

The Emba mink lives right

Then, there is that lustre and sleekness. This, too, is calculated by us. We see to it that our mink lead the good life: fed on a rich, costly diet of delicacies such as meat, fish, cornflakes, bran and vitamins. And housed in specially constructed apartments, one mink to a room (to prevent rough play which might damage the pelt).

Class talks

Yet, even with all this care, we reject almost half of the mature animals as unworthy to bear the Emba stamp. A stamp, incidentally, which guarantees the ancestry of every mink in your coat, sometimes as far back as 25 generations. (Not to be thought of as snobbery, but rather a reassurance that the bloodlines are pure. In Emba families, as in all royalty, lineage counts.)

The truth is, no matter how much you pay for your Emba mink—few other things you acquire will be as completely fulfilling, incorruptible and beautiful.

Oh, one more thing. Age has nothing to do with owning an Emba. If you're over 18 you're ready for it. If you're over 50, you deserve it.

We hope you didn't mind us talking you into something you've been talking yourself out of all these years.

On the other hand, maybe you've been waiting for someone to do it all along.

EMBA

The American Mink

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Selection of Gorham Sterling designs from left to right: Chantilly, Fairfax, Strasbourg, La Scala, Rose Tiara, Hispaña.

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Selection shown, from left to right: Gorham Crystal in Renoir, Tivoli, Midnight Mist, Accent Brown, Cavalier. Gorham Fine China in Bridal Bouquet, Black-Platinum Contessa, Thea, Lorenzo de'Medici Cobalt, Chinoiserie.

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shirt any more!"

This retrieved my mother's attention. "Is there anything wrong with the undershirts you have? If you think they're beginning to look dingy, I could order some new ones."

"I don't want new ones. I don't ever want to wear an undershirt again. Nobody wears undershirts, not one girl in the whole gym class! Livvy stopped wearing undershirts ages ago."

My mother looked annoyed. "What Livvy's mother does or doesn't choose to do couldn't interest me less. Stop putting your weight on your insteps."

"I don't see why I have to be different from anybody else," I whined. This was fighting below the belt: I hated using arguments that I had pinched from *How To Live With Your Teen-age Daughter*, a permanent fixture on my mother's bedside table. but it would at least make her feel guilty. My mother sighed once more, and gave in.

"Well," she said, "go without an undershirt if you like, but do me a favor and wear an extra sweater."

"The thing is . . . ," I was preparing for the second half of my offensive, but my mother had already drawn the uncorrected papers closer to her.

"Happy now?"

She gave me a pert but forgiving little smile. I locked myself into the bathroom to cry.

Unlike Livvy, I did not keep a party slip in a bureau drawer. Instead, there lay in tidy piles underpants (Carter's), undershirts, knee socks, and ankle socks. But three days after that unsuccessful talk with my mother, I came home from school to find that the undershirts had disappeared. In their place, still folded in virgin tissue paper, was a white seersucker thing that looked like half a slip, the top half. Its shoulder straps were wider than the straps on a slip. It had baby-blue ribbon threaded in and out the eyelet at the neckline. One inch below the elastic thread that held it in at the waist, it simply stopped. Puzzling suspiciously over it, I heard my mother slip into my bedroom. I fingered the seersucker and didn't turn around.

TEEN-AGE DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 118)

and corrected papers, I did my usual act: wriggling, throat-clearing, breathing through the nose, general restlessness. My mother penciled a final red condemnation into the margin of a final paragraph, and at last acknowledged my presence.

"What is it now?" she asked. "Stand up straight and don't put all your weight on the instep."

Readjusting myself, I put on a vague, bored expression as much as to say that, if anything, she was pestering me. Offhand, I said: "We have gym again tomorrow."

"Oh!" Enlightened, my mother groped around for her tactful parent smile and belatedly assumed it. "I understand. You want me to write you an excuse."

"An excuse? What for?"

"A note to Miss Trask saying that you are indisposed."

"Oh, for cripes sake, mother!" I groaned. "Nobody tries to get out of gym for their period, I mean not unless they can't stand gym."

My mother put away her tactful parent smile and didn't take it out again that evening. Still. she made a certain effort to find out what was on my mind. "Is there anything wrong, darling? Are the other girls teasing you? Have you quarreled with Livvy?"

"Quarreled?" I repeated. I was losing ground.

My mother sighed: "If you won't tell me what's wrong, how can I help you?"

Worse and worse. Despairingly, I plunged. "When we get through playing basketball," I explained, "everybody goes back to the locker room and takes a shower."

"I should hope so," said my mother.

"You have to get undressed," I continued.

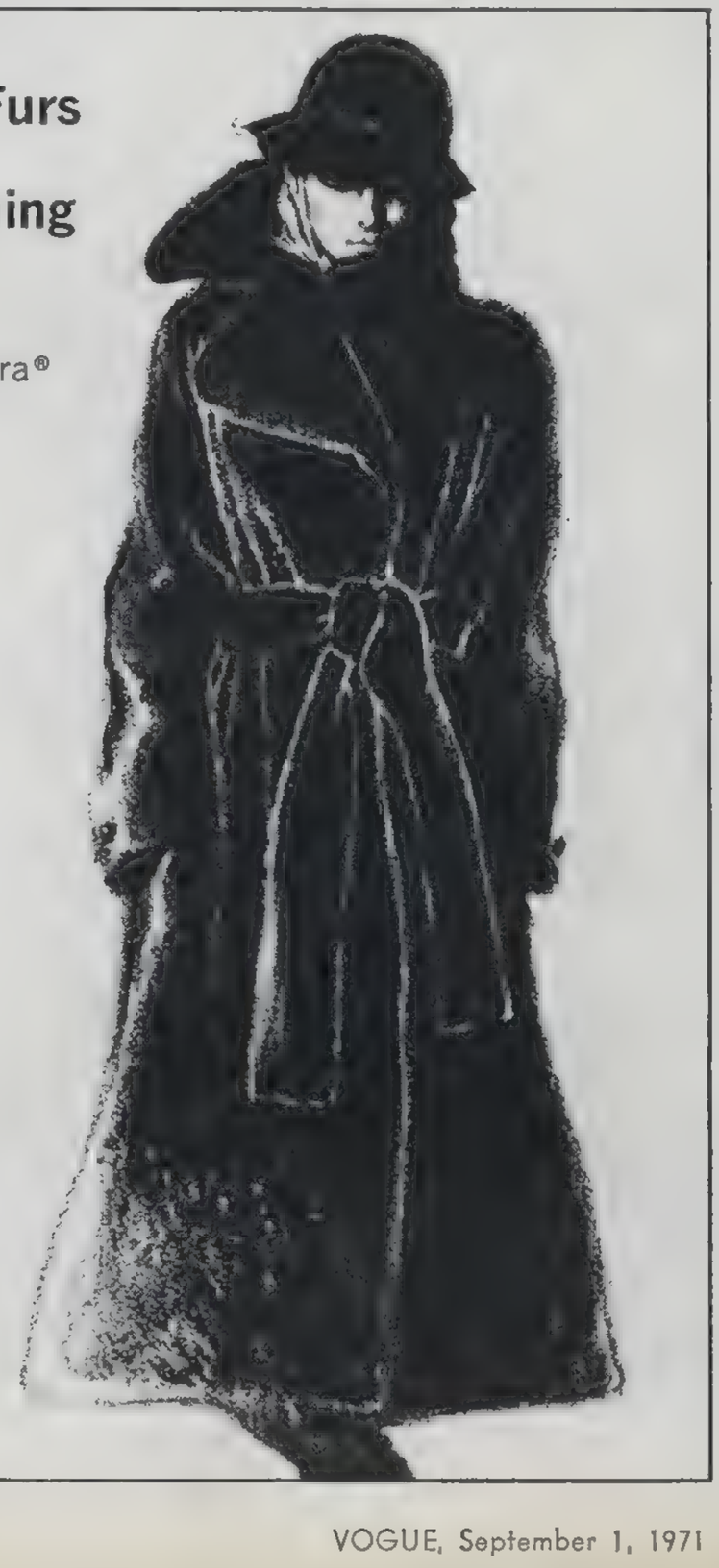
My mother nodded. Her thoughts slipping back to the pile of uncorrected papers.

"Listen!" I blurted. "I don't want to have to wear an under-

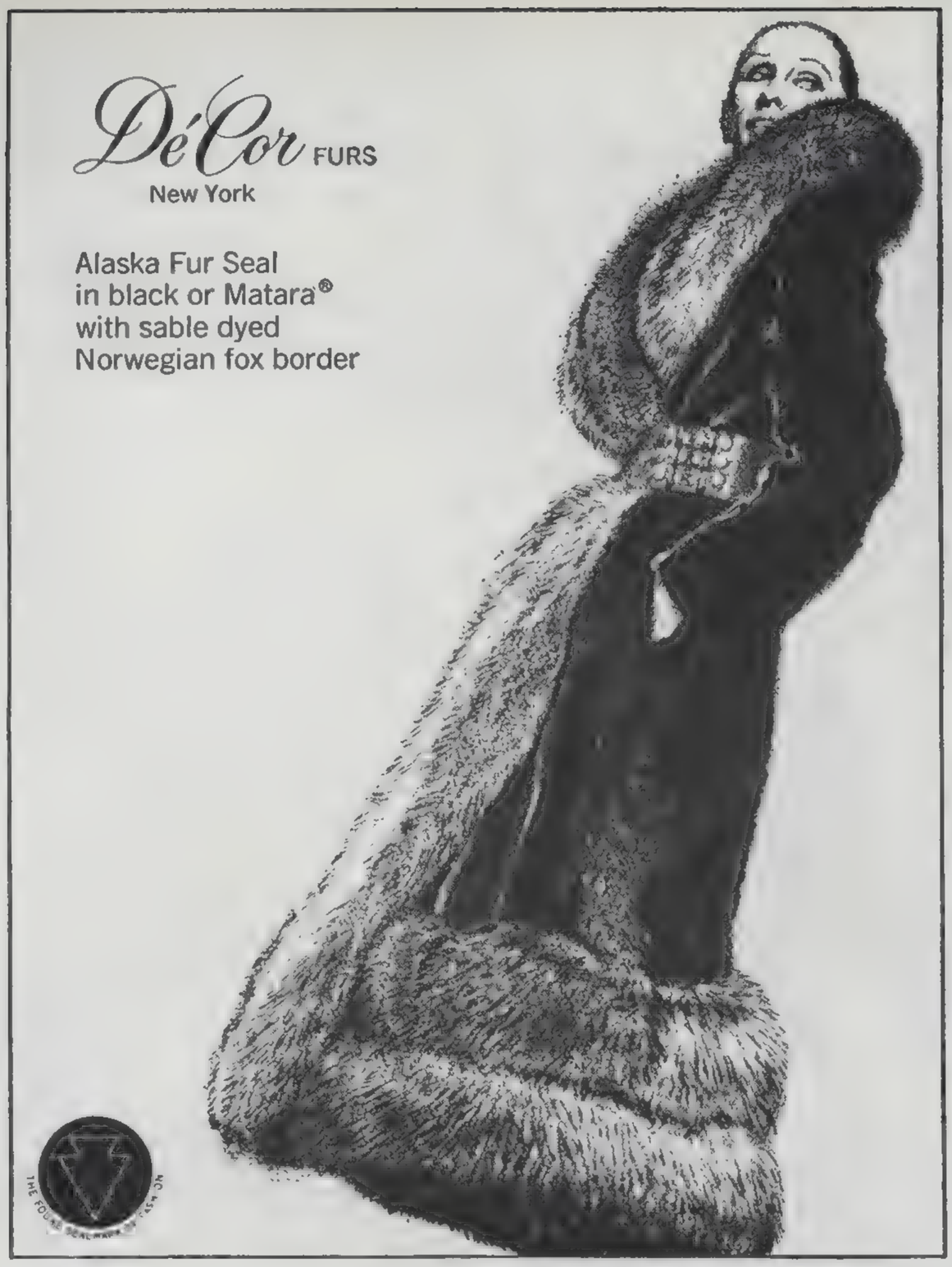
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THE FOURE SEALMARK OF FASHION



spartan, disagreed.

"Where does it hurt?" she challenged me.

I gripped my stomach and doubled up on the bench where I was sitting, like a cowboy who has just received a bullet in the guts.

"Sounds more like indigestion," said Miss Trask. "What did your mother give you for it?"

"Aspirin," I said, "a special kind of aspirin."

"You should try bicarbonate of soda," Miss Trask advised. "Nobody gets menstrual cramps in the intestine, it's a simple case of indigestion."

Recollecting details from a recent hygiene talk, I amended in the nick of time: "It hurts me here too," and I reached to the small of my back.

Miss Trask looked skeptical. As I had told my mother, it wasn't the fashion to get out of gym when you had your period. "The best thing for you would be a little exercise," she threatened. But in respect for my mother's note she let me stay on my bench.

I thought of a plausible solution to my problem, one which dazed me by its ingenious complication. If I switched over from Biology to Chemistry, I would no longer be free for the morning gym class and would have to join the afternoon one. In that case, if I promised to give it back as soon as school was over, Livvy might be persuaded to lend me her bra. We could exchange in the girls' room during recess. Livvy might object to this, but she ought to acknowledge the gravity of the situation. After all, I was her best friend.

I tackled her that afternoon as we walked home from the school bus. I described the camisole and, in great detail, my biweekly ordeal in the locker room. Livvy sympathized but was unenthusiastic about my plans.

"Your mother will never let you do it," she argued.

"If she does, would you do it?" I asked. "I mean, if she agrees, would you lend me your bra? I wouldn't get it dirty or anything. I'd put on heaps of

(Continued on page 134)

My mother's laugh was slightly nervous: "Are you satisfied? You really can't imagine the trouble I went to, finding that ridiculous thing. As if there weren't enough problems in life without having to pander to the fads of high-school girls."

This remark, which any other day would have put me in a state close to hysterics, passed over my head. Without lifting my eyes from the bureau drawer, "What is it?" I asked.

My mother said, "It's a camisole."

It looked—at least it would have looked if worn over something vaguely resembling breasts—like the kind of thing Brigitte Bardot might wear or like what the heroines of Westerns strip down to in firelight intimacy. To a worldly thirteen, a flat-chested thirteen, it was the end of the world. A scourge. A hair shirt. A straitjacket. I could feel my mother fidgeting proudly behind my back and I didn't doubt she had been into every shop in town to find the thing. Blinking back my tears I said, "Gee, thanks!"

My old undershirts were irretrievable, I knew; so I surrendered, stuffing the camisole behind the Britannica Junior Encyclopaedia, and the next morning went, so to speak, barechested to school.

When gym day came around again, two more girls wore bras. That made nine to six, and the six that I was part of included in my opinion the biggest saps. By the following Tuesday one more left our ranks and went over to the other side. It was like an epidemic or like springtime: One by one those bleached white blossoms emerged from the shadows to flaunt themselves in the unabashed locker-room light. On Friday, hoping that she had forgotten my former contempt for such proceedings, I wormed an excuse out of my mother.

"Francine is suffering from severe menstrual cramps," she lied obligingly in that self-confident parental script that was the work of God, as far as I could tell, for teachers. "She should be excused from physical education." I calculated that this would serve me for the Tuesday after as well. Miss Trask, the old



Lord & Taylor,
New York

Jacobson's
of Michigan

Black Alaska Fur Seal
designed by Donald Brooks



TEEN-AGE DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 133)

deodorant, I swear!"

Livvy dismissed this offer: She wasn't all that interested in hygiene. "Your mother might let you do it, but the school never would," she hedged. "You can't do things like that. You can't just switch courses in the middle of the year. How would you make up the work you missed in Chemistry? You're crazy!"

"Thanks! Gee, thanks a lot!"

"Why don't you just ask your mother to buy you a bra?"

I groaned with frustration and envy of her easy life. "You don't understand," I said. "You just don't understand."

"Well, I can tell you this much," said Livvy decidedly. "If it was that or make up a whole semester of Chemistry, I'd rather go ask *Mr. Di Marzo* to buy me a bra!" Mr. Di Marzo was the school janitor.

"That'll be the day!" I exclaimed, impressed by this bravado.

Then in one final attempt I sounded her again. "Just say *if*," I insisted. "Say *if* my mother says okay and *if* the school says okay and I get put in afternoon gym, then would you lend me your bra?"

"No," said Livvy. "What if I got run over or something while you had it on and they had to undress me?"

I pointed out that she was unlikely to get run over in the school corridor. I argued that she wouldn't be without it for much more than an hour and think of me, braless with the paltry exception of Tuesdays and Fridays from one-thirty to two-twenty-five in the afternoon. I reminded her ungallantly that she never wore that bra on the days we didn't have gym. Livvy was adamant.

I didn't speak to her for two days. Two mornings in a row I set my alarm early to get to the bus stop before she came out; and two afternoons I followed her the whole three quarters of a mile home again at a dignified distance of some fifty yards. Defiant, Livvy clasped her books to her self-righteous bosom and didn't once look back. I could

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Philadelphia, Pa.

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Denver, Colorado

tell that she was wearing her bra every day now. But Friday, in despair, I made up.

"Livvy," I groveled. "I'm sorry I made you mad."

"Oh, that's all right," said Livvy coldly, adding in self-defense: "You're the one who got mad. I couldn't care less."

"I was upset," I explained, coining one of my mother's favorite phrases.

"I'll say," said Livvy.

"Listen, Livvy, could you lend me some money?"

"Nope," she said, always prepared. "I don't even *have* any money until I get next week's allowance and that wouldn't be enough to buy you a bra, and besides, I need it."

"How about your birthday money?"

She was scandalized. "You mean the money I got for my birthday? Are you crazy?"

"I'd pay it back," I pleaded. "I swear I would."

She knew that my parents didn't give me an allowance, judging it a wiser and more mature arrangement for me to come to them and ask for "such sums as I needed for reasonable purchases." I knew they wouldn't fork out the price of a bra without a lot of questions.

"How much do you think one costs?" I queried.

"Don't ask me."

"I mean approximately. A dollar? Five dollars?"

"How should I know?" said carefree Livvy. "My mother bought mine for me."

"I was just thinking," I said. "Maybe I could take my camisole back to the place where mother bought it, I've never worn it or anything, and turn it in for a bra like yours."

"Oh, well!" Livvy seemed relieved at the good sense of this: "She probably bought it at the Corset Corner. That's where most people go."

On Saturday morning, I put the camisole carefully back into its tissue-paper folds. I didn't have the bag it came in or the sales slip. Still, I was fairly confident that the shop would be forced to recognize it and take it back: there couldn't be more than one place in town that sold monstrosities like that.

The Corset Corner didn't

open until nine-thirty and I had to wait for half an hour. A saleslady opened the shop at about nine-thirty-five. She looked curiously at me as she went in, but I stared straight ahead, pretending not to see her. Business was business, and I wasn't going to do mine until we had a counter between us. I waited until she had done a certain amount of bustling around and went bravely in. I might as well get it over with, I told myself severely, before any other customers turned up. The saleslady beamed at me: "Good morning, Francine!"

I was flabbergasted. How on earth did she know my name? It threw me off.

"Good morning," I echoed, and unconsciously I did the company dip that my mother had taught me when I was a little girl. Then I blushed again: You don't curtsy to salesladies. As a matter of fact, when you are thirteen, if you have any self-respect, you don't curtsy at all.

"What can I do for you today?"

She was relentlessly cheerful. Just like one of those model dialogues ("*Dans les grands magasins*") in my French textbook. I was tempted to take to my heels and I might have if my problem had been less urgent. But I remembered just then that there was dancing school that night (ballroom dancing, with boys) and had a sudden vision of a white strap slipping out from the shoulder of my best taffeta dress, only to be pushed with glorious impatience back out of sight.

"It's about this," I said, and I deposited my package on the counter. Then I crossed my fingers on both hands and held my breath. After all, in spite of Livvy's assurance, there were at least half-a-dozen stores in town that sold ladies' underwear.

The saleslady parted the tissue paper, raised an eyebrow, and then, miraculously, nodded. "I remember," she said. "Your mother came in and bought this, didn't she? But that must have been a month ago!"

"Twenty-one days," I said. I knew, having lived through all of them.

"Three weeks! Dear me! I don't know if we—what exactly is the matter? Too small?"

Ben Kahn
New York City

Alaska Fur Seal in Lakoda®



THE FOURE SEALMARK OF FASHION

I gave it to her straight. "I don't know," I said. "I didn't even try it on. I don't like it."

The saleslady looked reproachful. "It's a very sweet little item," she protested. "Your mother seemed pleased with it."

"Nobody wears things like that," I confided. "Nobody I know, anyway. They just don't."

The saleslady must have been an unusually intelligent one because she took in the situation immediately. "Oh, *I* get it!" she drawled, compassionately. "What you want is a bra!"

If she had been the older, more motherly type, I would have thrown my arms around her and wept. I just smiled through teary eyes, nodding vigorously.

"You must be a thirty-two double-A," she murmured, eyeing me thoughtfully, "Let's see now. . . ." She rummaged in a drawer, then straightened up triumphantly with the exact replica of Livvy's bra. "How would this little number do?"

An intoxicating warmth spread through me: it was all so easy. "Fine!" I said, as casually as possible now that I was in control. We went behind the curtain to try it on.

It looked beautiful. It pulled tightly across my ribs. The straps dug firmly into my shoulder blades. By tucking a little here and pinching a little there, we managed to get enough flesh into the cups to give me a bosom almost as convincing as Livvy Lamers's. In bliss I dressed and waited to have it wrapped. I would have worn it out except that I was saving it for dancing school. Just as I was going to my bicycle, the saleslady looked up from a complicated bit of arithmetic and called me back.

"Wait a sec, honey!" she said. "You owe me one dollar and thirty-five cents."

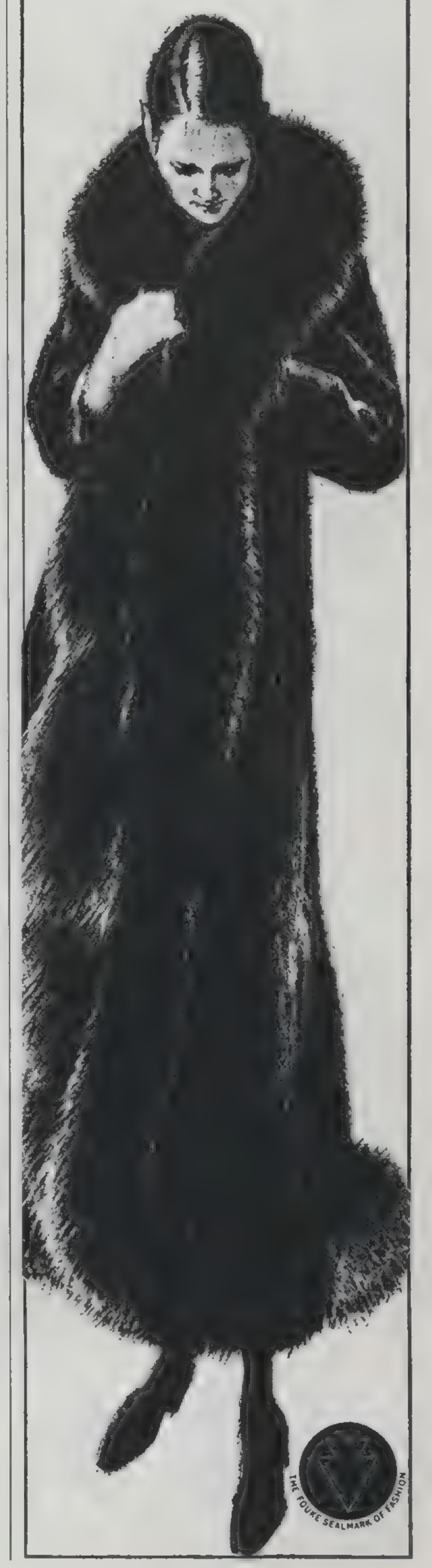
I only had four dimes and a nickel. I simply stood there, hopeless. I should have known that it wouldn't work; life just wasn't that easy. I wondered if it would do any good to cry, but I had already noticed that she wasn't the type you cry on. "Could you maybe charge it?" I suggested weakly.

"Does your mother have a

(Continued on page 136)

Jay-Lennad FURS
Boston, Massachusetts

Black Alaska Fur Seal bordered in black dyed Norwegian fox.



THE FOURE SEALMARK OF FASHION

Max Bogen
New York, N.Y.

Alaska Fur Seal
in Matara® banded with
brown Swakara



TEEN-AGE DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 135)

charge account here?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I couldn't do that anyway, honey; I really couldn't. You'd have to have written permission to use her charge account, and I can't take the responsibility." Smiling. I couldn't even hate her because after all, she was the only person so far who understood what I was talking about.

"Listen," I pleaded. "I need it for tonight, honest I do. Could I just give you part of it? Say forty-five cents, and then I could give you the other ninety cents tomorrow."

I wasn't usually this quick at arithmetic, but the scent of danger sharpened my faculties, as they say in textbooks about woodland animals.

"Tomorrow is Sunday," she said.

"Well, Monday then. I'll give you the rest on Monday; I'll come by as soon as school lets out, I swear."

"Oh, I believe you," she assured me. "It isn't that I don't trust you, honey!"

I began to feel impatient. My sympathy for her, I suspected, wasn't going to hold out if she kept on calling me "honey."

"I trust you all right," she repeated. "I just can't take the responsibility. If my boss found out, she'd wring my neck!"

She was right. It was hopeless. I put the package back, forcing out a polite, "Well, thanks anyway."

The saleslady called after me as I left the shop: "Listen, honey, I'll tell you what. You get your mother to stop in this afternoon and then everything will be fine!"

That final "honey" did the trick: I despised her. Come to think of it, why couldn't *she* have lent me ninety cents? Ninety cents was nothing to a grown-up, I knew through experience. Even Livvy would be willing to lend me ninety cents until I got up the nerve to beg it off my parents. I nearly went back into the Corset Corner to ask for a loan, but changed my mind when I remembered Livvy. After all, it's wiser to keep money matters between friends.

I arrived panting at Livvy's house at a quarter to eleven. If I hurried, I told myself, I could bike back into town with the money and be home on time for lunch. But Livvy wasn't there. Her father told me that she was down skating at the river. The river was much too far to bicycle to. For a reckless moment I considered borrowing the money from Mr. Lamers, but I didn't have the nerve.

When I got back home, practically the whole family was out: my brothers were playing ice hockey and my father had gone into the city. My mother and I had lunch together: tomato soup and sandwiches, and she made root-beer Jell-o for dessert. I held out pretty well through the soup and sandwiches. Hot soup is just about the most comforting thing in the world. I wept into the root-beer Jell-o.

"Darling!" said my mother. Irritated. Reproachful. But unbearably loving and motherly.

I howled: "I want ninety cents! I need ninety *cents!* All I want in the whole stupid world is ninety cents and n-nobody wants to. . . ."

"What do you want it *for*?" my mother asked.

So I told her. And when the Jell-o was eaten and the dishes washed up, she drove me to the Corset Corner. My mother was dignified about counting out one dollar and thirty-five cents, and the saleslady deferential about handing me the package. Not a word about the camisole.

That night I went to Livvy's house to dress. She always came to dress in my room when my mother drove us to dancing school, and I dressed in her room when it was her mother's turn. We combed out our pincurls, put on our stockings, ballerina flats, and crinolines. Then, I took my bra out of the Corset Corner bag and shrugged into it with long-studied expertness.

"Hey, Livvy!" I called. Livvy was in the bathroom experimenting with eyeliner. She didn't know yet. "Hey, Livvy! Come here a minute and help me do up my bra!" ▼

Ludwig
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of Baltimore

If wigs are such a good idea, how come you haven't found one that's right for you?



Jerome Alexander really understands what you, the sophisticated woman, want in a wig. Jerome Alexander knows you wouldn't feel right in a wig designed for an eighteen year old. So he designed the wig you see here especially for you. Your daughter probably wouldn't care about its features. But you'll love them.

First of all, this is probably the lightest wig you can buy. One-third of it is hand tied so you can part it anywhere you like. Jerome's special construction gives you a more hair look with less weight. Then there's the short, close-cropped look you like too. And a special cushioning band around the front that's great in case you perspire. Of course you can have any color you like. But the beautiful way the tone-on-tone grays and frosteds are shaded makes them fabulously flattering.

Now if Jerome goes to all that trouble with the makings of his wig, naturally he's going to use what he considers the best possible wig fiber. Jerome says, "Elura is as easy as possible to care for, as easy as possible to manage. You can completely restyle it if you want to, but just simple rebrushing will give it a whole different look. The biggest advantage of Elura over other wig fibers is its resistance to heat. In fact, Elura won't frizz in virtually any kind of heat you are likely to be exposed to, including the heat from your kitchen oven".

We think you're going to love what Jerome Alexander has done with Elura.

Elura: the high performance wig fiber that outdates all the others.



The Lady Alexander wig of Elura shown 3 ways.

That's why we're here.

elura® Modacrylic the first wig fiber that really looks and acts real. From **Monsanto.**

®Monsanto trademark for approved wigs and hairpieces of Elura® modacrylic fiber.



Balle's

A SUBSIDIARY OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

Blassport salutes the blazer
and hits new heights in separates.
Burgundy suede blazer with
burgundy turtleneck and gold suede
weskit over navy Ferrari pants,
together 285.00. The
Specialty Shop, Cleveland, Ohio





Halle's

A SUBSIDIARY OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

For the cocktail hour:

Geoffrey Beene's swirl of

shimmering black circled with

a shocking pink portrait

collar 325.00. The Specialty Shop.

Cleveland, Ohio

Garfinckel's

IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

GIVENCHY'S GREAT YOUNG ROMANTICIST . . . SILK ORGANZA AND SPARKLE. DESIGNER SALON.



Garfinckel's
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

TRIGERE'S STROKE-OF-GENIUS WOOL . . . BANDED WITH MIRRORED REFLECTIONS. DESIGNER SALON.



Beauty Checkout

The wrap-around set

PENATI



It is, says one devotee, the greatest hair discovery of the century. It's for longish to long, bendish to curly curly hair, and hair-master Louis of Louis-Guy D'—who has wrapped more heads than Punchinello—insists it will straighten and keep hair straight, period—even in the most humid weather. Like many great ideas, it's basically very simple—using the head like a big hair roller. Louis adds three regular rollers on the crown for height (see above)—empty orange juice or beer cans will do. Put them in clean, wet hair, then make a side part. Starting there, take a smallish section of hair and comb it over the forehead and around the head, clipping the ends in place. Keep parting and sectioning and wrapping, removing clips as you go, and always in the same direction, of course, until your hair is a small shiny cap against the skull (see photos). Be sure you've combed each section smooth right down to the scalp to prevent the wrinkles, and take courage: the first time's the hardest. Leave a few clips in to hold the last ends, but as few as possible because they leave ridges. Louis then soaks end papers in setting lotion and plasters them all over the head to keep flyaway ends down, adds a hairnet. (Some homewrappers say a net is enough, skip the lotion-and-papers bit, and some even skip the rollers, which makes it the perfect beach-set.) Now, under the dryer. Take a good book because, to be really effective, hair must be bone-dry. But when it's dry and down, it's straight and swinging till the next shampoo. . . . Louis's own wrap-around kit—three large rollers, setting lotion in a spray bottle, end papers, rattail comb, clips, hair net, and instruction sheet—$7, tax and postage inc. Louis-Guy D', 12 East 57th St., New York City 10022.

Purlie girl

Stepping right in and, so it seems, filling right up Melba Moore's superstardom-launch-pad of a role in the Broadway musical *Purlie* is a yum-yum cupcake of a girl named Patti Jo. Startlingly soft-spoken offstage; on, she belts out a song with vintage Merman gusto. Patti says using spikey fake lashes plus white liner on the inside of the eyelid magnifies her eyes. We say keep an eye on her. She's making it big.

©1971 Frances Denney • Photograph: Pippin

GOOD.

CLEAR. HEALTHY. SMOOTH.

This is how your skin should always look—and can with the far-reaching action of Frances Denney's Multi-Layer Collection. Six sensational preparations that stop at nothing to take real care of your skin. They work deep deep down, through layer after layer, so your skin gets all the help it needs- just where it needs help most. Each, in its own way, goes the whole way to do your skin true, lasting good.

Frances Denney



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CANTON PLAZA, RICHLAND MALL, COSHOCTON



you won't believe what this little body shaper will do for you...

here's why it costs $70

Doesn't look much more than a leotard? Guess again! It took ARIS three years to perfect this first-of-its-kind ISOTONER™ Body Beauty Suit. Its unique action gives you a sensation you've never felt before. Slip into it after you've smoothed on the ISOTONER™ Motion Cream that's included, and the two combine forces to multiply many times the action of each. Engineered to make you feel like you're getting a massage head-to-toe! Makes your thighs and upper arms feel firmer, your body more relaxed, supple and smoother—moisturizes your skin, too. Wear it solo, with a skirt...or even sleep in it. And all the time, it's shaping you up effortlessly. Once you try it on, you'll say it's priceless!

Suit: Petite, Small, Medium, Large in Black, Brown, Navy, Burgundy, Nude—with 2 oz. Cream.

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Beauty Checkout

For everyone bent on exercise—a survey of systems

It could start with a chance remark—like "those few extra pounds are becoming" (whereupon you sense that the pounds aren't so few, and what they're becoming is a problem). Or you might notice some quirkiness in the joints and muscles that makes you wonder whatever happened to the strength in your legs and back. Or, could be that you're something like our Incorrigible Beauty Buff who—on the principle of I Have To Live In This Body, Let's Fix It Up—delves into all kinds of self-improvement the way a child might dip into jam. Whatever starts it off, you—or most of you, all over the country—are taking a new and serious interest in the idea of shaping up.

Exercise salons are sprouting everywhere, and blooming. Exercise routines are getting to be more fun, and more efficient—as our Incorrigible Beauty Buff learned recently, while having trial sessions at some of the newer salons around Manhattan. Her findings, here. . . .

Dancercise, 48 East 86th Street. Run by Jon Devlin, young ex-dancer and choreographer who does his exercise program to music—good, haunting music with an invigorating beat. His studio, big and airy, with vestiges of Chinese décor. Adjoining it is a bit of a boutique where pupils might replenish their leotard supplies—pretty ones, some appliquéd, are featured. Classes here, very flexible—one hour long, and taught all day; some evening and early-morning sessions. One can, once enrolled, attend any class without appointment. The routine, a pleasant challenge, not overly taxing. Movements stress stretching, bending, making muscles work correctly and effortlessly. (Jon says everyone's too tense—must learn to hang loose.) One maneuver, with legs and arms reaching across each other, stretches everything at once. Session finishes with a few minutes of modern dancing that leaves one feeling light and happy. Buff's reaction: a pleasant workout, done at a moderate level of exertion. Cost, here: $75 for 20 hours.

Lotte Berk, 23 East 67th Street. Studio mirrored all around, barres down two sides. In charge: Lydia Bach, pretty young blonde with enviable figure who is bringing this technique to the U.S. from London. The going, here, fairly strenuous, and the general attitude one of discipline and challenge. "No easy way," says Lydia. "You have to work for a good body." (Inspiration: big pictures of Lotte Berk, the founder who's in her sixties, doing incredible feats. If *she* can . . .). Stressed here, the abolition of flab and "hanging bottoms"—done by methods calling on muscles that may never have worked a day in their lives. Also stressed: the goal is sexy contours (management claims to get appreciative fan letters from husbands). Buff's reaction: a no-nonsense routine—marvelous but, for some, might have to be worked up to. She felt good, tingling, but exhausted. To prevent stiffness, was told to soak in a warm bath—a handful of aspirin tablets dissolved in the water. Tried it, it worked. Cost here: $10 an hour, $95 for ten hours.

Joelle Mazet, at the Downtown Ballet Company, 189 Lexington Avenue. Joelle herself is a pretty French ballet dancer—again, the wonderful figure—who, starting in October, will resume teaching her exercise classes on Monday and Thursday evenings; also private classes by appointment (right now, she's dancing in Paris). Her system includes gymnastics, elementary ballet, some yoga with its stress on proper breathing. (Important, she says, because the body's energy depends on the amount of oxygen it receives.) Classes start with a breathing session, then get more active: rolling, cross-legged, on the floor; on hands and knees, trying to touch nose to floor—way out *ahead* of hands; sitting on heels, join hands in back—one coming from over the shoulder, one from under. Joelle's advice: "breathe in before the exercise, exhale on the effort." Buff's reaction: an imaginative system, not terribly strenuous—though she was told it would get more so as capabilities increase. Cost here: $5 an hour, $40 for ten hours.

The Velva Touch

The way to treat your skin with the fresh, clean, clear caress it deserves.

This is the Velva touch
of Elizabeth Arden.
This is your way
to the soft, the smooth,
the touchable skin.



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with moisture.
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DONALD'S GIRLS

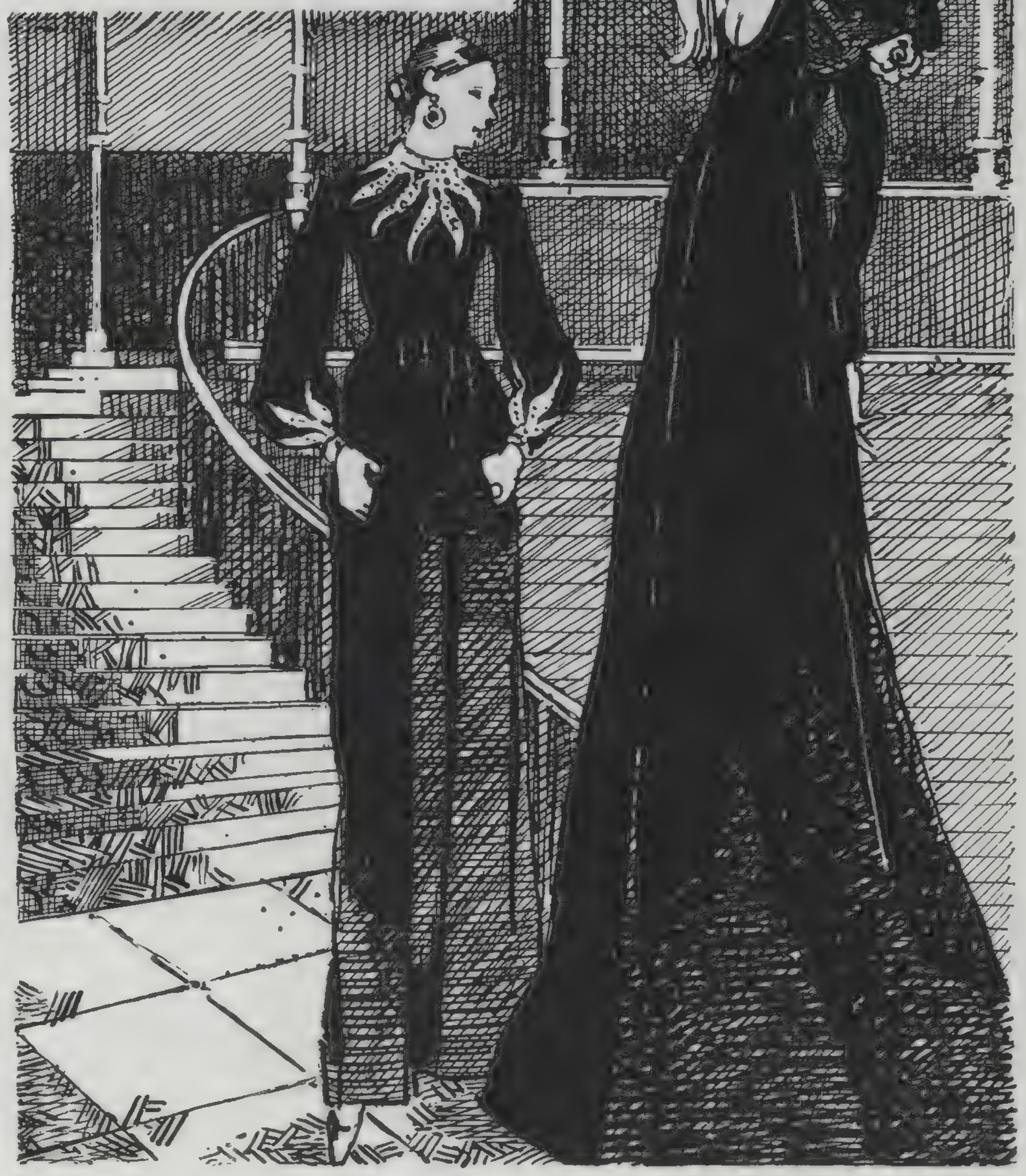
"I must have them," said the tall, thin man from down under.

"But they're all mine," smiled Donald Brooks.

The man, who claimed to be a prince, stroked his goatee, suppressing a devilish smile. "All yours? All?"

"I have designs on every one of them," said Donald.





"The devil take the collar," Donald's visitor horned in, "tell me about the two in black velvet.③"

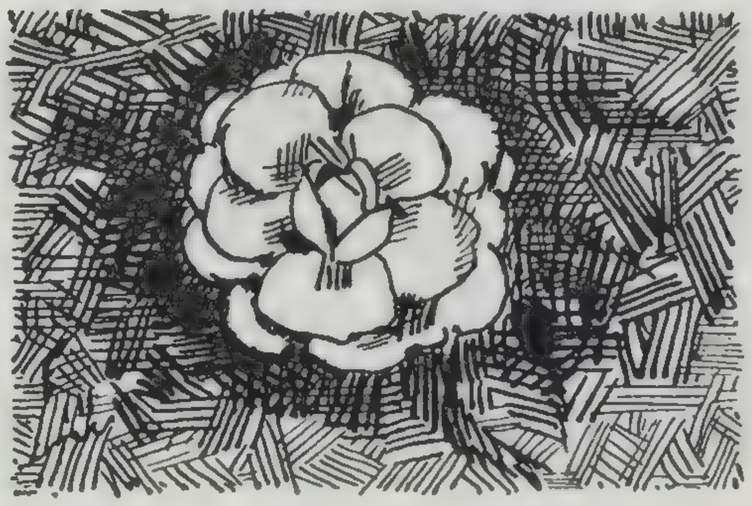
"Oh. Well, Norma's dress is trimmed in sunburst embroidery—rhinestones to you. She got over her cough in time to go to tonight's Crystal Ball. As for Violetta, that's a Medieval ball gown she's wearing, with full bishop's sleeves caught with a pure white camellia."



Leaning his pitchfork against the étagère, the man sat down on a gilded love seat, crossed his red leotarded legs, and looked enviously around.

"Tell me about them," he said finally. "Tell me all about them."

Donald shrugged. "There isn't much to tell. Sydney's just back from Radnor Hunt and on her way to an author's reception. For Kate someone or other. So she's wearing my black and white Donegal tweed,① bordered and cuffed with silver fox.② Notice the collar . . ."



"Bishop's sleeves indeed! Who is that in the suit?" "That's Candace," said Donald. "Shopping and the museum this afternoon. Or was it the zoo? At any rate, she's wearing my new design for a casual city suit in oatmeal twill,④ with its own shirt of burgundy printed challis,⑤ and a wide-ish belt to tie it all together. She's a demon for detail, too. The total look for Fall 1971 is carried through to textured tights and gillie ties."

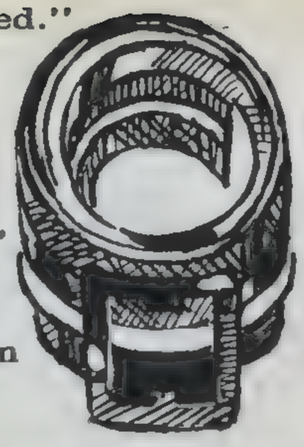
"Her friend has my art deco knit⑥ dress in aubergine and red."

"My favorite color."

"Of course. But look at Halsey, on her way out to walk her bulldog, in my navy melton⑦ wrap coat with big badger⑧ sleeves. Heavenly, don't you think?"

"Heavenly! Humph." The man in red looked around once again, then smiled diabolically. "All that extravagance!" he leered. "Wouldn't you say that it's . . . uh . . . sinful?"

"Not extravagance," Donald corrected. "Elegance. And if women can look that good in my designs, I think it would be a sin if they didn't."





"Yesss," said the visitor. "I know women who would give their souls for these fashions." He straightened up, scowling, and snatched his pitchfork. "Your designs," he hissed at Donald Brooks, "are competing with my designs."

"Well, I'm leaving to take my collection to John Wanamaker," said Donald. "I suppose you know where you can go."

"Yes," sighed the man in red. "I know. The best people go to John Wanamaker; and, yes, I know where I can go."

He took the elevator down.

You take the elevator up, to Tribout on the Third Floor of John Wanamaker, to see the Donald Brooks collection.

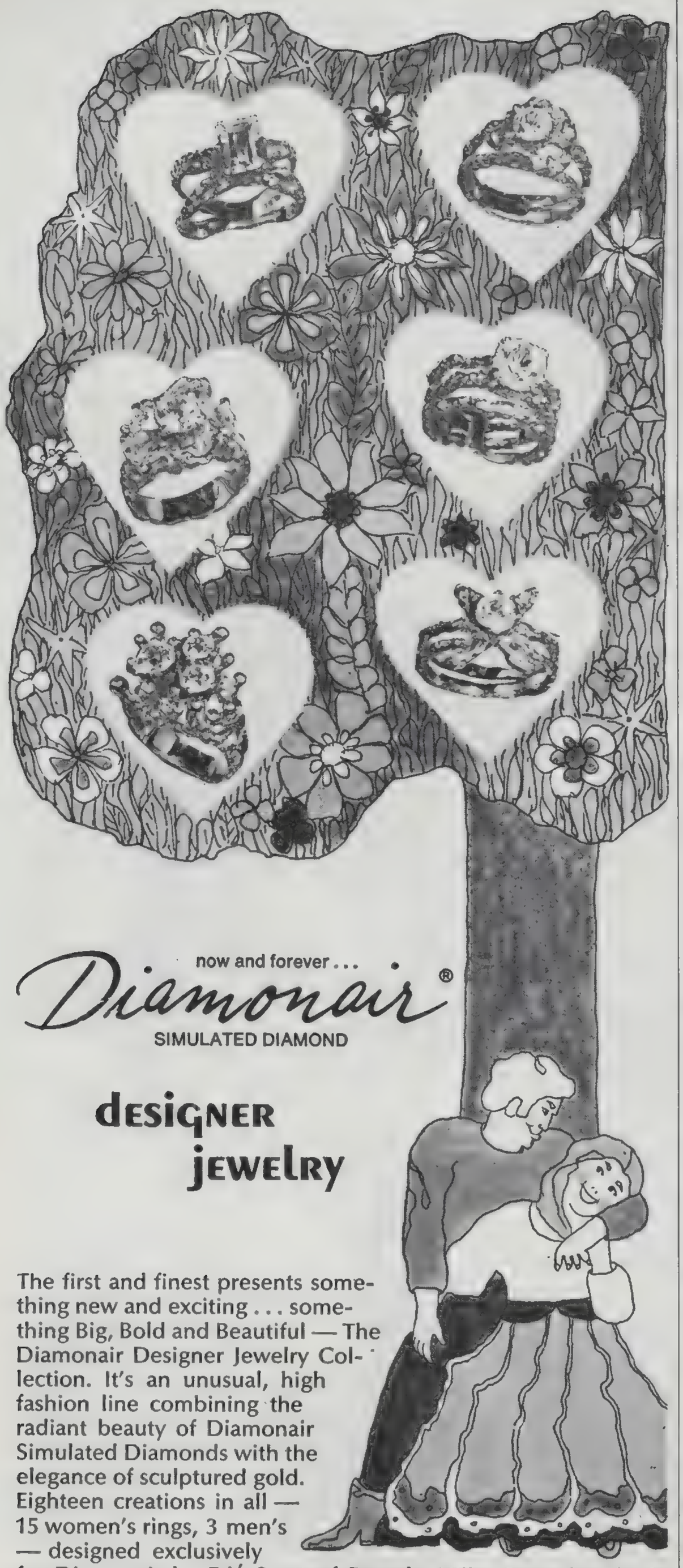




1 Donegal wool tweed
2 Natural silver fox
3 Silk velvet
4 Oatmeal wool twill
5 Wool challis
6 Wool knit
7 Wool melton cloth
8 Natural badger

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Ready Beauty



The quick streak of color

The brighter eye is here, and so is a new, fast, effective way to brighten and color it. . . . Minute Shadowmatic, a new magician's wand from Helena Rubinstein, does the trick, gliding a quick, smooth streak of clear color straight across the eyelid (you can add an arc under the brow). The eyes shown here are all the prettier for it. . . . A slender wand is what it is, encased in the Rubinstein blue-and-gold flowers; inside is a fine brush and a supply (refillable) of creamy liquid eye shadow in such melting colors as Violetta, Earthy, Avocado. Once on, it stays, doesn't smudge, blends easily with a fingertip . . . looks lively and delicious. It's a logical follow-up to Rubinstein's Automatic Minute Eyeliner, and works the same cinchy way —just pull it out, glide it on, and see what happens. Which should be plenty. . . .

Tidings of great Joy

Roses and jasmine, plus Jean Patou, equals Joy . . . what else? Almost every woman can remember when she first smelled it: the sudden warm breeze from flower-laden fields in some enchanted country, freighted with magnificent possibilities. . . . Now the breeze blows again from the Joyous country, bringing two new delights: Joy Foaming Milk Bath and Velours de Joy Skin Lotion. Years, almost twenty, have gone into their making, because often such products don't run true to the original scent—and the makers wanted to be very sure that these did. They do. . . . Milk Bath, tossed in a dry tub, foams into frothy richness as the water runs, surrounding the bather with Joyful billows. Velours de Joy is a white, silky-velvety lotion that sinks luxuriously into the skin, smoothing, softening. It's received by delicate or dry skin with particular Joy. . . .

Spot announcement

Many health-and-beauty aids are liked, enjoyed by the women who use them, but it's a rare product that enjoys the warm status of True Friend to its users. Such a one for years has been Mitchum's Esotérica —a cream whose friendly act consists of helping to erase the unlovely brown spots that appear on women's hands, and sometimes elsewhere on the skin. Now, a companion boon appears: Esotérica Hand Lotion, fragrant, creamy stuff, laced with the same spot-lifting ingredient that gives the original cream its clout. The ingredient, called Dermalite, acts to break up the under-skin masses of pigment that are responsible for age-making spots. . . . The Hand Lotion softens, moisturizes, helps to lighten and brighten skin. Using it for six weeks or less should prove it a new True Friend. (More, page 184)

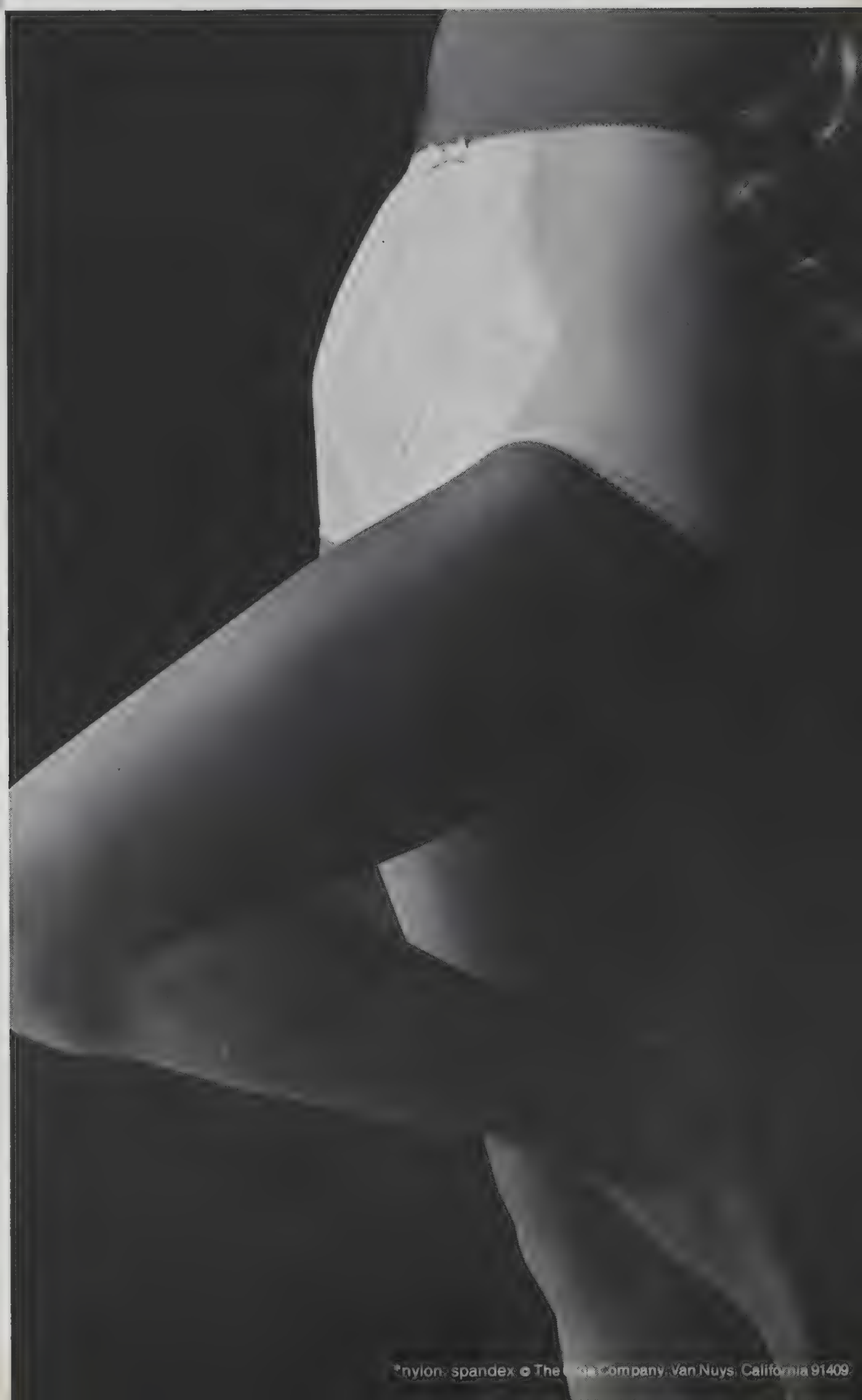


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THE NO-PANT LOOK THAT SLIMS

Slip into Olga's super-smooth Wunderpants and what do you feel? Almost nothing. And yet, you can clearly see that your tummy is flatter. Reminding you that (fortunately!) behind every Olga there really is an Olga. Shaping you with a wonder fabric* that's like silky firm skin. And seams that won't show under even the clingiest clothes. The No-Pant Look of Wunderpants that slim. 5.50

OLGA INNOVATES



*nylon spandex © The [illegible] Company, Van Nuys, California 91409

Introducing the first wig you can wear in the kitchen.



Wigs have gotten the bad reputation of not being able to take a little unexpected heat, like oven heat for example.

And while you may not be the domestic type, you never know when you might be called on for a hot meal.

So now, all because of a wonderful new fiber called Elura®, you can venture into the kitchen, fix a meal fit for a king, and not lose a single precious curl in the making.

Elura is a polymer spun modacrylic hair that comes closer to the real thing than any other wig fiber in existence.

Because of it, our wig absolutely won't frizz up or fall limp when confronted with a sudden burst of heat. You can set it wet or with electric rollers. Take it under a dryer. Back-comb it or hot-comb it. Wear it in the wind fearlessly for it will always fall right back into its pretty self. And this is one synthetic without the tell-tale synthetic "shine."

In short, the Schiaparelli wig has all the advantages of real hair and none of the disadvantages of wigs. Plus it's a knockout, no matter which of our five styles or 25 natural color blends you decide is you. For $45 or less.

Remember, the way to a man's heart may still be through his stomach, but he'll always look first.

The Schiaparelli Wig of Elura®
Beauty isn't enough anymore.

Schiaparelli, a division of N. Wagman & Co., 720 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10019.

The truth about underwires.



There are two kinds of bras.

Soft cup bras and underwire bras.

An underwire bra has a curved piece of wire under each cup. And for some reason, this innocent little piece of wire has gotten a bad reputation.

Some women have all sorts of ideas about underwires that simply aren't true. But now you can forget all the bad things you've heard about underwires.

Because Bali is going to tell you the truth.

Underwires are uncomfortable. True or False?

Any bra can be uncomfortable if it doesn't fit properly. In the right bra, you won't feel the underwire at all.

A good underwire bra helps to mold and support the bust, instead of making the shoulder straps dig in and do all the work.



So if your underwire bra isn't comfortable, don't blame the underwire. Blame the bra.

Underwires are old-fashioned. True or False?

False. In fact, underwires are a fairly new development in brassiere history.

But say "underwire" to some women and they have visions of the whalebone and steel contraptions our grandmothers used to lace into.

If you think underwires are old-fashioned, take a look at some of the sexy underwire styles Bali has whipped up for you.

Underwires are for big-busted women. True or False?

False. Bali has underwire bras that come in a B cup size—as well as in a C, D, and DD.

All an underwire does is make it easier to shape and control the bust.

Of course, for some big-busted women an underwire bra is the only comfortable solution. Simply because a soft cup can't support them.



You should choose the bra that makes you look and feel the best.

Maybe it will have an underwire.

Maybe it won't.

Underwires are all the same. True or False?

False. There are many different kinds of underwires.

Some are heavy and stiff. Others are light and flexible. They also come in a wide range of shapes and sizes.

Which is only right, since women also come in a wide range of shapes and sizes.



What's the answer?

If you're right for an underwire, there's a very simple way to find the underwire that's right for you. Just try on some Bali brassieres. We're underwire experts. After all, we've designed and made more underwire bras than anybody else.

No matter which style of Bali brassiere you choose—underwire or soft cup—you can be sure of one thing. Comfort.

Every Bali is designed by our brassiere experts. And fitted on live models, just to be sure that all you'll ever feel in a Bali is beautiful.

And that's the truth.

Bali®

Styles shown are Flower Bali® Lo, Sno-Flake® Seamless, and Sno-Flake® Wired Bandeau.

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*B-21 WORKS SO BEAUTIFULLY THAT A WOMAN CAN ACTUALLY SEE AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE TEXTURE OF HER SKIN. Its secret in part is the perfecting of a delicate yet dynamic balance of two vital substances which help work wonders together in the natural activation of new cell development. The result is a brighter, livelier, more radiant look to your skin. Only Orlane has achieved this with its genius composition.

*B-21, like other cremes, helps replenish over-exposed skin with natural oils lost through water, sea or ski elements. B-21 helps diminish and smooth over little fret and fatigue lines, but it also helps purity imperfections away.

*B-21 MAKES YOUR MAKEUP MAKE THE MOST OF YOU, by smoothing away dry, flaky skin and letting your youngest, prettiest self shine through.

*B-21 KNOWS YOUNGER IS BETTER.



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Good taste defined

a complete guide to modern manners, social forms and procedures for today ...



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This brand new, entirely revised edition of Vogue's Book of Etiquette and Good Manners concentrates on the attitudes and social procedures that have authentic value today, recognizing that to be worthwhile, manners must be useful and up-to-date. It carries the prestige, dependability, and foresightedness of a magazine that has been the recognized authority on taste for the last 75 years.

Here is a guide you can rely on in the midst of change. It champions new manners and forms when new ones are more useful, and explains in detail those traditional procedures that are still valid and enduring. You will use this book on a thousand occasions . . . whether you're entertaining for two or two hundred . . . arranging a wedding or giving a surprise party . . . serving sangria or burgundy . . . moving or traveling . . . living alone or sharing an apartment . . . writing to your son's fiancée or your senator . . . speaking in public . . . furnishing a house . . . raising money for a cause . . . introducing a celebrity . . . applying for a job . . . using an expense account . . . borrowing from a friend . . . facing an emergency . . . accepting a formal invitation . . . eating a lobster.

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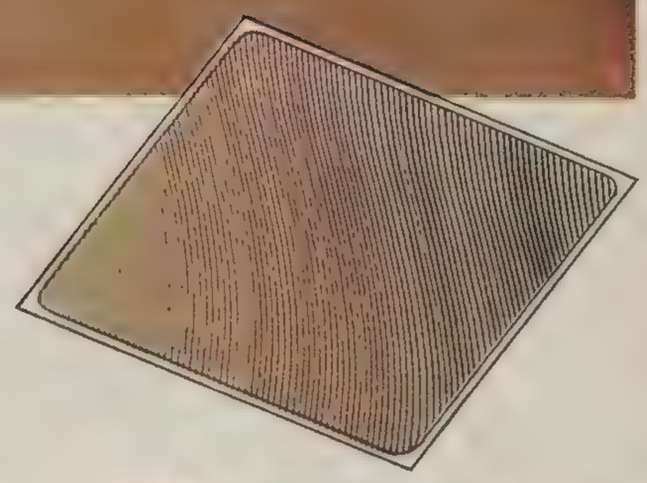


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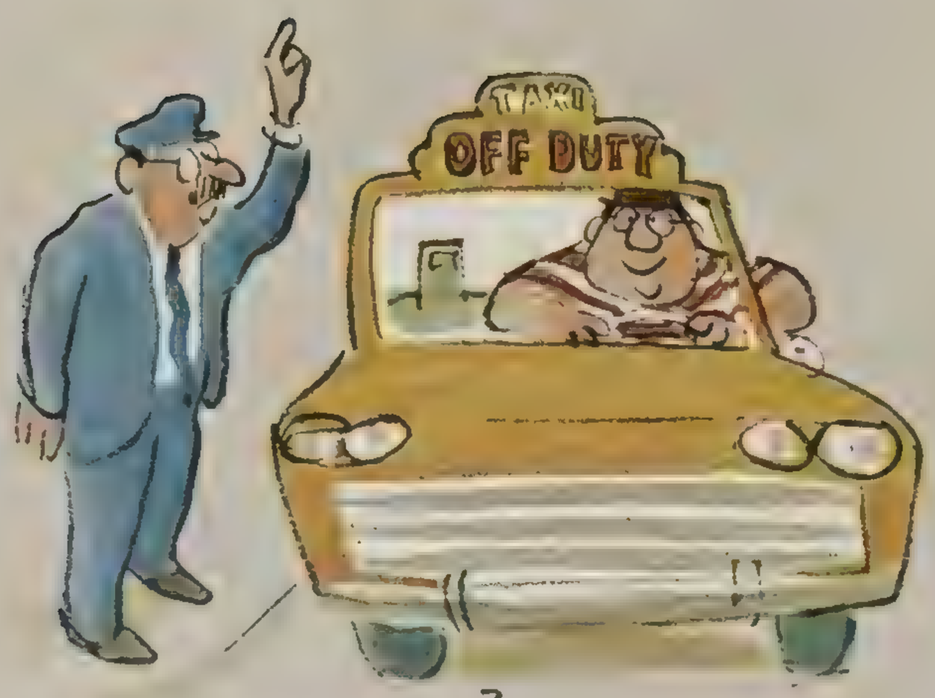
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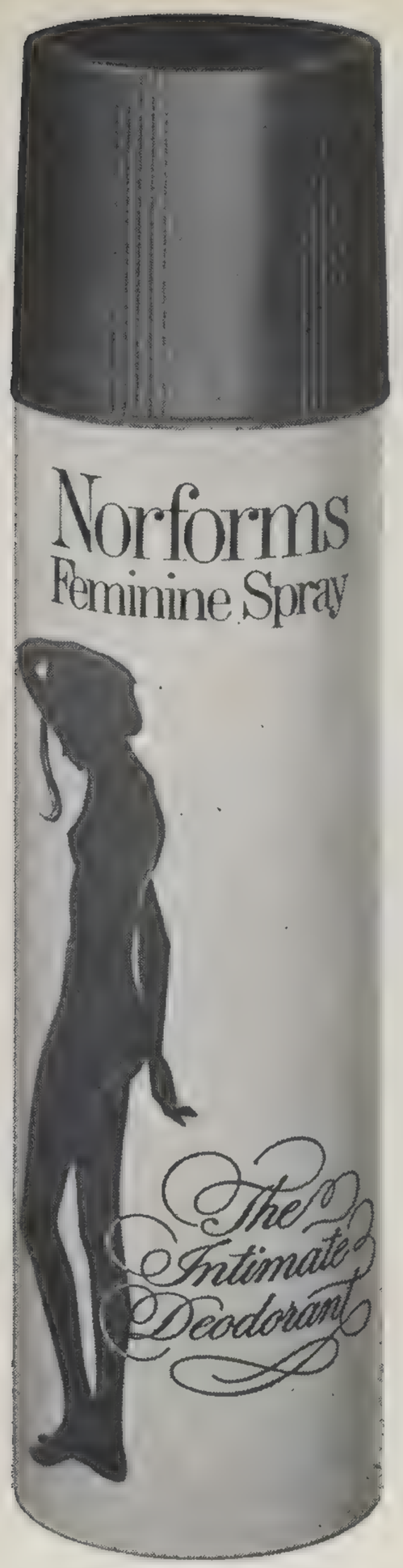
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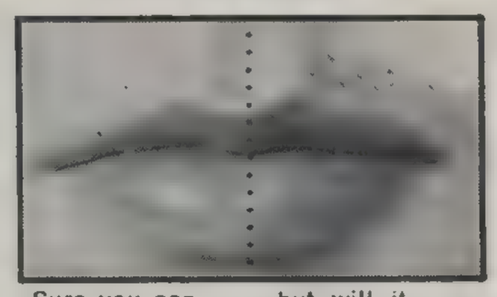
Easy dews it

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POIRET

INSPIRATION FOR ARTISTS, DESIGNERS, AND WOMEN

BY JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY



Poiret, 1913, in fencing costume in his garden

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There never was a more extraordinary figure in Paris than Paul Poiret (1880-1944) who was head of his own great fashion house, a magnificent designer, friend of artists, companion of Sergei Diaghilev, the mighty one of the Ballets Russes. He had an enormous preference for Czarist Russians (he had no choice) and for Persia. By the time Poiret died in Paris in 1944, he had become a sorry figure, working at one time as a bartender, living more or less on charity, ignored and forgotten. James Johnson Sweeney, the author of this article, is a scholar who formerly was director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture at The Museum of Modern Art, director of The Guggenheim Museum, both in New York, and later director of The Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, Texas. He organized the Poiret exhibition, "The Heroic Years: Paris 1908-1914," shown in 1965 at Houston.*

Paul Poiret may owe his place in the annals of *la grande couture* to the fact that "he proclaimed the fall of the corset and the adoption of the *brassière*."

His place in the Paris world during the great period just preceding World War I was one of wider embrace. It was a period of such significant figures as Guillaume Apollinaire, poet-spokesman of the Cubists, Sergei Diaghilev of the Ballets Russes, Jacques Copeau and his Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, artists who through their association with fellow artists in disciplines other than their own provided stimuli to them and in return were stimulated constantly to fresh ventures. And Paul Poiret was one of these.

He was not unaware of it. Actually he took great pride in the role. Perhaps even more than in his dress-design accomplishments, if we can credit his own words: "When I began to do

(Continued on page 188)



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POIRET

(Continued from page 186)

what I wanted to do in dress designing," he wrote in his reminiscences, *My First Fifty Years,* "there were absolutely no tints left on the palette of the colorists. The taste for the refinements of the eighteenth century had led all the women into a sort of deliquescence, and on the pretext that it was 'distinguished,' all vitality had been suppressed. Nuances of nymph's thigh, lilacs, swooning mauves, tender blue hortensias, niles, maizes, straws, all that was soft, washed-out, and insipid was held in honor. I threw into this sheepcote a few rough wolves: reds, greens, violets, royal blues that made all the rest sing aloud. . . . I carried with me the colorists when I took each tone at its most vivid, and I restored to health all the exhausted nuances. . . .

"But it is neither by restoring life to the color scheme, nor by launching new styles, that I think I rendered the greatest service to my epoch, for what I did in that order of endeavor, perhaps another could have done. It was in my inspiration of artists, in my dressing of theatrical pieces, in my assimilation of and response to new needs, that I served the public of my day."

Actually Poiret arrived on the Paris scene when the nineteenth century was closing belatedly and the twentieth century slowly was opening.

The great Impressionist leaders still dominated the visual arts. In 1906, Paul Cézanne was still alive; Rodin's work maintained its verve until his death in 1917. In literature, the greatest novelist in France during the first two decades of the twentieth century was Marcel Proust, whose work was rooted in nostalgia.

But, by 1907, a break between the old and new was beginning. In that year a memorial exhibition of Cézanne's work was shown in the Salon d'Automne, and the publication of Cézanne's letters to his friend Emile Bernard in the October issues of the review *Mercure de France* in which he recommended the representation of natural forms through their basic "cylinders, spheres, and cones" focused the attention of the younger generation on the structural side of Cézanne's painting rather than on his Impressionist light effects.

In 1908, Picasso gave the famous banquet in the Bateau-Lavoir, his studio in the rue Ravignan, in honor of the naïve painter, Henri Rousseau (Le Douanier). In 1909, the critic Louis Vauxcelles in his *Gil Blas* review of the Salon des Indépendants recognized a new note there in his scathing attack on Georges Braque's *Bizarreries cubiques*. In the same year Sergei Diaghilev gave the first Paris presentation of the Ballets Russes in the Théâtre du Châtelet. With the arrival of Cubism and the Ballets Russes, the break was finally a reality.

The situation in dressmaking in Paris was similar to that in the rest of the art world. The great houses were Worth, Doucet, Rouff, Paquin, Redfern, with the leader still the House of Worth, whose founder Charles Frederick Worth had dressed the Empress Eugénie and the Court of the Second Empire from 1860 on.

Charles Frederick Worth died in 1895. He was succeeded by his sons Jean Philippe and Gaston. But the style of the House of Worth remained, into the twentieth century, the style of its founder. He had frankly derived his magnificent costume ideas from the canvases of Van Dyck, Holbein, and Gainsborough. Even in the high noon of Impressionism, he had preferred the pretty pictures of Winterhalter and Carolus Duran to those of Monet and Cézanne.

Worth's sons were carrying on his tradition. They undoubtedly realized that the great firm would never have enjoyed its success had it gone beyond the prejudices of the class it served. The dresses from the hands of Jean Philippe Worth were, as Poiret has expressed it, "models of art and purity." But dress design in the first years of the century needed newer concepts, even as the other arts did. Paul Poiret did it.

(Continued on page 190)

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POIRET

(Continued from page 188)

Jacques Doucet was Poiret's first regular employer. As staff designer in 1896, later as head of the tailor department, Poiret, as he put it, was captivated by "the subtle simplicity and the natural richness of the elegance of Doucet. In him I really felt I had my master and I still think it was a great honor to have been his pupil."

In 1900, after he had completed his military service, Poiret joined the House of Worth as associate designer and remained with that firm until 1904 when he opened his own premises on rue Auber at the corner of rue Scribe. Eventually, in 1908, he found a large neglected mansion on the avenue d'Antin (today the avenue Victor Emmanuel III), which he restored and redecorated to his own taste. There he remained for the next fifteen years.



First "Jupe-Culotte," created by Paul Poiret, 1911

Drawing by Georges Lepape

Poiret's success in these establishments, particularly in the years before the outbreak of World War I, is legendary. But it was not the commercial success that made him the figure he remained. What sets him apart as one of the true individuals in an age of individuals was his ability to recognize a fresh, creative approach in the work of artists in various fields, to strike a note of sympathy with them, and, through the resultant association, to fertilize their talents by the opportunities and facilities he offered them, at the same time benefiting from the stimulation they provided him.

From his youth Poiret had been interested in artists. To the end of his life he painted in a modest way. He was an intimate of Francis Picabia, the later Dadaist, in Picabia's early days when he was producing conventional landscapes, "sagely copying Sisley." A companion of Derain and Vlaminck when they were living together at Chatou, Poiret remained a close friend of Derain. Derain painted his famous portrait of Poiret when they were in the French Army at the end of 1914.

Just before World War I, Paul Iribe, the artist, founded a review, *Le Mot*, which later on became *Le Temoin*. He edited the magazine with wit and illustrated it almost entirely himself. It struck a distinctly new note. The spirit of the review and its editor appealed at once to Poiret. He arranged a meeting with Iribe and explained a project he had in mind, an elaborately illustrated album of color sketches

(Continued on page 194)



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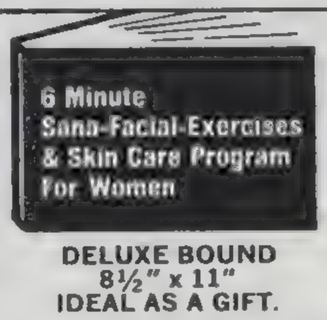
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Frown lines between brows
Crepey, puffy upper eyelids
Crow's feet
Hollows under eyes
Puffiness under eyes
Squint lines beneath eyes
Lines at bridge of nose
Deep grooves at wings of nose
Sunken, wrinkled cheeks
Furrows from nose to mouth
Lines at sides of mouth
Furrows from cheekbone to lower jaw
Pouches at corner of upper lip
Jowls
Double chin
Crepey neck





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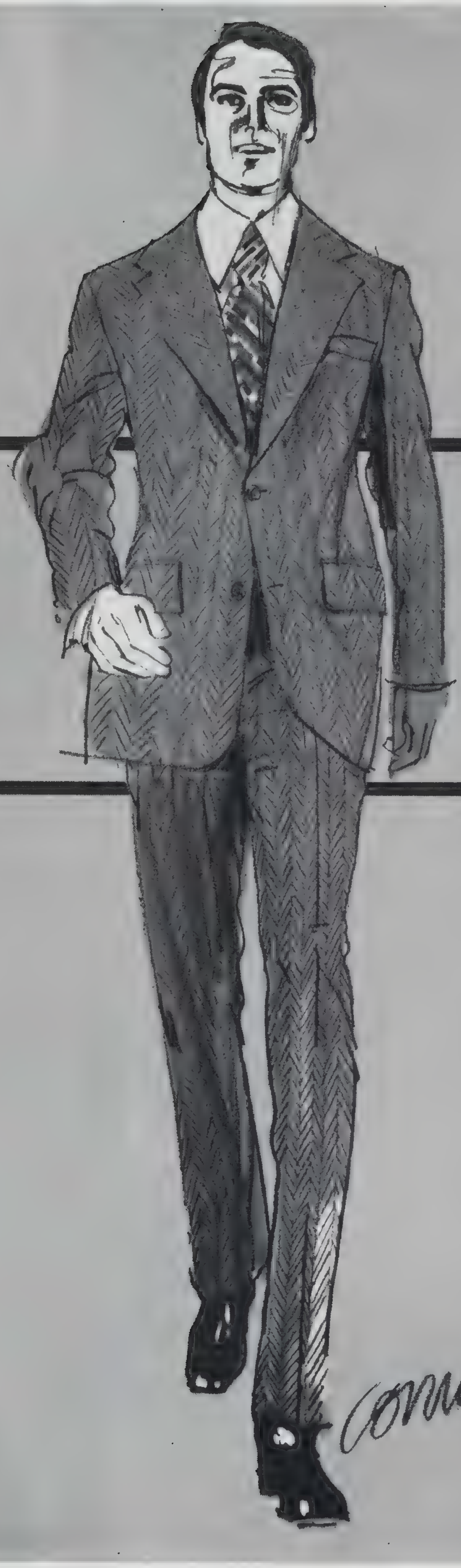
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POIRET

(Continued from page 190)

of his dresses; no cost to be spared, on the finest paper in a strictly limited edition, 125 copies, a work of art in itself. "An homage," as he put it, "to the great ladies of the world."

After many delays and postponements Iribe finally delivered the last of the drawings he and Poiret had discussed and the result was a publication without precedent in the fashion world—*Les Robes de Paul Poiret, racontées par Paul Iribe.* Today, the book is a collector's item. Historically, it documents such master works of Poiret of that period as his *Robe Eugénie* and *Robe "1811".* And Iribe's wit has kept it as fresh as the day it appeared in 1908.

Two years later Poiret decided he should add another similarly elegant album to that of Iribe to bring the record of his house up to date. This time he communicated with the engraver Maquet, in the rue de la Paix, explaining what he wanted. The Maison Maquet had been watching the work of a young painter, Georges Lepape. A representative of Maquet's called on the twenty-one-year-old Lepape with this proposal: Lepape was to produce a selection of drawings for Poiret to consider, but, in addition to this, Georges Lepape was to supply an idea for a new fashion for Paul Poiret to develop.

Lepape very correctly said he appreciated the invitation and would produce the drawings, but felt that it would be presumptuous of him to suggest a new idea to Paul Poiret. Lepape's wife of nineteen, however, overheard the proposal and while Lepape worked on his samples she jotted down a sketch of her own which she slipped into her husband's pocket as they both set out to present the work.

Poiret welcomed them, looked quickly over young Lepape's drawings with apparent approval. "But," he said, "where is the suggestion of a new idea I asked for?" Young Lepape was embarrassed, but his wife tapped his jacket pocket. He took out the sketch and handed it over to Poiret who glanced at it and then suggested that they return in a fortnight.

On their return Poiret showed Lepape the layout he had projected for him to work on, then called a mannequin, who appeared wearing the first "*jupe-culotte.*" Poiret had designed it after the sketch Madame Lepape had left on their earlier visit.

Amusement for Poiret was another means of stimulating the imagination, play on the grand scale, which generally assumed the character of theater. His fetes were notorious for their extravagance. No cost was spared, whether it was the relatively modest Fête des Rois, or the fantastic Thousand and Second Night. In the Fête des Rois, each guest was allotted a role on his or her invitation: for example, Dunoyer de Segonzac, "You are Champagne, His Majesty's First Valet"; Raoul Dufy, "You are the King's Fool."

The Thousand and Second Night was an extravaganza that will rarely be matched for spirit and color. Three hundred guests. A Persian setting. The costumes of the guests related to the setting. If a guest appeared in evening clothes or a Chinese costume, he or she was asked to retire to the second floor where an authentic Persian costume was provided according to authentic documents. "It will do you honor and not disfigure the ensemble of the fete."

In an immense golden cage Madame Poiret, the Sultan's favorite, sat surrounded by her ladies of honor singing Persian airs. Mirrors, aquariums, little birds, chiffons, and plumes . . . Regina Badet danced on the lawn . . . after her, Natasha Trouhanova . . . then the exquisite, delicate Carlotta Zambelli.

Or again his evenings at the Pavillon du Butard, that abandoned pavillon which Poiret happened on one afternoon, walking in the woods, near Louveciennes, and managed to rent and restore. It had been built in the eighteenth century by Jacques Ange Gabriel, the architect of the Trianon. There Poiret would gather his friends for a concert of ancient music by the Parent Quartette with a program specially designed by his friend Naudin, or for the famous Fêtes de Bacchus, in June, 1912, modeled on the *kermesses* of Versailles with music by Lully, Rameau, and Bach.

Poiret, "King of Fashion," as one printing of his memoirs was entitled, is the character in which he is most readily remembered. Another facet of his activities tends to be too often overlooked. That is his recognition of the value of spontaneity and freshness in expression—his creation of the École Martine, for younger students. Through this school and the related Maison Martine he encouraged and supported the work of the painter and designer Raoul Dufy.

On returning from one of his trips to Central Europe, Poiret decided that what was needed in Paris was a School of Decorative Art to avoid the errors of conventional art education, particularly those that had recently struck him with such force in Austria and Germany. In Vienna he had seen the students made to dissect flowers and bouquets into lozenges and out of these to construct geometrical figures completely lacking in sensibility or vitality: dead stylizations. He felt that such an unimaginative discipline was an injustice to a child and a disaster in education.

On April 1, 1911, Poiret opened his school named after his daughter Martine. He scoured the working-class neighborhood on the outskirts of Paris for young girls of about twelve years of age who had finished their schooling. He set several rooms in his house apart and put the girls to work at copying nature without any teacher.

For the first year Madame Paul Sérusier, the wife of the painter, assisted him, but strictly as a supervisor without any attempt at directing the students' work. Visits were made to the zoo, the botanical gardens, the aquarium, to flower shows, the market. There the students sketched from nature and made crayon notes on their sketches, which they later worked out in color. Afterwards, they came back to these sketches to develop them into decorative motifs for wallpaper, fabrics, draperies,

(Continued on page 196)

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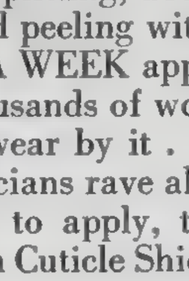
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POIRET

(Continued from page 194)

screens, decorations for apartments or stage sets, or for vases, boxes, bottles—endless variety. When a study was finished the student fixed it to the wall. When all the walls of the studios were covered the supervisor called Poiret. He came with his specialists and painter-friends: Dumas, for wallpapers; Monod, for embroidery; Fauconnet, Dufy, Dunoyer de Segonzac, Boussingault, and Naudin.

The visitors made their selections and for every design chosen the student received a prize and the sketch was eventually carried out according to the decision of the visitors, as a wallpaper, a fabric, an embroidery, a bookbinding, a perfume bottle to be placed on sale through the Maison Martine that became the commercial outlet for the school, the work limited to small-scale products. The École Martine over the years



Poiret bill with costume sketches, 1912

produced stage sets for the Théâtre de la Renaissance, for the Théâtre du Grand Guignol, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

In the Salon d'Automne of 1912, work executed after the designs of the École Martine were shown in two galleries: draperies, textiles, wallpaper, decorative panels, and upholstery materials. Each student of the École Martine, fifteen or sixteen years of age, had an exhibition pass of which she was extremely proud. In the school's visitors' book in 1913, Gabriele d'Annunzio inscribed: "This art is the fifth season of the world."

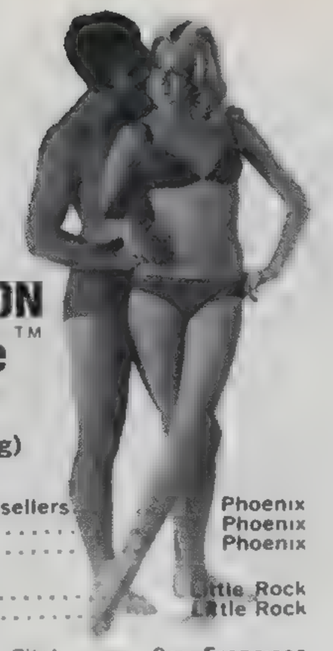
But the artist who interested himself more than any other in the École Martine was Raoul Dufy. Dufy at this period was in a difficult financial situation. He had given up Fauvism in which he had enjoyed a certain success. In 1908 he had visited L'Estaque with Braque and with Braque had come under the influence of Cézanne. As a consequence, he had been dropped by his earlier patrons who were unable to follow this new style. Poiret, however, was attracted both by Dufy's personality and the spontaneity of his work.

Shortly after the opening of the École Martine he set Dufy up in a small printing workshop in the avenue de Clichy, where the two men worked together. From the ideas provided by the students of the École Martine they prepared designs for hand-printed linens. With a chemist whom Poiret had employed they explored the possibilities of lithographic inks, anilines, fats, acids, and other mysterious elements. Here Dufy produced his series of four hand-blocked hangings—"Chasseur," "Marine," "Automne," and "Nature Morte," composed within their borders printed from wood blocks carved after sketches by the students of the École.

It was support and encouragement on Poiret's part that relaunched Dufy, for the Maison Martine brought his designs to the attention of the textile manufacturers Atuyer, Bianchini, and Ferrier who were eventually to provide Dufy the financial independence that allowed him to give himself once again wholly to painting.

Madame Poiret, seated among her reminders of the École and Maison Martine, to which she gave so much attention over the years, looks on them with a certain justifiable gratification, just as she cherishes, framed, a painted silk handkerchief inscribed: *"En Souvenir de la Fête Persane. Hommage de Raoul Dufy à Madame Paul Poiret."* ▼

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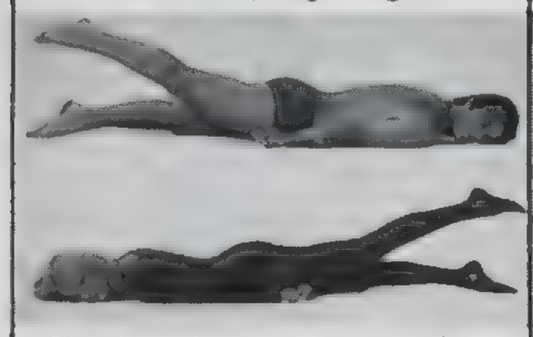
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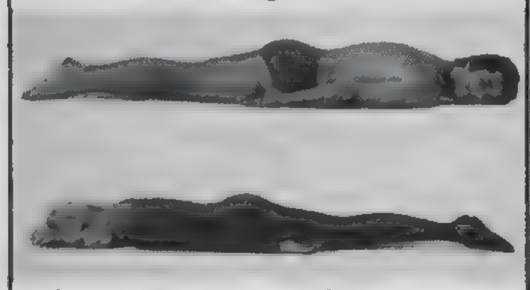
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Arts for the nation's sake

Center for the performing arts grows in Washington

Capital idea for the nation's capital—a national hub, a place to gather artists in many mediums from all parts of the world: The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, opening this month in Washington, D.C. Designed by Edward Durell Stone to include—under a single great-plain roof—theater, opera house, concert hall, and film theater, Kennedy Center stands on seventeen acres, cost around sixty-eight million dollars, and signifies the slow, curious, but finally effective collaboration of the worlds of government, finance, diplomacy, and private activists. Ten years in the dreaming and building on the bank of the Potomac, Kennedy Center, a building of awesome spaces and distant vistas, owes much of its monumental luxury to the generosity of foreign governments. For instances: Italy gave tons of Carrara marble; Austria, Ireland, Norway, and Sweden, the crystal chandeliers; Canada and Japan, the great stage curtains. Here, first-sighters at a preview party this summer:

1. The Hon. and Mrs. William McCormick Blair, junior (he is the General Director of the Center). 2. Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower with a West Point aide. 3. Mr. and Mrs. D. David Eisenhower, II. 4. Senator and Mrs. Edward M. Kennedy. 5. Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, Mr. William McCormick Blair. 6. The Grand Foyer. 7. The Hon. W. Averell Harriman; Mrs. Rowland Evans, junior. 8. Mr. William vanden Heuvel; Mrs. Henry Ford, II. 9. Mr. Henry A. Kissinger, Lady Cromer.



Cologne and Perfume Sprays 6.00, Cologne from 4.00, Perfume from 8.50.

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A note from Reiss & Fabrizio

We have just received the entire collection of a new breed of mink, the Finn-Jaguar from Finland, marketed exclusively by us in the United States. We have enough skins to make ten* coats from this fur, which can be best described as looking like an abstract painting of brown on a snowy-white background. This is just one of the unusual furs for which we have searched the world this season. Also in our collection:

From Russia:
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From Canada:
natural Labrador mink; natural, feather-weight fisher.

From the U.S.A.:
rare, natural sea otter from Alaska; and Kojah mink from the most pampered selective breeding stock in the world.

These rare furs were chosen for their individuality and distinctive character.

All wild skins bear seals of Government approval. Now is the moment to reserve your personal bundle of skins. Our world-famous craftsmen will create fur fashions in the latest fall silhouettes especially for you. Write to us for further information.

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also incorporating:
S.B. WEINSTEIN ESTHER DOROTHY

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The début was roses

Princesse Marie-Christine blooms in Belgium


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To the Château d'Argenteuil in a park near Brussels, the former King Léopold of Belgium and his wife, Princesse Liliane, invited, one June night, 250 of the world's royal and renowned (and/or young and pretty) to honor their twenty-year-old daughter, the long-stemmed beauty Princesse Marie-Christine. For this rare and splendid occasion, a truly private ball, the Princesse wore a white hand-embroidered Givenchy dress, received in a special wing of the Château swathed with fir and 5,000 roses. The party danced to violin-swept gypsy music from dinner to midnight. Then, the J.J.'s of London took over and it was rock and roll until six in the morning and a day-cap of *soupe à l'oignon.*















JACK NISBERG

1. H.M. King Léopold, la Princesse de Réthy, M. Charles de Gaulle. 2. S.A.R. la Princesse Marie-Christine, Count Karl-Erbo von Kageneck. 3. Entwined monogram of L's for Léopold and Liliane on Château gate. 4. The setting—part forest, part garden—designed by Jacques Frank. 5. Lady Iona Grimston, Comte Pierre de Rohan Chabot. 6. TT. HH. the Aga Khan and the Begum Salima, Monseigneur le Comte de Paris. 7. Comte Paul de Ganay, Mlle. Martine de Ganay, Mlle. Nathalie de Noailles, Mlle. Eliane de la Béraudière. 8. Mlle. Antoinette Barbey, Baron Ernest-Antoine de Seillière. 9. M. Bernard Courcelles, S.A.R. la Princesse Esmeralda of Belgium. 10. Comte Patrice d'Oultremont, Princess Elizabeth Windisch-Graetz.

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Gala zoo story

Roaring good time in San Francisco

One bright evening, from six to ten o'clock, The San Francisco Zoological Society threw a zoo-fest—part circus, part country fair, and complete smash. Children brought their parents to ride elephants, camels, and merry-go-round Thoroughbreds, eat Trader Vic's barbecue, dance to the music of Little John, the eight-piece jazz horn band, and marvel at the wrestling tiger, bucking donkey, wily chimpanzees. Altogether, the zoo-fest raised about $30,000, amounted to one of the happiest charity shows—especially for its beneficiary: soon the San Francisco Zoo will start renovations.



ERNEST RESHOVSKY

1. Mrs. Peter Thieriot, Elizabeth and Ferdinand Thieriot. 2. Miss Anne L. Pattee. 3. Miss Edith McBean and Mr. John Danilovich. 4. Mrs. Warren H. Clark. 5. Mrs. Carlos J. Maas, junior; Melinda and Sondra Maas. 6. Mrs. William Hamm, III.; Mr. Ray Bolger. 7. Mr. Jack Johannsen, Mrs. James E. Hotle. 8. Clowns Raggedy Robin and Raggedy Jane. 9. Mrs. Blair F. Fuller, Anthony Fuller.



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Birthday bash

In London, Lizzie Spender comes of age


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Elizabeth, always called Lizzie, daughter of the towering British writer Stephen Spender and the pianist Natasha Litvin, with infinite poetic license and wit celebrated her twenty-first birthday recently with a zooming dance in the Hampstead Old Town Hall. It was vintage Aquarius—psychedelic lighting shifting mood as well as color, wine to team with hot dogs, pizzas, and croissants with jam and butter *and* exuberant discothèque music—adding up to a party that could hold a candle to any around.





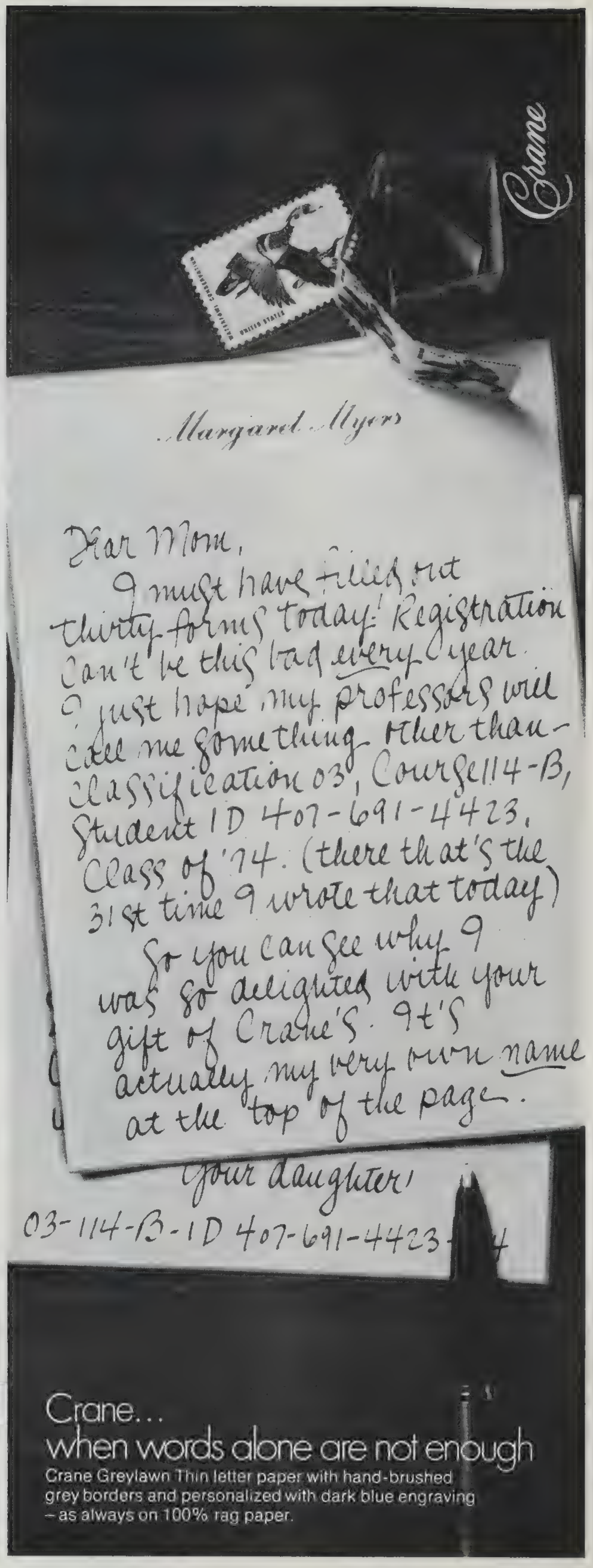






MARILYN STAFFORD

1. Miss Lizzie Spender, Mr. Anthony Palliser. 2. The Earl and Countess of Gowrie. 3. Mr. John Wells, Mr. James Astor. 4. Miss Anna Wintour, Mr. David McEwen, Mr. Michael White. 5. Mr. Stephen Spender, Mr. Mark Littman. 6. Miss Henrietta Rous. 7. Mrs. Stephen Spender and Mrs. George Orwell. 8. Miss Susanna Philips, Mr. Hercules Belville. 9. Lady Annunziata Asquith, Miss Marina Warner, Miss Clare Toynbee.





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VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

THE COOKING GAME, FAST PACED



JILL KREMENTZ

for Mrs. George Plimpton in her New York apartment

By Maxime McKendry

Freddy Plimpton (left) and Maxime McKendry at work revving up a recipe

Freddy Plimpton—a laughing, up-tempo young woman with fire-glow hair and skin, frost-blue eyes—is the wife of George Plimpton, editor of *The Paris Review*. Their wandering, old, up-and-down-stairs apartment looking on the East River serves as a memory box, with framed *Paris Review* posters and things from George's dream-fulfillment trips into sports, music, show biz that he recorded in his books and on television. Once a photographer's assistant, Freddy has helped the furrier Georges Kaplan publicize his fight to save animals in danger of extinction; but most of her hours now go to George and to their baby daughter, almost five months old. This accelerating life leaves her little time in her small sunny kitchen and pantry—there, too, are loved art, paraphernalia, plants, with, near the ceiling, a row of framed cartoons of a politician-ancestor of George's, spoofed in a nineteenth-century humor magazine, *Puck*. Since the Plimptons most often entertain at cocktails, Freddy and I worked out, by adapting a French recipe for delicious pastries by Antoine Gilly, a new hot appetizer she can make at high speed. Below, a recipe for the dish we invented and, following, Gilly's version. The salmon rolls amazed George, who strolled in just as we finished.

Smoked-salmon rolls Plimpton

Make or buy puff pastry; roll ¼ inch thick. Cut in strips 4 inches long, 2 inches wide, slightly narrower at one end. Cover each strip with a slice of Nova Scotia smoked salmon; sprinkle with chopped Spanish onions and chopped parsley. Season with Cayenne pepper. Roll strips up, starting with the wider ends. Place rolls on baking sheet, edges of narrow ends tucked under to keep them in place. Brush with beaten egg. Bake at 400° until lightly brown. Serve warm.

(Continued on page 208)

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 (Continued from page 206)

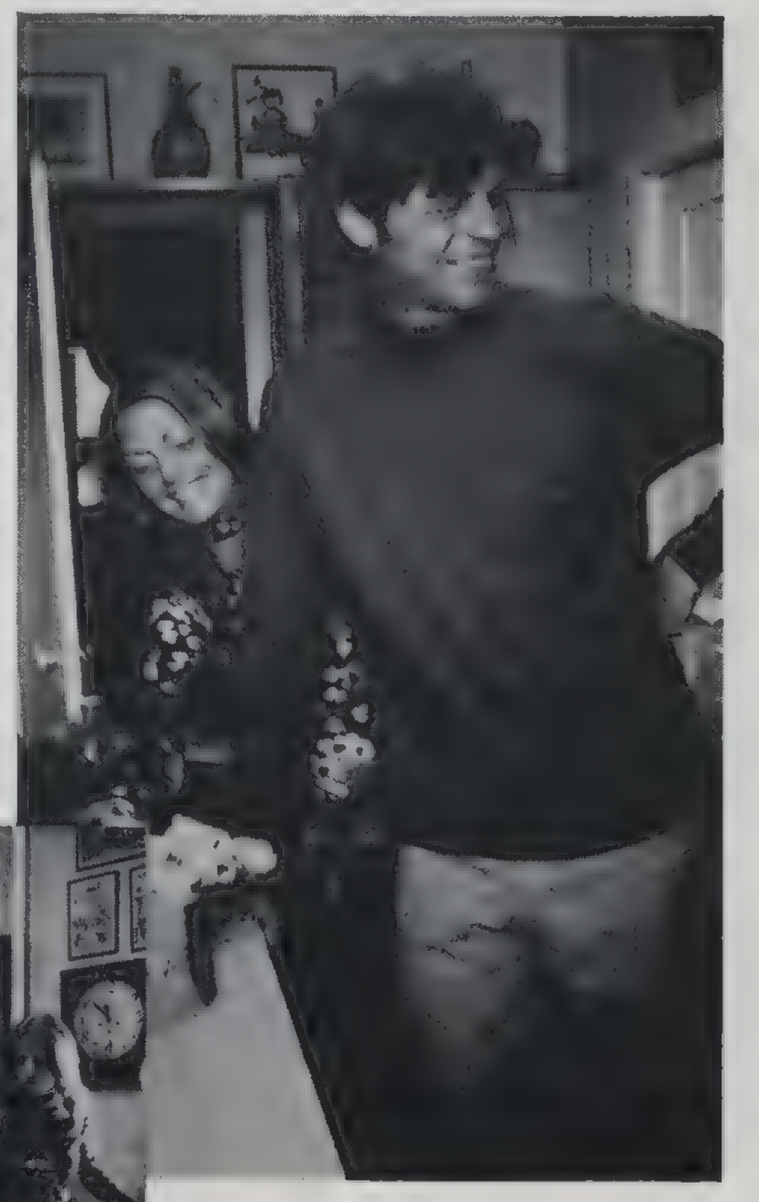
Pâtés of smoked salmon Nova Scotia

from *Antoine Gilly's Feast of France* by Antoine Gilly and Jack Denton Scott, published by The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

(eight servings)

1 cup chopped onions
⅓ cup cooking oil
1 cup chopped mushrooms
½ pound diced Nova Scotia smoked salmon
3 coarsely chopped hard-boiled eggs
⅓ cup sorrel (if jarred), or 1 cup fresh sorrel, chopped
Pinch Cayenne pepper
Salt to taste, if salmon is not salted
1 tablespoon white flour
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped chervil
¼ cup vodka
1 pound puff pastry, may be found frozen in some markets
1 beaten egg

Simmer onions in skillet with oil 5 minutes. Add mushrooms, simmer 5 minutes. Add smoked salmon, cook 2 minutes. Stir in eggs, sorrel, pepper, salt, if needed, and flour; cook 3 minutes. Add parsley, chervil, and vodka. Mix well. Set aside to cool, then refrigerate 2 hours. Roll the puff pastry ¼-inch thick. With a fluted pastry cutter, cut into rounds 5 inches in diameter. Place the rounds on a moistened pastry sheet. Divide salmon mixture in even parts and place on rounds of pastry. Wet edges with pastry brush, fold into a half moon and seal edges. Brush tops with beaten egg, place in refrigerator until ready to bake. Before baking, make two incisions in top of pastry with pointed knife. Bake in a preheated 400° oven 20 minutes.



Fearless George Plimpton (far right) is stalked by Freddy with the new dish. Below: Freddy and her kitchen's art: old breadboards, baskets, old clock, lids, Mexican tin star and—top border—political cartoons.





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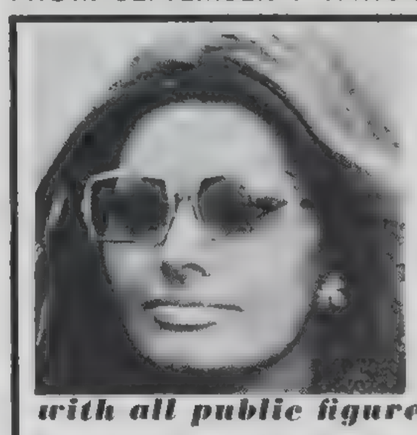
Designed by Jules-François Crahay for Lanvin Paris-New York. $145* at Bonwit Teller, I. Magnin, J. P. Allen, Montaldo's, Sakowitz, or write Lanvin, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York. *slightly higher on West Coast

VOGUE'S

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

FROM SEPTEMBER 1 THROUGH SEPTEMBER 15



SOPHIA LOREN, born September 20, 1934, is an emphasized Virgoan—since she has three planets in this industrious sign. Unusual is the conjunction of Neptune, the planet of photography, with her Sun and Venus; this gave her the innate quality that ensured her performance in "pictures." As with all public figures, there are four planets in Air—exposure—signs, most particularly the fame sign, Aquarius, which holds her unyielding Moon (personality) in a trine to lucky Jupiter in Libra (beauty, cooperation)—assuring a famous life with beauty as its theme.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. Yours is the executive personality; your positive nature takes on a project confident of your ability to overcome obstacles, to win. You are intolerant of the opinion of doubters; you just do not understand the idea of failure. Your ruler, Mars, rests (is retrograde) during the first week; but you make up for the delay during the second week, with surprising results. Things move miraculously for you.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Your fixity of purpose in accomplishing your ambitions is concealed by the sweetness and calm with which you bring others around to your point of view. Only your intimates learn of your rigid strength. Your ruler, Venus, in the sign of Virgo supports all your efforts for more than half of this period. Financial matters are especially successful, if you persuade those involved but do not pressure them.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Your apparently frivolous facade offers others a stunning surprise in a battle of words. Your rapier thrust in retort, your ability to expose the weakness in any situation are impressive. You gather material quickly and store it for use on such an occasion. In the first week you are inclined to express a judgment that will place you on trial with one of importance, who will prevail unless you withdraw.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. Your remarkable memory serves you best—you love the past. Though retiring, you have a true sense of your own worth; if your sensitive feelings are not respected, you make your hurt known. Complaining comes easy, for every slight is kept in your mental storage bin. This is a time to meet people, building up contacts to use later in community activities you may initiate. Do not begin them now.

LEO, July 24–August 23. Your great courage and faith enable you to assume the burden of believing without first testing. Disillusionment does not harden you, you simply start afresh. Without trust, you reach an (Continued on page 212)



Warning! Berkshire's Curvare Panty Hose can turn your legs into traffic-stoppers! That's how super-resilient Curvare yarn is!

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(Continued from page 210)

VOGUE'S HOROSCOPE

impasse. This period with your ruler, the Sun, in Virgo is difficult; the practicality of that sign bores you. You may want to cultivate a new friend met on holiday during the last week.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Though you have great self-confidence as an executive, at times creative qualities may be lacking. Then you may be inspired through criticism of another's work. These two weeks, with the Sun and Venus in your sign, are good for your artistic or creative development. The first week, your financial matters can be adjusted successfully. One new responsibility may have to be assumed.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Your gentle ways may sometimes lead others to think that you will solve their problems or will alter your plans to suit them; but your calm is misleading, for there is a bar that one cannot cross—a surprise to everyone. You wish only to go your own way in peace. During these two weeks you are being rushed by new friends and activities, special assignments, with little time for yourself.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. You are not interested in abstractions or generalizations that might distract you from your goals. If you are not the subject, you are not interested. Results are all that count; yesterday's favors are forgotten in the yield of the moment. Jupiter favors you for the first half of the month, then moves out of your sign, not to return for twelve years. Move fast to glean its last benefits.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. Because your philosophy is optimistic, you can throw yourself into a project that requires a fearless approach. Being dual minded, you can see another's point of view and are capable of matching some parts of it to your own, making the two work as one. The first half of the month will end a period in which you have had to work in secret. Soon you can publicize your own endeavors.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. Your strength is in your mind. You cannot be bought—that would compromise your love of integrity. The first half of the month seems pleasurably occupied, but extravagant promises or too many social commitments could be exhausting. Your ruler, Saturn, is in the sign ruling the nervous system. Reserve part of each day for meditation, brain fatigue can undermine health for Capricorns.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Your tendency to take a judicial view of others could be mistaken for overconfidence. Thinking your ideas superior, you may seem smug. Then the popularity you need and seek vanishes, holding you back from your real goal: to be useful to mankind. With Mars still in your sign, take care to control controversial attitudes. The first week seems easy; the second may become intense.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. You have a natural reserve, a private inner life that no one can touch. Often you form opinions of situations and other people while seemingly preoccupied with something else. This is not your best period. The Sun in the sign opposite yours forces you to concede or to withdraw. You prefer to choose exile during the first half of this month. You will welcome the end of this period.

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Regular & Menthol: 18 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov.'70

MEN IN VOGUE

In early autumn . . .

first cool days, but enough Indian summer lingers for lightweights in darker colors. . . .

This fall, color news in loden greens, claret reds, rich terra-cotta, and yellow. . . . **1.** Raincoat in dark pine-green poplin, top-stitched in amber, wooden buttons. Designed and custom made by Giovanni De Moura, 330 East 63rd St. . . . **2.** Color and texture mix: claret velvet herringbone-print jacket, $150; green silk jersey turtleneck, $60; fawn wool trousers, $60. All custom made, Giovanni De Moura, 330 East 63rd Street. . . .


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OLIVIER GELBSMAN

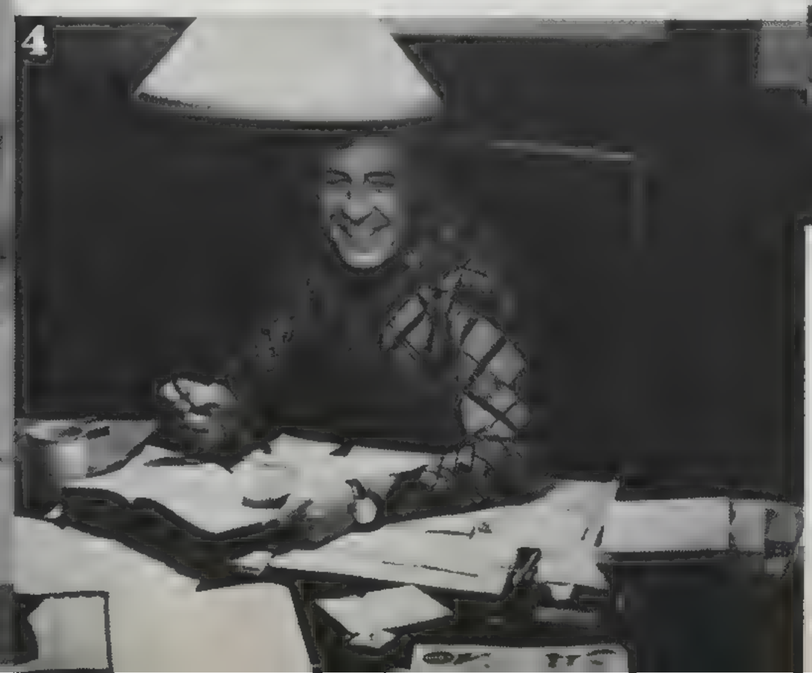
Perfume? For men? Yes. That's the gambit in the new crisp, citrusy Principe line by Borghese. A pocket-size silver aerosol flask holds the scent—a more powerful concentrate than cologne. The idea is to spray on a bit at neck and hands before business appointments, at the end of an office day for a fresh air about you into the evening. One quarter ounce, $15. Saks Fifth Avenue. Also in cologne, after-shave, facial conditioner formulations. . . .


3

Patrick O'Neal in knits and loden for the office

From a big modern office across from Lincoln Center, Patrick O'Neal, left, runs his diversified business affairs: acting (latest film: *Going All Out*); writing and producing a movie; overseeing his restaurants—The Ginger Man, O'Neal's Balloon, O'Neal Bros. . . .


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3. To the office in loden-green wool trench coat by Bill Blass. **4.** At the desk in zephyr-weight wool knit shirt, matching silk scarf in pumpkin, yellow, and rust plaid. By Goldworm. $65. Saks Fifth Avenue Men's Boutique. **5.** At the Movieola in loden-green wool shirt-suit. By Bill Blass for PBM. $185. Bonwit Teller, October.

JACK ROBINSON

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1971

Vogue's point of view: the New York Collections

THE SEVENTH AVENUE PHENOMENON



On Seventh Avenue: ***ANNE KLEIN . . .***



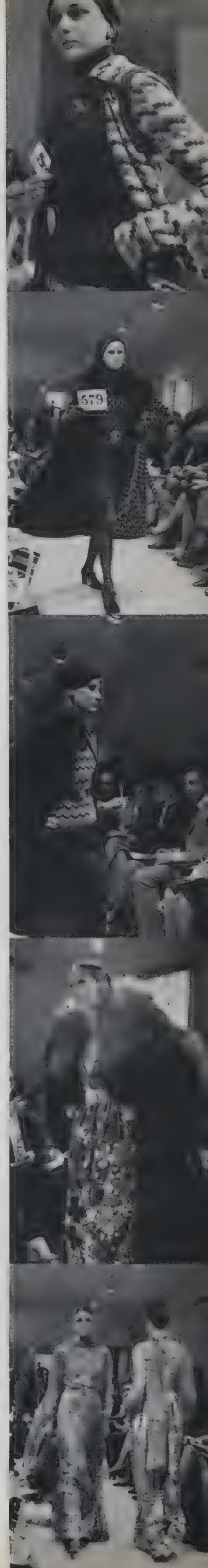
. . . BILL BLASS



BERRY BERENSON

You could take a thousand women at random —short, tall, all different ages, different kinds of lives, with the credit of kings or budgeted to the eyeballs, and you could dress them all—and their friends and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts—from the New York Collections. This is the kind of variety we're going to be talking about in this issue —but let's watch that word. If what variety means to you is an enormous wallow of clothes in which you eventually—please, God!—find something to put on your back, forget it. Abundance is simply a fact of American ready-to-wear. The remarkable thing—the real Phenomenon of Seventh Avenue—is that here, in one city, concentrated mainly in five buildings on three blocks on one side of one street, the fashion needs of around 100 million women are being filled by around four hundred designers . . . each with his own way of looking at the world and the times and the women who live in them and how they put themselves together and how they should or shouldn't or would if they could . . . each with his own views and his own way of expressing them. And there should be chaos, right? Yet you take them collectively, as we've done here—all these individual men and women, all these separate voices—and what comes through is like a harmony in which no voice is lost. . . . It's this mood of wholeness and calm that's so attractive about American fashion today; there's a structure to it that you haven't seen in a long time, and within the structure, leeway—you can be in a proper suit one day and layers of separates the next, or switch to a long coat over shorts; you can have a short, bare black dress at night and you can spend over $300 for it or less than half of that—you have the fashion at every price. That's what we mean by variety . . . nobody is going to look like anybody else. But everybody, for a change, might just enjoy looking at everybody else . . . you could find it very pleasant walking around in the streets this fall.

. . . OSCAR DE LA RENTA



the

the suit for day, layered and patterned

Oscar de la Renta's navy knit skirt and cardigan over a belted jacquard knit tank top, russety challis shirt, jacquard turtleneck dickey: easy, dashing, very together—the essence of everything attractive about fashion today.

New York Collections

There is such a good feeling about clothes this year—the whole mood of American fashion is so appealing now. And it goes full circle; you can swing from the neat little layered day suit at left and turn the page and be in the height of evening, and the mood prevails: easy, unfrenzied, modern—there's a finish to these things. For the first time in years, you're going to feel really dressed—not "got up," not encased in your clothes, but very well, very attractively turned out. . . .



. . . KASPER

Having a suit in your life again is part of it—jacket-with-skirt suit . . . jacket-with-dress suit . . . jacket-with-pants suit . . . blazer-with-layers-of-separates suit. And your blazer can be fur, than which no separate jacket is newer, luxe-ier, or more day-and-night practical. As we've said before, there is variety. There is also, as we've said, a mood—a structure—to fashion today: Anything does *not* go. Bell bottoms do not go with a pants suit; a proper trouser leg has some width to it, but the correctness of the line is in the straightness of the hang. Nor does a hard-fitting, nipped-at-the-waist jacket go with a pants suit. What you want is a jacket that's shaped to the body but not tight up against it, so the effect is small and easy and totally feminine. Every jacket you put on this year should give you this feeling; if not, you're in the wrong jacket. . . . You're going to be hearing a lot about the short-jacket suit—a skirt with swing and a really, really trim chopped jacket. It has such dash and prettiness, but the line of the jacket must start right under the arm and fall straight and close —not indented at the waist; on the other hand, it is definitely not your old friend the boxy jacket, and don't let any saleslady tell you otherwise. If you're trying on a short-jacket suit in a size 12 and not getting an instant impression of snap, try a 10. . . .



. . . DIOR-NEW YORK





You're not going to feel squinched in your clothes, neither are you going to feel swallowed up; there's no heaviness to anything, no bulk. . . . You can add layers under a suit jacket (see, left) without adding bulk. . . . You can have a dress with a dolman sleeve that is sharp, small—and unbulky. You can put a turtleneck dickey under a soft jersey shirtdress and belt a sleeveless pull over it, and the whole thing slips easily under a coat. . . . About your coat. One more (Continued)

KNITTED WOOL SUIT, left, tank top, dickey—all of fabrics by Lesur-Yves Gonnet; shirt of wool challis. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Marian Bialac makeup. Schiaparelli wig of Elura, styled by Suga. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

PENN



...ADELE SIMPSON



...MALCOLM STARR



...JOHN ANTHONY

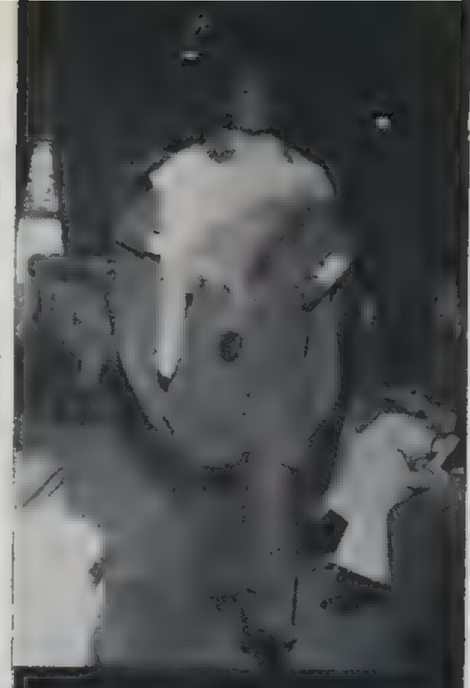




THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

(Continued) time: the wrap coat is the Star. And with some fur on it—a lovely, fluffy, long-haired fur collar to pull around your face: Super Star. Expect a lot of it. Expect a lot of any good coat—but not the moon: the nice belted tweed that's great over sweaters and skirts is not going to be great over black crêpe at night; the coat you love for its tiny shoulders and shaped waist isn't going to work over a suit—put the suit under a cape and buy the coat for love. Don't compromise: a coat-of-all-trades coat winds up like the jack, master of none. You wear it and hate it or bury it in the closet and hope it goes away . . . this is the kind of extravagance you can live without. . . . Anything you own that's not working for you, anything you wear without pleasure is money down the drain. This is why we also want to talk a little about accessories . . . why, in these pages, we show you a natty Oxford tie—and not a heavy boot—with a fur blazer and flannel pants . . . why a burnished suède glove, not a glacé one, with a cozy knitted coat . . . why a small cloche, not a wide-brim sou'wester, with a fluffy fur collar (and the sou'wester with a narrow-shouldered suit jacket) . . . why a lacquery cuff, not a jeweled bib, with a deeply plunged dress at night . . . why a colorful stocking, not a nude one, day and night. All these things make the clothes work: by color, by texture, by the sharpness of the proportion, they extend the mood of fashion. . . . When you come to evening this year, you do not come to another planet. You come to the news of the dinner suit and the later-than-dinner suit, but the feeling is plain as day and all the more sensational for that. You come—bliss!—to black, with all its attendant ease and excitement. You come to clothes—night and day—with such calm and simplicity and presence, they are as alluring as a low voice in a noisy room. . . .

We would love to see you in clothes like these—everyone would. It's the whole charming thing of women looking like women, of women dressing for men, of women caring about how they put themselves together. We keep hearing that to care about fashion is bad news. Up to a point, fine—to be obsessed with fashion, to worry about it is to kill all the joy. But in the normal way of things, believe us: to look good is better than to look bad. And to look like a woman is best of all.



...HALSTON



Covered and fluid at night

Lilac coupe de velours from Oscar de la Renta: a big evening dress with nothing big about it, just fluid, easy, and calm as night, and the glory is in the fabric—the mood of fashion today at its most quietly spectacular.

Of rayon and silk (Brochier fabric). At Lord & Taylor; O'Neil's; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Coiffure by Franklyn Welsh. Makeup by Marian Bialac. Accessories next to last page.

DAVID BAILEY



TWO GREAT

soft claret tie

How good a good pants suit looks —the way John Anthony cuts it in navy wool. The double-breasted blazer fits small, the wide-legged pants fall straight. It's everything correct and feminine a suit can be—with soft tie, soft shirt, soft ribboned hair.

In Stevens Forstmann wool, loomed in America. $240. Bonwit Teller; Hengerer's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Dayton's. Makeup: Dorothy Gray.

The perfect pants suit

small wrapped head

Suède–the coat over pants

Suède at its softest and Bonnie Cashin at her best: the violet coat gathered by a suède ribbon in such an easy, feminine way you feel a whole new prettiness — with brown suède pants, jersey-wrapped head, red bag swinging, boots shining.

Turnout by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Coat, about $230: Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Swanson's; The Denver; I. Magnin. Coiffures, these ten pages, by Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

PENN

THE SHORT

Short jacket over layers

trim, racy

Soft and snappy—the way you like to look in a suit now: Anne Klein's wool jacket layered over a raisin knit vest, sharp white shirt; skirt unbuttoned to over the knee, just enough length to balance the jacket.

Woolmark jacket, about $140; woolmark skirt, about $80; wool, linen, and Arnel vest, about $30; acetate and nylon shirt, about $52. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; O'Neil's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Frost Bros.; The Denver. On both pages: "Pure Magic" hypoallergenic makeup by Max Factor; accessory details, next to last page.

JACKET SUIT

Short jacket over full skirt

Such a dashing-to-go look about this jacket, too—Geoffrey Beene's—short, quick, wide-collared over its own dress. Yes, dress: skirt swinging in navy Melton cloth like the jacket, top snug in beige turtleneck knit.

In Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About $395. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Swanson's; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin.

the patterned leg

PENN

knitted cap,
burnished glove

THE WRAP-



The allure of fur around the face

The coat of the year done Oscar de la Renta's soft way —silver fox, silver-grey knit wrapping, tieing, snuggling you warmly.

Coat and dress, in Meyer Woolens ribbed wool knit. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Makeup by Marian Bialac.

PENN

AND-TIE COAT TRIMMED WITH FUR



Red fox on camel wool

Another of the coat stars, Adele Simpson's this time —and everything about it so easy, just wrapping you with all the dash and coziness in the world.

Woolmark coat (and white dress, not shown). At Martha; B. Forman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; O'Neil's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Make-up: Love Cosmetics by Menley & James. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

THE EASY LITTLE



red leg,
red shoe

the jacket and dress

Originala's white-sleeved black wool dress under a sleeveless jacket. And how great it is to have a look like this again—today it's your first suit of the season, next week the dress you put under coats, under furs —you can keep this sort of thing going forever.

Originala designed by Ilie Wacs; Anglo Fabrics (woolmark dress). About $395. Martha; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.

heathery grey knit

One of the easiest dresses at Christian Dior-New York—and one of the easiest you'll ever put on your back. Think how good it will feel wrapped in a coat or curled by an open fire. The only problem: a dress like this can spoil you completely—once you're in it, you're too comfortable ever to want to get out.

Sormani wool jersey. About $260. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Other stores, next to last page.

DRESSES FOR DAY

easy, easy



Pale patterned knit

It had to be a Kimberly—the basic little knit you never have to give a thought to. It's there when you want it and you want it all the time. Haul it out, put it on. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Like a reflex. But prettier.

In Trevira and wool. About $100. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; The Denver; I. Magnin. Other stores for this, and accessories for both pages, next to last page this issue.

THE SUIT

wow!

The dinner suit

The end!—Bill Blass's python-printed panne velvet blazer over a dress with a shimmery chiffon top in a matching print. So sensational, yet so completely simple—what a way to go out to dinner, to the theater!

In rayon velvet, silk, polyester chiffon. Martha; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Ultralucent waterproof makeup: Max Factor.

PENN

AT NIGHT

the charm of a little veil

the Evening suit

Trigère's narrow grey wool crêpe jacket with the simplest sleeveless square-necked dress underneath—when we talk about the finish to fashion now, the feeling of being really dressed, this is it. The veil, the little sable muff, even a sense of perfume in the air: they're all part of it—discreet and very, very romantic.

At Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Halle's-Cleveland; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's. Coifs, these and preceding 8 pages: Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

THE ARTIST AND HIS COUNTRY

The artist. His country. To love or to hate. To be faithful to it. To be its slave. To distort it. To lie anyhow in the name of a more complex truth. Or to live in the mind the way the mad do, and artists are near mad if they are anything.

When you are young and while you are still tied to it you do not know, cannot know how deeply the country abides in you—its laws, its vegetation, its language, its history, its geography, its prejudices. It is only at the moment of losing it, rather like love or life, that one fully realizes the strength of the heritage. So it is that exiles make good artists. As I see it every artist has three choices—to stay, or to go, or to obliterate country from his mind, to have a blank universe, the way Ray Bradbury has, and Tolkien and Dean Swift and Voltaire. Such men are lonelier than most and have aspirations to being God.

To stay or to go. It's what everyone asks of himself. As far as art goes there are no rules, no predictions, there is perhaps only chance and intuition and quite often the business of cash. Rembrandt never set foot outside Holland, he painted from mythology, he painted from the Bible, from the Dutch country, and then he painted his own family and himself in varying stages of age and dissolution. No one could call him a limited artist. The same is true of Constable. He confined himself to nine miles of Suffolk countryside, he wrote in his diary, "I see no one or talk to no one. I look at the harvesters in the field and work." It may well be that a painter is more integrated in his land than a writer because, among other things, he does not draw the ire of the authorities so quickly on himself as does the written word. It is harder to recognize the radical in a canvas, or a block of stone.

But even if the artist goes he invariably carries the country with him; the country permeates his work. Albert Camus became a politician and a journalist moving in French intellectual circles, but what he celebrated in fiction was the world of North Africa, cities open to the sea, brown bodies, and volumes of sunlight.

The city of Dublin is noted for many a thing, its drinking, its Georgian squares, its Easter Rebellion, its gossip, but above all for being the vehicle of the work of James Joyce. Now when he lived there he wrote about it this way:

"Mr. James Duffy lived in Chapelizod because he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was a citizen and because he found all the other suburbs of Dublin mean, modern and pretentious. He lived in an old somber house and from his windows he could look into the disused distillery or upwards along the shallow river on which Dublin is built."

Joyce fled that city as quickly as he could gather the fare and persuade Nora Barnacle to go with him. Silence, exile, and cunning was how he put it. A later writer, Flann O'Brien, called it silence, exile, and punning. Nevertheless Joyce went. He said he was fleeing the venereal condition of the Irish: a condition brought about by yahoos, adulterous priests, and sly deceitful women. He was heading for Paris, a place which he likened to being a lantern in the wood of the world for lovers. In his wander through Europe he borrowed money and taught English at Berlitz schools and fathered two children and constantly thought about the city of Dublin. His mind was like a computer—remembering shops, shop fronts, how many steps up to such and such a place, what kind of knocker, could a man climb up over the railings, of what lushness was the ivy on the sea walls. He made, as he would say himself, a far walk and in Zurich or Paris or Trieste or somewhere he invented another Dublin.

"The air without is impregnated with raindew moisture, life essence celestial, glistering on Dublin stone there under starshiny *coelum*. God's air, the Allfather's air, scintillant circumambient cessile air. Breathe it deep into thee." By remaining away he invoked the city as he could never have done had he stayed, above all he eschewed politics, unlike Sean O'Casey and Yeats and Lady Gregory and others. It is the big question. Politics. Politics. Should the artist embroil himself, should he not. Should he take up arms and fight, or should he be merely a witness. Is he entitled to lie. Must he compromise. Art for whose sake?

Let us consider Russia for a moment. Tolstoy was a great novelist, the greatest. And although he was a moral man and wanted to change the world, his great preoccupations were nature and love. They were. *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* are love stories of the most sublime order. If he lived today what would he be writing? I mean apart from having to toe the line, what would be the themes that assailed him? Hardly love. Hardly the oak tree.

Because not only is the country dreadfully important but its moment in history. There is a Russian writer, Sinavsky, who also writes under the name of Abram Tertz, who is in a labor camp, and he wrote a story about a man who can't bear living, who said: "Of course I'm not a man and not an animal—I incline more to the vegetable kingdom than to anything else." He feels like a creature from another world, not from Africa, nor from Mars or one of the Venuses, but from somewhere still more remote, an inaccessible somewhere not on any of the maps. All he needs to survive is water. He has forgotten how to think. He has a dim recollection of something beautiful from the past but what it could be he does not know. His one desire is to die without causing a sensation. To expedite his death he plans to hide in the forest, the same sort of forest as Bertolt Brecht was carried from in his mother's womb, the dying forest of dying Europe. He hopes to set fire to himself, and possibly to it. But while waiting he thinks how he will survey the stars, together and individually, look for his twin star, his soul, fill his eyes with gazing. The story ends in a fantastic exclamation:

This remarkable and beautiful consideration of what, in honesty, honor, and courage, the creatively gifted owe their root-lands began as a speech given in Australia by a brilliant writer from Ireland

BY EDNA O'BRIEN

"Oh native land! PKHENTZ! GOGRY TUZHEROSKIP! I am coming back to you."

I would say that is the testimony of a writer who loves his country but has been mangled by its circumstances, by its politics if you like. His humanity has been shorn away. He has had to turn into a creature but, unlike similar circumstances in Kafka's work, the metamorphosis has been induced by his environment rather than by his own psyche. The story is not an overtly political story, it is a story about the destruction of a soul. Writers in Eastern Europe are hardly able to oppose their rulers, but what they do do is to resort to allegory and schizophrenia, to couch their narratives in times gone by. But they go on writing and avowedly at that. Somehow they surmount their circumstances. Their predicament brings us to that old thorn, individuality, the soul. Is it a luxury? It is not. Each man is singular, each man's testimony is unique. The fact that some men have to pay for it with either their lives or their labors is a tragedy but not a waste. Out of terrible events great works emerge. Picasso painted "Guernica" and though it is a callous thing to say that picture will be seen long after the bodies of the dead are turned to clay and the awfulness of the Spanish Civil War lost and forgotten by other wars and worse wars.

The greatest living novelist is a Russian, living in Russia, though not in very good favor, and that is Alexander Solzhenitsyn, author of *The Cancer Ward* and *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich.* His books are fiercely pessimistic and laden with gloom and I have to ask if the very things that paralyze do not also inspire him. Tension is an essential aspect of creation in nature, childbirth, in art; when Jean Genêt was in jail he wrote a novel on pieces of brown paper with which he was supposed to be making paper bags. The warder seized and burned it, but Genêt began again because he had to. It was what was to become a master work, *Our Lady of the Flowers.* He wrote it despite his circumstances and against all odds. On the one hand one dreads the thought of the totalitarian state, and on the other one dreads the private neurosis that is common to almost all Western writers. Take England at this moment. What is going on? There are still harvests and cows in the fields and daffodils from the Scilly Isles and rather tasteless strawberries in the strawberry season. There is Ascot and ridiculous gossip columns about the nobility. There is no Thomas Hardy. There is no major rural poet. The artists converge on the cities or are abroad for reasons of income tax or are in artists' colonies in Wales and Cornwall, which are Celtic hideouts anyhow. It is a fair place to live, by which I mean it is not a bigoted place and you are left to your own devices and can do most things provided you don't choose to do them within the precincts of you know where or puff marijuana into a policeman's face. It is monstrously inefficient. If it snows, life has to halt. Whether it snows or not, the buses are a risk. Are the buses running, are they going slow? Are they? The housewives become militant. They go from door to door asking you to sign a petition to have trees chopped or not to have trees chopped, to refuse to pay your fare on the tube because the tubes are also going slow. There is always a bit of a march, usually a few people with a few home-done placards. Causes abound. Teachers' salaries, nurses' salaries, the exportation of horses, only lately I was told that so long as I did not eat white meat, in this case veal, I was all right.

If you want to make a public protest and are stuck for a crowd, you can hire marchers, you can even hire hecklers, also dance floors and plastic flowers and anything else, at least in theory. Earnest, doe-eyed girls stop you in the street and ask you if you would like to go along with them to a center where you could perhaps be cured of your addiction to "pot." The big revolution is in sound and the clothing industry. "Gallant Clothing." The emphasis is on the lady. If you were in London just now and traveling on the underground, you would be subjected to these sorts of influences. You would see people a bit drained, a bit washy, wanting but seldom daring to communicate with each other. You might, if you were personable and standing in the right position, have the back of your knee stroked, though not in the manner that it is done in Venice where I think the word "rabid" would not be out of place. There is a lot of newspaper reading and those under the age of thirty contrive to dress in eccentric clothes and have long hair and Indian beads and great bags into which now and then they delve for nothing it would seem.

Many a man looks like Jesus, therefore asexual. There is a message from a shoe shop, "Ravel unites the sexes." The women, though not yet as predatory and as powerful as their counterparts in America, have definitely taken up the cudgels and in all sorts of ways. There is a sect, and they are thought to be very in touch with everything, and they are called "Groupies." They follow Groups, Pop Groups that is, and they trail round after them and are biddable in matters of bed and, according to one source of information, take wax imprints of the private parts of these famous pop stars. So there is another little waxworks going on that is bound in time to be a competitor to Madame Tussaud's.

These groupies and these beautiful people make up only a fraction of the population, but they are noticeable and they are publicized because they are so striking in their robes and their enviable disdain for the world around them. The prospect of war is changed and therefore the concept of peace. You would also find in the tube your ordinary working man and woman, hurrying home with a purposelessness of people who have not got anything enticing to hurry to. The rush is a reflex, the destination a disappointment. The one boy who is not reading a newspaper is reading Dostoevsky. He is wearing overalls. They are spattered with white paint. He is a house painter. Your type. Your dream. You would like to say something. You don't. All is silence. All is restraint. Each person in a cell. The eyes never meet.

(Continued on page 312)

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDS

Shirtdress for dinner

Leslie Fay's coppery blond knit, right—a dress that makes the most of little evenings—easy and gleamy, with a piece of silver at the neck.

Near right: Rayon-and-metallic knit shirtdress (Ross-Zeldin fabric), about $42. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin.

shirtdress for day

David Crystal's day-in-day-out pale blond knit—especially beautiful on blondes, wonderful under blond furs.

Far right: David Crystal shirtdress of wool knitted in America, about $46. Altman's; Hengerer's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Both pages: Evelyn Marshall makeup; Franklyn Welsh coifs; other stores, accessories, next to last page this issue.

DAVID BAILEY







THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDS

the blond suède shirt

Casual American dash at its best, far left: Halston's jacket cut like a marvelous rugged shirt, but in the luxe-iest, supplest of chamois suèdes, belted over matching pants and a ribbed turtleneck—the sort of thing a lot of people would live in every minute of every day if they could.

Halston Limited turnout. Jacket, about $400; pants, about $260; cashmere turtleneck, about $90. All, Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Coif by Franklyn Welsh.

Classic blond

The every-woman coat from Originala, near left—shaped, swinging, and becoming any way you look at it: a beautiful big officer's collar, a little belt and two pleats in back.

Originala designed by Ilie Wacs, in Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About $365. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros. Other stores, next to last page this issue. Coiffure by Maury Hopson. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

DAVID BAILEY

THE LIFE IN SUÈDE

the suit in suède

Bonnie Cashin's brass-latched suède suit to wear anywhere you'd wear a suit —in a deep chocolate brown that looks terrific with purple, like this pullover and small jersey-wrapped head.

Near right: By Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Suit, about $275; Jasco wool jersey pullover, about $50. Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, Hengerer's; L.S. Ayres; Dayton's; Swanson's; The Denver.

the belted coat in suède

Davidow's nifty little coat in a warm taupe-y-brown cotton suède that happens to be rainproof, which makes this coat just that much more coat. Here, with a cashmere square wrapped over the shoulders—just that much more softness and warmth.

Far right: Davidow coat, matching skirt (not shown), about $185. Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Halle's-Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Other stores, this page, accessories, both pages: next to last page. Maury Hopson coifs.

DAVID BAILEY







THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

THE COAT LIFE

the longer coat over layers

Jacques Tiffeau's small-patterned coat with the swash of a cape, over patterned pullover, and tights, button-front skirt—everything a mix of pretty, russet-y colors.

Far left: Coat and skirt, of mohair, alpaca, wool; wool pullover and stockings. All, about $365. At Martha; Dayton's; Swanson's; Frost Bros.

the belted coat in tweed

Here's a coat from Rona that you can really live in—because it's small and neat in cranberry tweed, and because a nice shirt-and-skirt dress comes with it. Add a scarf of cranberry cashmere—bingo! you're dressed.

Near left: Coat and skirt of dress, acrylic and wool (Berroco fabric); printed dress-top of polyester. Turnout, about $140. Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Titche's, Dallas; Sakowitz; The Denver; I. Magnin. Other stores for this, and accessories for both pages, next to last page.

DAVID BAILEY

THE LIFE IN LAYERS



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

Layered dress: Cardin-New York's sleeveless pink-bibbed purple jersey, slashed into panels over a ribby black bodysuit.

Pierre Cardin-New York; Staron wool. About $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's; Frost Bros.

Layered short pants: Kasper's shirt-y little jacket and little pants, right—black-and-white patterning over a red turtleneck, red patterned legs.

Kasper for Joan Leslie; of Acrilan. About $140. Miss Bergdorf, Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; Stix, Baer & Fuller; The Denver; I. Magnin.

Layered pants suit: Bill Blass really puts it together for you, far right—correct little windowpane blazer over a white sweater-vest, shirt and tie in blue-and-white checks. Short sharp white gloves.

Blassport jacket, about $116; pants, about $54 (Shamokin Woolen Mills worsted loomed in America); shirt and tie, of acetate crêpe, about $38; wool vest, about $18. Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; The Denver; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Franklyn Welsh. Other stores and accessories, both pages, next to last page.

DAVID BAILEY



THE LIFE IN LAYERS

layers, patterns, and pants

Anne Klein puts them together with her usual unusual dash, right—creamy satin stock shirt, vest and blazer of cream-and-russet tapestry—smashing with the nubbly texture of russet tweed pants.

Rayon and cotton blazer, about $140; vest, about $60; acetate-nylon shirt, about $50; wool pants, about $80. At Miss Bergdorf, Bergdorf Goodman; O'Neil's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; The Denver; I. Magnin.

frosty mink: wrap coat

The ultimate layer over everything, center—Anne Klein's classic polo coat in a beautiful, never-before white-tipped blond mink.

Made to order by Anne Klein for H.B.A. Furs, of natural "Jasmine" Emba mink dyed snow-top beige. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. Kanekalon wig by Rebecca.

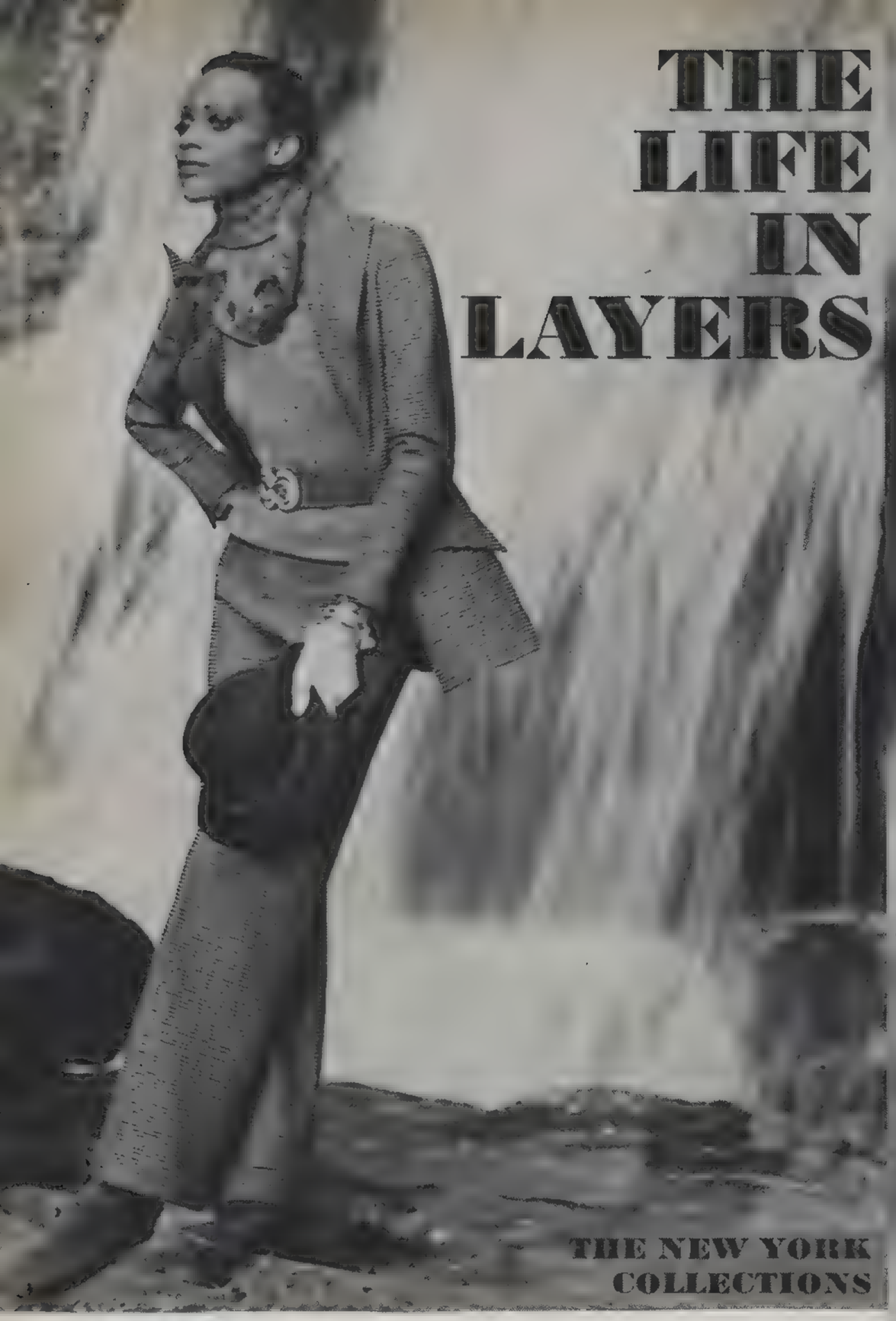
fox and suède

Maximilian's great swinging coat of silver-red-and-blue fox stripes with plastron and belt of ocher suède—the last dashing layer to layer over whatever you like, whenever you like.

Far right: Of natural red fox, silver fox, and Norwegian blue fox. At Maximilian; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Lipstick: one of Almay's earthy new Suède Shades, with Near Nude Creme Blusher dewing the cheeks. All coiffures by Franklyn Welsh; accessories, next to last page.

DAVID BAILEY





THE LIFE IN LAYERS

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

Pants suit and layers

Oscar de la Renta's racy menswear turnout, above—brown-and-beige tweed blazer layered over tweedy turtleneck dickey, patterned shirt, belted pull, terrific cuffed pants.

Wool turnout: jacket and pants, Ducharne fabric; about $500. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.

The fake-fur jacket and layers

A good day's work from Miss Dior, near right—brindled fake-calf blazer over suède-y snuff-color vest, creamy shirt plus tie. Skirt-y black shorts.

Viscose blazer, viscose-and-cotton vest, wool culottes, wool-and-cotton shirt. Turnout, about $325. To order, Bergdorf Goodman; Younker-Kilpatricks, Omaha; Frederick & Nelson. Coiffure by Maury Hopson.

Skirt and layers

Fast, easy living in Susan Thomas layers, far right—the vest's scarlet suède in front, navy knit in back, belted over a tweedy navy turtleneck, navy knit button-front skirt.

Skirt, vest-back: wool and Fortrel knit; wool sweater. Turnout, about $90. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hengerer's; Hudson's; Vandever's; I. Magnin. For other stores and accessory details, both pages, see next to last page this issue.



THE WORLD OF COATS AND SUITS

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS



DAVID BAILEY

The total turnout

Adele Simpson's double-faced coat of black wool and creamy Donegal tweed, above—very together over a black turtleneck, tweed skirt.

Coat and skirt, of Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. Turnout, about $475. At Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; O'Neil's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros. Franklyn Welsh coiffure.

Herringbone hack-about suit

When nice and easy does it, John Anthony does it to perfection, right, in belted brown tweed with pleats.

Suit of Stevens Forstmann wool, loomed in America. With shirt, tie, about $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Hutzler's; O'Neil's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Maison Blanche; Swanson's. Other stores, next to last page. Maury Hopson coif.

Tweed coat, knit dress

Abe Schrader knows how a lot of women live—thus this small, cozy, brown-and-purple tweed coat, opposite, over a brown knit dress.

Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader; coat of Scotney wool, acrylic, acetate; wool dress. About $225. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Stanley Korshak; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Other stores, next to last page. Maury Hopson coif. Both pages: accessories, next to last page.



PANTS SUITS FOR



Tunic jacket,

above—navy wool zipped over navy-and-white jacquard pants: Jacques Tiffeau gives you a good long lean line and muffles it up well.

Jacket, of Stevens Worumbo wool loomed in America. Suit, $200; to order, Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Swanson's.

Pea jacket,

center—so small through the midriff, so prettily shaped. So Kimberly in Oxford knit, with Oxford-and-white knit pants, ribby white turtleneck.

Woolmark turnout, about $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; O'Neil's; Dayton's; Titche's, Dallas; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; The Denver. Other stores, next to last page.

Classic jacket,

far right—your old friend blue denim looking snappier than ever in herringbone tweed from Don Simonelli, who keeps the pants jean-lean, the foulard shirting red and white.

Suit, denimy wool and Trevira; acetate shirt. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. On both pages: coiffures by Franklyn Welsh; accessories, next to last page this issue.

DAVID BAILEY

EVERYONE

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

american GREATS

in the cream of their careers, Bernstein, Ailey, Ellington enter this season making new waves.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

interviewed by JOHN GRUEN

Cool and beautiful Felicia Bernstein, wife of Leonard, sits smoking with a certain sense of apprehension. She is silent, watchful, attentive to what Lenny is telling me. She exudes an air of understandable anxiety. She is discomfited by the thought that Lenny, in his verbal exuberance, will speak too freely (or too carelessly) of things that might be misconstrued, misunderstood, or misquoted by a friend who is, as well, a journalist. And so, Felicia, in an obliquely touching gesture, sits quietly to the side, lighting cigarettes, being enveloped in silken whorls of smoke, and offering the image of a protective presence—a poised, still figure in navy blue, unnoticeably active, like some slowly burning incense that insistently pervades the room.

We are sitting in Bernstein's cluttered Park Avenue study. Resting on the piano is the score of his new work, *Mass: A Theatre Piece for Players, Singers, and Dancers*, which is scheduled to open The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts this month. Bernstein looks somewhat tired and worn, and yet he is very much at ease in what he calls his "working clothes": white jeans, dark-blue shirt over striped T-shirt, worn sneakers holding sock-less feet. Around his neck hangs an ancient coin—a sheckel dating from A.D. 66, given to him by Felicia on his fiftieth birthday.

In the last three years, the dangerous by-products of fame have magnified the Bernsteins' private concerns beyond all proportion, have turned their genuine interest in and despair over political and social injustices into cruelly overwrought journalistic dramas. These assaults have left Lenny and Felicia wary and diffident, although their ardent attempts at ameliorating some ills of this world—by fund raising, by speaking out, by exerting their personal influence—have not diminished. It is not in their nature to feel cowed or threatened.

A late afternoon sun pours into the study. The scene is rather theatrical. Felicia, sitting opposite us, becomes an audience of one. Lenny and I, sitting on a couch, become the players. And the play, which is not a play at all but an overheard conversation, begins:

LEONARD BERNSTEIN: St. Catherine of Siena said, "All the way to heaven is heaven." Isn't that great? That, of course, would be a description of the life of grace, which is the life we all aspire to and never reach. So, by the same token, all the way to grace should be grace. It's like Chinese boxes, one within the other. And you can keep going that way: "How do you get to grace?" The only answer is that grace really means that state in which all aspects of living, including its pain and terror, are grace, and can be accepted and lived fully and experienced in such a way as to amount to what some people call wisdom, and other people call union with the universe: a sense of harmony, of belonging, and of being in touch and in tune with whatever higher powers there be. I guess neither you nor I have achieved the ability to face pain and terror with the same joy that one faces pleasure. But that's what I'm working toward: the ability to experience all aspects of living, including what are commonly regarded as the most negative ones—experiencing them fully so that they are *true* experiences, instead of wrestling with them. It takes a lot of doing and it takes a lot of guts.

JOHN GRUEN: How can one experience joy in the face of terror?

BERNSTEIN: Well, the saints and martyrs have done it. And I didn't say that I could do it—but I aspire to it. The other night, at somebody's house, we were playing a sort of psychological game in which people were asked to describe a house, then describe a key, then the landscape, then the road, then what's behind the house, and so forth. Each thing stands for something. The house is your mind. The key is the key to knowledge. Anyway, as the game progressed you were told that across the landscape was a body of water. You were asked to describe it (it's supposed to represent sex). Then you were told that across this body of water stood a bear. The question was, "What do you do?" When it came my turn, I said, "Immediately back into the water." That was my instant response. Later, when I asked what the bear stood for, I was told that it stood for "problems." In other words, how do you face problems. I suddenly realized that I faced problems by retreating. And I believed this in terms of how I was feeling that evening, and that is precisely how I *don't* want to feel.

But that game was so interesting. Other people answered that they wanted to ingratiate themselves with the bear. Felicia said that she would outstare the bear, would try to smile at the bear. But she also had with her, behind her back, the paddle from her canoe in which she had crossed the body of water, in case the friendly approach didn't work. Jerome Robbins's answer was that he would dance with the bear. He would imitate him, then they would dance together. At any rate, you either face the bear aggressively or by peaceful means—or you run. I wanted to run.

GRUEN: I'm sure "running" isn't the right word, but in dealing with the press, you seem to have avoided giving answers, or responding to the abuse you've been subjected to.

BERNSTEIN: I've not given an interview in three years. I've not talked seriously to anybody from the press since your book about me [*The Private World of Leonard Bernstein*] came out. Why? Am I publicity shy? I used to enjoy reading my name in the papers and seeing my picture in the papers. I had this childlike delight in (Continued on page 309)

THE COMPOSER AND THE WOMAN BESIDE HIM

Felicia Bernstein, controlled, quick eyed, is the additive that keeps her husband from boiling over, in creative working order to produce his *Mass*, the work he is writing and is scheduled to conduct as well for the opening on September 8 of The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. After six years, a layoff from composing twice as long as Muhammad Ali's from boxing, Leonard Bernstein, kinetic, aggressive, with raging imagination, plans his return with a staged Mass, sung and danced, its Latin text underlined in American street slang written by Stephen Schwartz, the choreography by Alvin Ailey. Onstage, there will (or will not) be some or all of these: a fifty-voice choir, a rock singer and a rock band, a blues singer and a blues band, a chamber group and chamber soloists, ten singer-dancers, a boys' choir of twenty voices, twenty adult dancers, ten child dancers, and . . . a marching band. In the pit, a full orchestra. Nothing may be certain until the explosive moment of the downbeat.



PENN

BERNSTEIN AND HIS WIFE



AILEY

Alvin Ailey and Duke Ellington, long uncontestable successes, paired as choreographer and composer of *The River,* a major new ballet rolling them to more fame. This work follows Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* (more Ailey choreography) this month at The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., when American Ballet Theatre takes up its honored, deserved position as the official dance troupe of the new national arts center (though keeping its New York base). Created for American Ballet Theatre's thirtieth birthday, *The River* plays musical and visual water-sprung metaphors on man's destiny.

Lucia Chase, co-director of Ballet Theatre, asked Ailey—whose dances shine in half a dozen companies' repertories—to choreograph for her troupe's celebration last year. For the music, he suggested Ellington, a hero met in 1963 when he composed dances to Ellington's 1943 "Black, Brown and Beige." Since Ellington travels the world with his band nine months a year (Russia, Scandinavia, Africa, Japan, this fall) and his composing hours come just before dawn, they worked in hotel suites in the late late nights. First, the two steeped in "water" music of the past—Ellington, admiring, said of Respighi, "a bitch on the piccolo." Then the Duke flashed musical lines on the piano standing at the foot of his bed; Ailey "made dances."

At final flood, Ellington's score became twelve pieces of music; when *The River* was first seen, June 25, 1970, six sections of dancing were complete. Ballet Theatre opened its summer season in 1971 with the finished ballet, ten sections of suave and passionate music, a history of jazz, danced with witty and inventive ease by mysterious grey figures Ailey calls "mythic human beings."

Duke Ellington, a musical wonder for fifty years, has stepped from peak to peak with no break in his classy stride. His sleek, shuttered face, his big band's silky sound bind him to the gardenia-corsage generation whose romantic memories are sound-tracked with "Mood Indigo." Without giving up the kick he still gets from dance dates, Ellington in the 'thirties came up with "symphonic jazz" (a label he doesn't use) and, in the 'sixties, conducted his new sound in sacred music. Now, at seventy-two, Ellington hasn't slowed: "I'm never a stranger; people know my music, so they know me."

Alvin Ailey, as bounding and mobile as Duke Ellington is posed and cool, balances brute power against the other's graceful evasion. Massive, vivid, theatrical, at forty Ailey keeps a brash-boy way of talking—long bursts of words against Ellington's epigrams—and dresses in freaky, punched-up clothes opposite to Ellington's high gloss. Dancing, he added classic, modern, and jazz styles up to his unmistakable formula; formed his company, The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, in 1958; toured the world. Though Ailey stopped dancing seven years ago, he has acted, on and off Broadway, taught, directed, and choreographed not only for his own troupe but for the Harkness Ballet, the City Center Joffrey Ballet, the Metropolitan Opera, as well as the American Ballet Theatre. Next: Ailey dances for the music of jazz bassist Charlie Mingus.

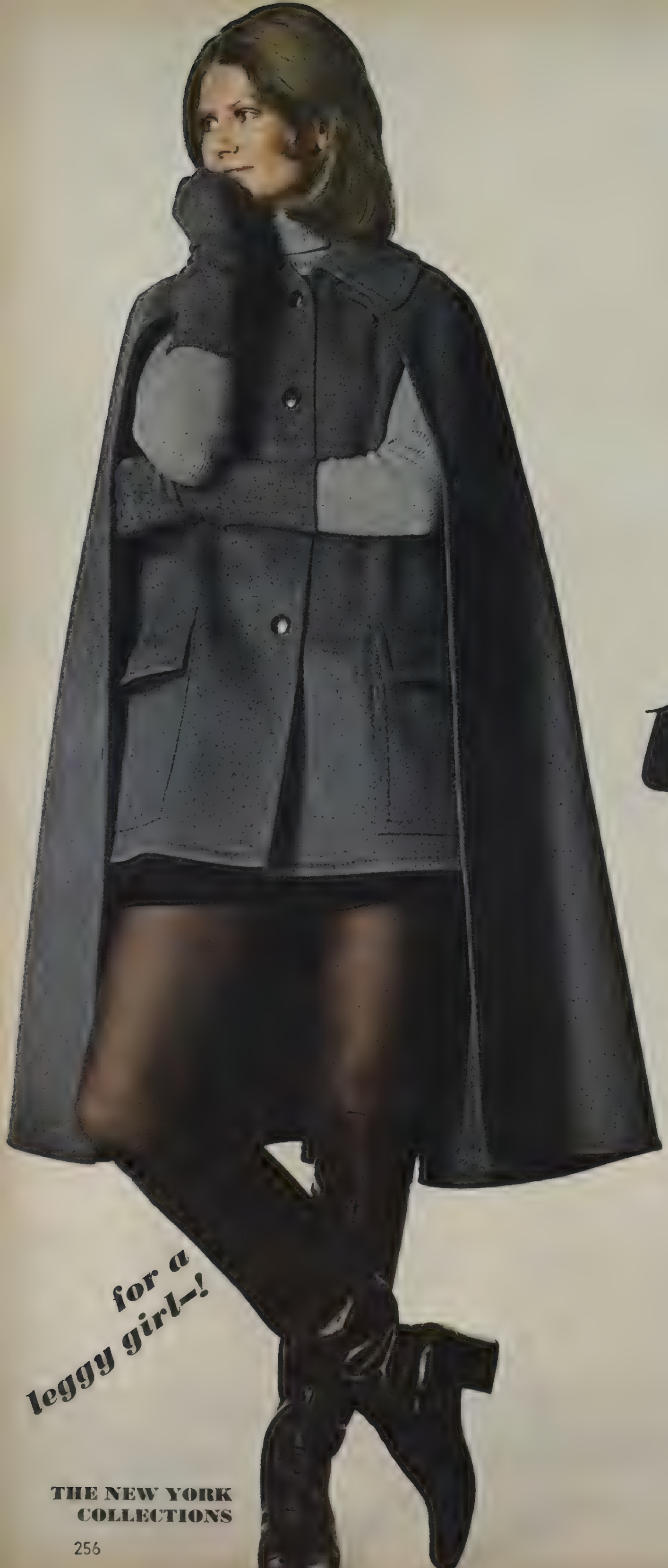
PENN



VOGUE, September 1, 1971

ELLINGTON

DRESSING



the cape over layers

Halston's dashing new turn on a suit, in grey Loden—clean, sharp lines and good proportions: cape just over the knee, long-ish sleeveless jacket over short black flannel shorts, with a grey turtleneck underneath and grey knitted nanny gloves, warm as sleeves. A very self-contained turnout—everything's here, all pulled together for you.

Wool cape, jacket, shorts, cashmere pull by Halston Limited. Bloomingdale's; L.S. Ayres; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Coifs, these eight pages, by Suga. Accessory details, next to last page.

for a leggy girl—!

good shoe

IN LAYERS

The fur jacket over layers

In the news of separate jackets, the news of fur—Chester Weinberg's pale mink blazer to throw over grey flannel trousers and layers of sweaters like any other jacket, only that much warmer, that much luxe-ier.

Of "Natural Glacial Rovalia" Emba pale rose mink. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz; The Denver; I. Magnin. Wool pants: Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport (Amity fabrics). Hark turtleneck. Yardley makeup. Accessory details, next to last page this issue.



try it over a skirt

Curly white lamb blazer

What a nifty jacket to own—small and shaped, with wide lapels, shiny buttons, and the dash of white to rev your whole separates life—a perfect lamb from Maximilian.

Of Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa. Made to order, at Maximilian. Also at Hudson's; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros. Pants by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport, of grey wool flannel (Amity fabric). Hairpiece: Leon Buchheit.



luxey. sportsy. super

the Wrapped sable jacket

The most fur jacket from James Galanos—soft, warm, sumptuous sable to wrap yourself up in and belt over day pants, evening pants, and long slit skirts for dinner—anything with a feeling of length and narrowness.

Jacket, made to order, of Russian Crown sable, by James Galanos for Neustadter Furs. Also at I. Magnin. Pants: Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport, of grey wool flannel (Amity fabric). Cover Girl Super-Sheer makeup and lipstick. Suga coif. Accessories, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

PENN

you're going to want a hat . . .

THE SUIT . . .



the black suit, belted

From John Anthony—everything you want in the suit you want right now: the smallness, the polish, the chic of black. With a button-front skirt that swings the way a skirt should. And so perfectly pulled together—when you're dressed like this, you know you're dressed.

Suit, of Stevens Forstmann wool, loomed in America. About $165. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hengerer's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz. Make-up by Princess Marcella Borghese. Accessories, next to last page.

PENN

THE COAT

...a little brim

the fur-trimmed coat, wrapped and tied

Sable-dyed opossum brushing your face, then fluffing to the waist—John Anthony's version of the-coat-to-own coat in navy wool that wraps and holds you in a small, very alluring way.

Coat, of Stevens Forstmann wool, loomed in America. About $275. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hengerer's; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; L. S. Ayres; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz. Accessories, next to last page this issue.



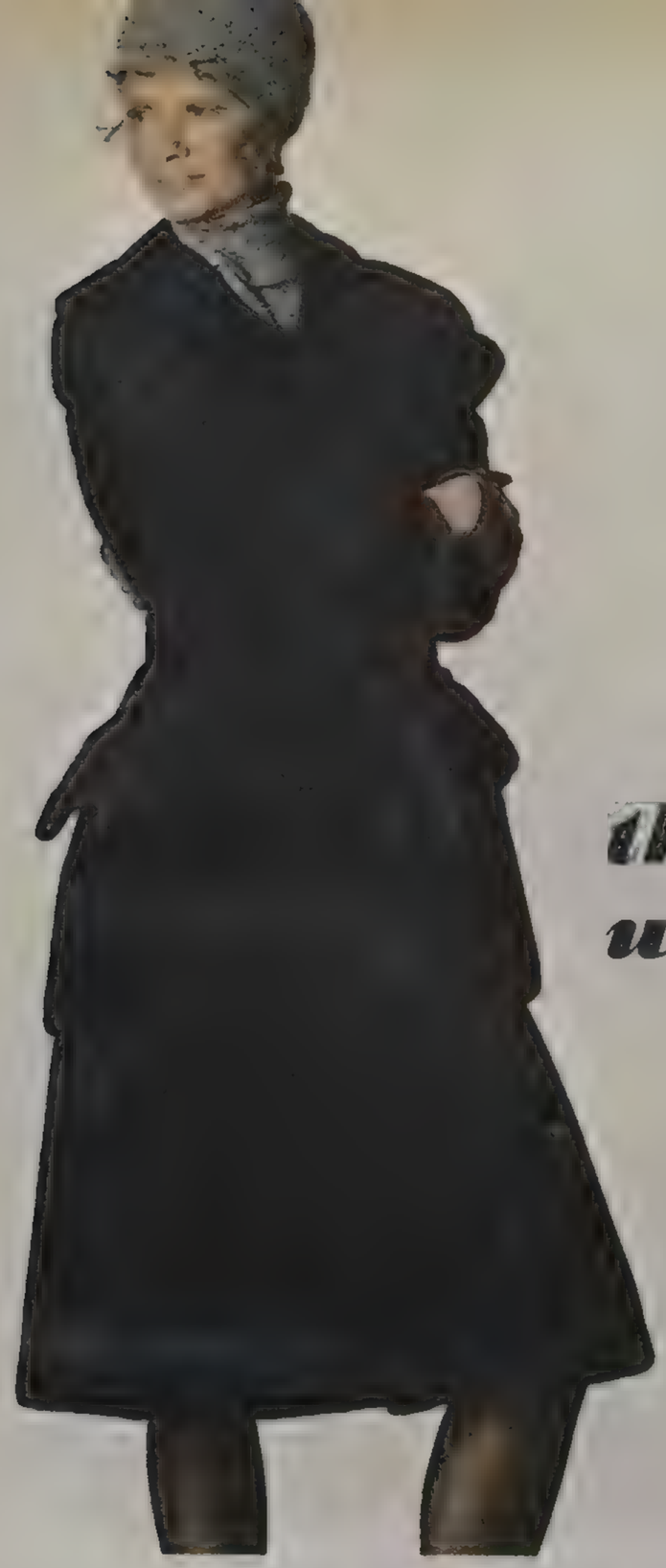
FUR AND FUR TOUCHES



Badger sleeves on navy melton

The wrapped coat by Donald Brooks, with the surprise of cozy, shaggy, all-tones-of-brown badger sleeves.

Coat, of Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About $495. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Dayton's; Swanson's. Bright Face make-up by Frances Denney.



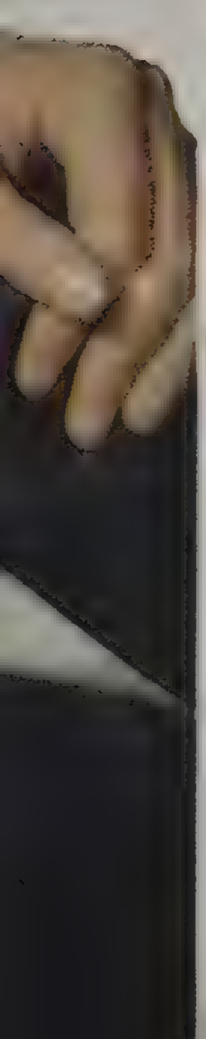
the Sealskin wrap coat

The coat-of-the-year coat at its super-sleekest—dark-brown seal with an extra-large collar, extra-large pockets, and extra dash—Oscar de la Renta Furs.

Coat, of Fouke-processed Matara Alaska fur seal. Made to order: I. Magnin.



the over-the-knee boot for shorts



Sable-y fox on suède

Calvin Klein's longer coat in green suède with sable-dyed fox everywhere and a fox-bordered hood to pull around your face. Very smashy over green suède shorts, white satin shirt.

Calvin Klein turnout. Coat, about $495. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Swanson's. Coifs, these and the preceding six pages: Suga. Accessory information, both pages, next to last page.

PENN

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

LITTLE DAY DRESSES TO SWING UNDER COATS



The newest shirtdress—black velvet. Anne Fogarty's nifty one to wear by day, by night, by itself or wrapped up in fur later.

Of Acele acetate and rayon velvet (Martin Fabrics); about $90. Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; Titche's, Dallas; The Denver.

The softest shirtdress—black jersey from STJ, with flashy little white buttons, white stitching, swinging pleats.

A woolmark dress by S.T.J., of wool jersey (Lebanon Fabric). About $70. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Wig by Edith Imre.

DAVID BAILEY



The patterned shirtdress—tweedy brown and white from Jay Kobrin with lots of flip to the skirt.

A woolmark dress by Jay Kobrin for Maisonette (Woolrich Woolen Mills fabric). About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Dayton's; Sakowitz.

The sweater-and-skirt dress—your money-in-the-bank jersey from David Crystal. Black bodice, grey turtleneck collar, grey skirt with shiny red buttons.

A woolmark dress. About $50. Altman's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Kaufmann's; Rike's; Hudson's; Chas. A. Stevens; Dayton's; Montaldo's; Harzfeld's; Battelstein's. Other stores, next to last page. Coifs, both pages, by Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

PUT SOME COLOR IN YOUR LIFE

the Yellow suède jump

A zip, a little puff to the shoulder, and all that color—a narrow, really well-cut jump from Traina Sport. Untrimmed, unlined, uncostume-y—the way leather is today.

Traina Sport designed by Kay Unger and Jesper Nyeboe, about $110. At Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Titche's, Dallas; Sakowitz. Wig by Schiaparelli, of Elura.

pare down



Swing of matte jersey. zing of two colors

Sibley-Coffee's sexy, swingy football-jersey top with a long, pointy hem front and back, slit skirt with same. All black—with football-yellow arms and big floppy, cuffs.

Jasco Fabrics rayon jersey; about $310. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin.

shape up

jersey turtle stripes

Jasco Fabrics wool jersey, knitted in America. Top, about $78; skirt, about $75. At Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Coiffures, both pages, by Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

Stripes going up, stripes going around, little dotty stripes, stripes in a patch, stripes in clashy crashy happy colors—a spare little top and flippy skirt by Stephen Burrows, king of the sweater-fit clothes and color that moves.

NEW TECHNIQUES TO HELP SAVE Life FOR ACCIDENT VICTIMS

By Emanuel M. Papper, M.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Emanuel M. Papper, Vice President for Medical Affairs and Dean of the School of Medicine at the University of Miami in Florida, is an anesthesiologist whose consultative posts, lecture dates, and honors are world-spanning. He is the co-author or -editor of five books and has written uncountable articles for medical journals. In addition, he is a member of the jury for the Albert Lasker Medical Research Awards.*

"It can't happen to me. It *always* happens to someone else." This is not necessarily so. Almost everybody has had the experience of a minor injury or a major accident. The magnitude of the problem of accidental death and disability in the United States is almost completely unknown to most of us. Certainly we are not sufficiently aware of what can be done to prevent and treat the consequences of injury. We almost shrug our shoulders in apathy.

Death from accidental injury is the fourth largest cause of death in the United States. In addition, accidental injury is the greatest single killer of the young. By a strange irony, deaths from civilian accidents always have exceeded deaths in battle in any of this country's wars. In World War II, the battle deaths suffered by the United States were 292,000. For the same period of time, civilian deaths from injury and accident were over 450,000. Even among military personnel, more people die from accidents than as a result of combat. In Vietnam, our annual death rate from war wounds has been exceeded by deaths due to accidents among *military personnel* by a ratio of approximately six-to-one.

In 1969, 94 million work days and 11 million school days were lost owing to accidents, and 520 million days of restricted activity owing to injury were incurred. Victims of accidents spent 132 million days confined to bed and 22 million days confined to hospital beds.

The economic cost of accidental injury is impossible to estimate, but the best informed sources believe that 16 billion dollars a year is a conservative estimate. This figure does not take into account the loss of productive capability of workers, the costs of family welfare, insurance premiums, and family or other economic and social dislocations.

The hospitalization figure is an incredible jolt to a country faced with the pressures of subsidizing hospital construction, financing medical and surgical care, and suffering from a shortage of physicians and other professional personnel. The hospital-bed occupancy of injured patients is equivalent to one hundred and twenty 500-bed hospitals, with all the personnel necessary to run them.

Of the 11 million people a year crippled or impaired by accidents, nearly 20 percent become totally and permanently disabled and suffer severe handicaps. One-half million lose their sight, approximately another one-half million lose their hearing, and another hundred thousand people become partially or totally paralyzed. Half of the people who become paralyzed are under the age of forty-five.

One would think that a health problem of this enormous magnitude would have invoked considerable attention by the public to do something about prevention and cure. In fact, as late as 1965, very little was actually done in the medical community to single out these victims of accidental injury, to determine the extent of the injury, and to establish the best methods of treatment. Since most of the support of research comes from the Public Health Service of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, it is of interest that in 1965, for each $1,000 spent by the Public Health Service on health problems, less than $4 was spent on the problems of accidental injury.

Although there has been an interest in trauma in the medical profession for many years, the interested were usually orthopedic surgeons who carried on their lonely struggle for the recognition of the important health problem of injury without receiving much attention or much help. The American College of Surgeons, however, has encouraged interest. Men like Dr. Robert H. Kennedy of Beekman-Downtown Hospital in New York and the late Dr. Harrison McLaughlin of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York were pioneers in this field.

About five years ago, groups of surgeons and anesthesiologists became alarmed by the high mortality rate of accident victims. They wondered why patients died when they were apparently in satisfactory condition after injury. This concern spread to other physicians. A conference planned by the National Institute of General Medical Sciences of the National Institutes of Health and sparked by the leadership of Dr. Frederick L. Stone, at that time the Director of the Institute, was held by experts in the problems of trauma. As a result of this meeting in 1966, a program was developed for research in trauma supported by the National Institute of General Medical Sciences. The objectives of the program were to reduce the death rate as well as the disability and suffering of injured patients.

Over the next four years, under the leadership of the National Institute of General Medical Sciences, seven major centers for the study of trauma and thirty individual projects were established. Some centers are studying and evaluating the administration of blood transfusion and other types of fluids to the injured patient in shock. Work is proceeding to study the changes in the consumption of body fuels by the severely injured patients. Observations are being made on the mechanism of failure of such organs as the kidney, the heart, and the lungs in injury. Much study has gone into the matter of how wounds heal, how burns heal, what is the nature of shock, and what happens when infection occurs in an injured patient. The most sophisticated of tools of measurement have been applied. Many aspects of the body's function after injury are being observed with special instruments; and computers are used both as research tools and as practical tools in the management of severely injured patients. These efforts are the results of a report jointly issued by the National Research Council and the National Institutes of Health which called traumatic injury "a neglected epidemic of modern society and the nation's most important environmental health problem."

The program of the National Institute of General Medical Sciences costs about 3 million dollars a year. Some important information has been obtained. At the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University in New York, a group headed by Dr. John M. Kinney is studying the way in which the patient who is injured utilizes his body stores of energy differently from the uninjured patient. The result has been better methods of delivering proper nutrition

to the patient who is injured, thus hastening recovery.

Another of the centers, in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania, under the direction of Dr. Jonathan E. Rhoads, is studying the problems of patients with multiple injuries who may require multiple blood transfusions or have infections. There is an enzyme—a chemical "speeder-upper"—in the red-blood cells necessary for the blood to give up its oxygen normally to the tissues after it obtains the oxygen by breathing. From these studies, it seems that injury, especially if associated with infection, interferes with the production of this enzyme and, therefore, interferes with the delivery of oxygen to the tissues. Methods are now under investigation to determine how to increase the supply of this enzyme. Without oxygenation of the tissues, especially such vital organs as the heart, the brain, the kidneys, and the liver, internal death occurs just as surely as though external strangulation had been inflicted.

In Albany, New York, under the direction of Dr. Samuel R. Powers, the program uses modern methods of engineering to measure several functions in injured patients. This group has discovered that the lungs, in effect, become stiff as the result of injury for reasons not altogether clear. These stiff lungs make it necessary to use a respirator to aid the exchange of oxygen into the body and the removal of carbon dioxide.

Formerly, if the patient did not suffer an injury to his chest or his lungs, this kind of assistance to breathing was not supplied. However, this important, but strikingly simple addition of efficient respirators to treatment has markedly reduced the death rate from internal asphyxia in patients who suffer multiple injuries unrelated to the chest. This kind of injury is also the killer of young men hurt in battle. The use of a mechanical respirator under the direction of skillful and knowledgable people has been the most important advance in the saving of lives after severe injury.

Other investigators are studying the problems of infection and blood clotting in these patients. Studies of the role of liquids and salts, in addition to blood, have also developed significant improvements in therapy of the injured.

But what about prevention?

Human fallibility is the largest problem of all. Approximately half of the Americans who are killed in accidents are killed in car accidents, and four times as (Continued on page 324)

ARE YOU KILLING Love WITH SEX PROBLEMS YOU CREATE?

By Philip M. Sarrel, M.D., and Lorna J. Sarrel

Untold numbers of men and women in this country have a serious sexual problem. Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson estimate that at some time, sexual inadequacy plagues at least 50 percent of all marriages. Sexual problems develop for many reasons but increasingly we are aware of a syndrome that could be called "manufactured" sexual inadequacy. The recipe for a typical do-it-yourself sex problem mixes one part misinformation, one part prejudiced attitudes, one part pressure to perform, and tops the whole with a generous portion of worry.

EXAMPLE: An attractive woman of twenty-eight, married six years, consulted us recently about her "frigidity." She never experienced an orgasm during intercourse and was extremely upset about her "lack of sexual responsiveness." The patient and her husband made love five or six times a week, and on every occasion she experienced at least three and sometimes many more orgasms. "But," she added, "they are all from his masturbating me, never the normal way!" She and her husband seriously debated treatment with Masters and Johnson for their supposed sexual inadequacy.

This couple was manufacturing a problem where none existed and wreaking emotional havoc for themselves because of mistaken notions about sex. We agreed it might be nice if Mrs. X could have orgasms during intercourse; but her present sex life sounded awfully nice, too. Why not just think in terms of different ways of making love and responding sexually? The clues to Mrs. X's mistaken assumptions about sex lay in the words she used—"frigid," "his masturbating me," and "the normal way." She and her husband were making common errors—comparing and judging themselves against some imagined norm, using a pathological label, "frigid," that is packed with bad vibrations and calling a love-making technique "masturbation," unfortunately, another suspect word.

Once people label something in their sexuality as pathological, they usually apply the "all or nothing" rule. Mrs. X made the logically absurd equation, "I don't have orgasms from intercourse; therefore, I am not sexually responsive." She probably had even more upsetting thoughts about herself such as, "I am failing my husband sexually," or "I am a bad wife," or "I am an immature, neurotic person and I'll never change," or "People can probably tell that I'm frigid."

Obviously, better information about human sexuality would help prevent many sex problems, but information can be a two-edged sword. Facts, particularly as disseminated by the mass media, can generate myths and, *ipso facto*, sex problems. There is no escaping the sex information explosion: the conglomerate impact of Masters and Johnson, Dr. David Reuben, *The Sensuous Woman*, *The Sensuous Man*, "X"-rated movies, documentaries showing intercourse and childbirth, magazine articles about orgasm, the debate over abortion, and so on and so on. . . . Most of us, owing to sweeping though superficial exposure, are more knowledgable and sophisticated about sex than we were, but many of us are also more frightened and more insecure. Now that orgasm and multi-orgasm are household words, women feel a subtle yet strong pressure to perform up to par whenever they have intercourse. Both the man and woman can be so preoccupied with her orgasm or failure to achieve orgasm, they may forget that they are making love, not taking an examination. For many men, the mass media's recent use of the term "premature ejaculation" has led to a new sexual anxiety, largely unfounded, but virtually epidemic.

After stage one, anxiety and concern about sexual adequacy, comes stage two, actual sexual inadequacy. Masters and Johnson highlight the role played by anxiety in disrupting normal sex functioning: They call it the "spectator phenomenon." When men and women preoccupy themselves with how things work, they tend to take themselves out of the love-making scene and metaphorically stand in the corner of the bedroom nervously watching the goings on. Relaxing and enjoying sex become difficult.

Full-blown sexual inadequacy can be manufactured, too, from a mild, simple medical problem that often goes undiagnosed—common, everyday vaginitis, an infection within the vagina (*not* one of the so-called venereal diseases). The frequency with which vaginitis can be implicated in very complex sex problems is impressive. A young couple alerted us to its significance, because they had not had intercourse for four months. Their sex life gradually deteriorated and finally ceased. Their marriage was threatened by the fall-out from their sex prob- (Continued on next page)

(Continued) lem—self-blame, angry words, hurt feelings on both sides.

The wife's history of some pain and decreased response during intercourse should have signaled vaginitis quickly—except that she had just received a clean bill of health from her gynecologist. Later, when the diagnosis of rather severe, chronic monilial vaginitis was finally made, we learned she had douched an hour before seeing her gynecologist, washing away evidence he would have found by examining her vagina or by looking at a smear of her vaginal secretions under microscope.

Vaginitis not only causes marked decrease in a woman's sexual pleasure during intercourse but feelings of discomfort and irritation during and just after intercourse. It also tends to decrease vaginal lubrication, so that a woman may seem to "dry up" easily. She may become anxious or hostile toward her partner when he wants to make love. Couples rarely bring their worries and concerns about sex into the open; so it's not hard to imagine the downward spiral of displeasure, avoidance of sex, misunderstandings, fear, and finally dramatic, angry confrontation or, worse, a shattered relationship. And all because of a few yeast!

Most doctors still do not realize what a culprit vaginitis can be. Hopefully, as the medical profession becomes more knowledgable about human sexuality, this will change. So, too, will doctors' sensitivity to patients' unspoken concerns about sexuality. Numbers of patients are traumatized by a doctor's casual drop of an unexplained medical term. If a woman's image of herself as a female or her sense of sexual adequacy is already precarious, a gynecologist's comment about her "infantile" uterus or her "relaxed" vagina can be shattering. The doctor may never realize the repercussions of his remark because it fulminates quietly in the woman's psyche over months and years.

After childbirth, many women concern themselves about possible stretching of the vaginal walls and how this might affect sexual relations. They wonder if their husbands will get as much sensation during intercourse and whether they will still be able to feel and respond to penetration as they did before. If a doctor is not sensitive to this concern, he may unwittingly compound it. The fact is that the birth of one or two children usually leaves the vagina essentially unchanged. One patient was convinced otherwise. After her second baby, she became acutely aware of a moment during intercourse when the vagina would feel so big that her husband's penis would, as she put it, feel lost inside her. We overcame her concern in two ways. First, a physical examination proved there was no problem of extreme vaginal relaxation, a rare condition with good, modern obstetrical care anyway. Second, an explanation of normal sex response cited Masters and Johnson findings that all vaginas undergo considerable expansion during the sex-response cycle—an involuntary expansion beyond the actual size of the penis. Our patient's vagina had always undergone this change with intercourse, but she had not noticed it until she started to worry about the size of her vagina. Then, she focused on it to such an extent that, whenever she experienced this sensation, an indicator of an advanced, preorgasmic state of arousal, she turned off completely.

Failure to communicate is another sex problem otherwise healthy, happy, and sexually responsive couples frequently manufacture. A man may have a habit of nibbling his wife's neck. She doesn't like this. In fact, it tends to make her feel angry; but she can't bring herself to say anything. She may put up with it and brood or she may begin to send nonverbal signals, for example, pulling away slightly. He, in turn, may misinterpret the nonverbal signal to mean general coldness and rejection and then *he* begins to brood. Before long, the couple find themselves entangled in a major sexual conflict. To some extent, every couple has such experiences; but, for some, they escalate into serious misunderstandings and deteriorating sexual relationships. In all cases there is one solution —talking it over together sincerely and honestly, without blaming and faultfinding.

Examples of manufactured sex problems teach an important lesson —we should not get hung up about any aspect in our sex life until we check it out carefully, first with our sexual partner and then, perhaps, with a gynecologist, psychiatrist, marriage counselor or other qualified person. Sometimes, simply recognizing that we have created hang-ups unnecessarily is enough to dispel them. Often, the problem has become too deeply enmeshed in the fabric of a couple's relationship to resolve easily. That's when manufactured inadequacy may require as much treatment as any other form of sex problem. ▼

CAN PRIMAL THERAPY SHORTCUT THE RETURN TO Happiness?

By Albert Goldman

After half a century of revising Freud, psychotherapists have come to agreement on at least one point: that much of what the Master took as universal human nature was simply the peculiar hang-up of turn-of-the-century Vienna. The flip side of this revelation is the idea, which no one can afford to ignore, that in every time, every period of distinct social identity there must be a special form of therapy calculated to overthrow the resistances and achieve the psychological ideals of that particular moment. It is as the Doctor of the Rock Age, the physician of such famous shouters as John Lennon and Yoko Ono, that Arthur Janov has come to prominence. A media-conscious maverick with a radical therapeutic technique, Janov sums up the whole age in the title of his widely read book, *The Primal Scream* (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

Pictured on the back flap, handsome and hawkish, more movie star than clinical psychologist, and featured on the late-night talk shows dressed in mod-cut suits and grey shirred hair, Janov appears the very embodiment of this generation's dream of the cool, hip, straight-to-the-point shrink, with no nonsense from Vienna or Park Avenue or any place where fat, balding, middle-aged practitioners waste time explaining, explaining, explaining. Arthur Janov not only looks like Hollywood's idea of a modern healer, he has even borrowed the cinema's myth of the medical hero: pioneer and martyr for scientific innovation. Wading bravely through ranks of cynical reporters, caustic television interviewers, and irate colleagues, he asserts on every possible occasion (in a voice alternately querulous or minatory) that his Primal Therapy is the one, the only, the messianically appointed solution to all problems of mental health. "We can cure," he boasts, "homosexuality, drug addiction, alcoholism, psychosis, as well as endocrine disorders, headaches, stomach ulcers, and asthma."

How does anybody accept or even seriously consider these quack-like claims? The answer is an interesting mixture of publicity compounded with desperate need and the reality of Janov's achievement, which is not panacea but a definite knack for putting people through powerfully purgative experiences that feel—at least for the time being—like grand revelations and total cures.

Janov's flair for self-advertisement is remarkable in a profession always characterized by dignified self-effacement. Early copies of his



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

book *The Primal Scream*, it is reported, were dispatched to rock stars John Lennon and Mick Jagger, the former of whom soon became a patient and later a proselytizer for the new cult. When the press and other media went to interview Janov, they were offered carefully prepared color films like television commercials dramatizing the success of his therapy. Challenges to the scientific validity of his work are parried by panels of lab-coated researchers conducting briefings replete with charts and graphs.

The secret of Janov's success—and virtually all his present and former patients swear by him—is not hard to discover. Unlike the ordinary therapist who fears to proceed too rapidly lest he trigger a psychotic episode or some rash, self-destructive behavior, Arthur Janov slashes into a neurotic's life with the impatient confidence of a surgeon operating on a not-yet-fatal malignancy. "I believe the only way to eliminate neurosis is with overthrow by force and violence," he wrote; and behind this statement resounds all the pent-up frustration of modern man with the plodding, indecisive processes of psychoanalysis—to say nothing of the contemporary craving for desperate life-against-death confrontations. Offered a chance to pit your sanity against a lifetime of niggling neurosis, who isn't tempted to crash through the wall into health?

Dramatic to the core, Janovian therapy appeals to the patient's imagination and his willingness to suffer present pains for future happiness. Arriving in town the first night clutching a check for the first three-week session, he finds himself cut off from family and friends, work and play; holed up in a cheap hotel ("the sleazier the better"—Janov); forbidden to smoke, drink, watch television; and probably unable to sleep. Next morning he enters The Primal Institute, a heavily padded building situated in an area zoned as well for dog kennels, where bizarre screams go unheeded. Subjected to intense two- and three-hour sessions aimed exclusively at battering down his ego defenses, the patient finally cracks and exposes the core of infantile suffering and dependency buried in every man. Exhorted to express his pain and act out his memories, the patient cries aloud "Mommy!" "Daddy!" screams, weeps, rolls up in the fetal position, enacts birth trauma, vomits, and crawls into a huge crib where he plays with man-sized teddy bears and dolls. The climax of the whole regressive trip is the Primal Scream, "a piercing, deathlike scream," that leaves the patient feeling "cool," "cleaned," and "pure."

Once the patient has "primaled," he's encouraged to repeat the experience over and over again, first in individual, later in group-therapy sessions, until he has opened a broad, direct channel from his deeply impacted emotions to the surface of his mind and body. After less than a year, he is released into life with his tensions resolved, his body temperature lowered, his pulse slowed, his breathing deepened, and his brain waves altered. Henceforth, he acts like a new man or woman: abandoning a life of neurotic sloth for hard, purposeful work; or dropping out of compulsive careerism in favor of hanging loose and digging the cosmic vibes. Or so the scenario reads at this writing.

How to evaluate Janov's therapy is a problem compounded by the therapist's rush towards fame. *The Primal Scream* was based on about sixty cases, with no long-term follow-ups. Many psychiatrists scoff at Janov's claims and accuse him of reviving the early, now-discredited theories of Freud, such as cathartic therapy and the primal scene. Others reproach him with tearing patients down without sufficient concern for how their lives are to be reconstituted. Therapists who have worked directly with Janov, however, have come away from his sessions deeply impressed by his ability to get results fast and by his obvious sincerity and dedication. Nobody doubts that Arthur Janov has *something*. The consensus is, though, that he has become his own worst enemy by claiming too much too fast and by playing to the public instead of to the profession. Indeed, it's just possible that Arthur Janov is Dr. Janov's one unsuccessful case. ▼

DR. ARTHUR JANOV, above, *a psychologist, invented Primal Therapy as the means of treating Primal Pains, "the original, early hurts," he said, "upon which all later neurosis is built." Now, every month, three to four thousand people ask to undergo therapy with Dr. Janov, who can accept only six applicants every three weeks, most of them professionals who receive Certificates to practice Primal Therapy if they qualify. A guarded, calm man of forty-six, with bold energy for body surfing and tennis, a "music nut" and a Navy veteran, he was photographed in a padded therapy room at The Primal Institute in Hollywood, California. Dr. Janov, who has two new books scheduled to be published within the next year, said of Primal Therapy, "I believe I have found a way to eradicate the harmful influence of parents." Dr. Janov, married and father of a boy and a girl, added, "I'm giving guidelines to undo the harm done by parents on children and to eliminate the harm for good."*

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

NEW TRENDS IN HEALTH AND BEAUTY, MAKEUP, SKIN, HAIR....

The trend to do more things that make you look good, feel good . . . balanced nutrition (organic or not); exercise that's fun, not a deadly chore

A trend is—what? Nothing much, to start with. A change in the wind—a tiny seismic tremor—a shifting of gears, somewhere. Only the alert can spot it at first—and even they may be caught napping. But the fresh wind keeps on blowing . . . more and more people begin to sense that it's coming from a new quarter. Finally the whole thing becomes clear, recognizable, even measurable by scientific methods, computers and the like. . . . Which way does the wind blow now? A motivational-research firm, headed by Daniel Yankelovich, which has proved an accurate weathervane in the past recently published a survey listing "31 social trends" pinpointed by their organization. Among these were: Trend Toward Physical Self-Enhancement; Trend Toward Personalization; Trend Toward Physical Health and Well-Being; Trend Toward Return to Nature. (All four, and many more among the 31, have been discussed often in these pages.) . . . What does it all come down to? Simply this: that the idea today is to look good, feel good—to look healthily beautiful, feel beautifully healthy. To be yourself, express yourself. To do what comes naturally. . . . Trends, in time, turn into tangible objects, even into whole new life-styles. The fresh wind blows all through the house, and leaves refreshing things in its wake. . . . On the bathroom shelf, a rough-textured, skin-tingling loofah; an herbal or protein-packed shampoo; a moisturizing gel scented with lemon or apricot. . . . On the pantry shelf, crunchy whole-grain cereals, bottled springwater, organic honey. Yoghurt, fruits, fresh greens and legumes in the icebox. . . . A battalion of bicycles in the hall—all sizes, for all ages of family and friends. . . . On the coffee table you might find Ashley Montagu's book *Touching: The Human Significance of the Skin*—or, perhaps, *Dr. Breath*, the new book on breathing coordination, now being read with breathless interest. . . .

(Continued)

The breath of life (and beauty); the new interest in breathing coordination

A NEW AWARENESS OF THE SKIN'S ECOLOGY . . . THE NEED FOR SUPER-CLEANING; MOISTURE AND MORE MOISTURE; MASQUES . . . THE SKIN'S ROLE AS SENSUOUS MESSAGE-CENTER

THE LIVELY SKIN, GLOWING, RESPONSIVE— THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

It could be called alabaster—a word that might start popping up again—but the skin everyone wants now is more than that. As shows on the face and arms, *opposite*, it's not only translucent, with a lustrous patina, and not only paler (the better for brighter lips and eyes—which see, on the next pages), but it's also warm and alive—showing all the glow of the real-live woman inside it. Showing, too, all the good care she gives it, knowing that wonderful skin isn't fairy-godmother stuff, it's a matter of daily pampering and nurturing. One set of nurturings that has brought glorious response from a lot of skins we know: Allevia Night Cream for the face, and Allevia Body Treatment—a lotion that continues the good work from chin on down. (Added recently, Allevia Hand Treatment.) All Allevias alleviate dryness, flakiness; all set about toning, sheening, duplicating the natural oils and moisturizers that time and weather tend to use up. Everything by Alexandra de Markoff.

AVEDON



WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

THE BODY BUOYANT . . . BUOYED BY DIET, VITAMINS, EXERCISE; MEDITATION MAY HELP. SO MAY THE TANGO

(Continued) None of this is approached in a joyless, jaws-clenched spirit—there's another strong trend that can be summed up in one word: Enjoy. Dieting, for example: a shrewdly-planned diet of goodies you like can be as high in value, low in fat-making potential as a diet of tasteless horrors—a fact well-known to Vogue's Super Diet followers. (The latter count carbohydrates, not calories, but you can play the game either way with the assistance of Barbara Kraus's new book, *Calories and Carbohydrates*, which gives both counts for specific brand names.) . . . Exercise: the trend is to fun—walking, dancing, bicycling, fencing, roller-skating—anything that's enjoyed. The tango is back, as we've mentioned before —not the heavy-breathing, rose-in-the-teeth version, but the real Argentinian ballroom dance, fluid, beautiful, easy—a dance that is always restrained, disciplined, but has a lot going for it emotionally. (After all, it takes two. . . .) In New York, a good place to learn is Albert Butler School of Dancing, 24 West 54th Street. *Dance* Magazine has all the lowdown on this and other dances. . . . Ping-Pong, of Mao Tse-tung fame, has just received a ringing endorsement from a New York specialist, Dr. Andreas Gal, who says the game benefits heart and lungs, builds neuro-muscular skills, muscular endurance; playing a really brisk table-tennis match, it seems, can equal running a three-mile race. . . . Even city walking can be more fun; liven up those urban miles with an ice-cream cone occasionally—it's buyable now even on O'Connell Street, Dublin. Compared to most portable delights, it adds relatively few calories—Cornell University's Consumer Education office clocks in a single scoop of vanilla at about 165 of those units. (Statistics on the cone vary.) . . . Sad to say, as you march along the city streets, cone in hand, heavy things are happening to your skin. Dr. Earl Brauer, author of *Your Skin and Hair*, points out that sulphur dioxide —the smog-borne villain that pits stone buildings, erodes marble statues, makes nylons disintegrate—is equally damaging to skin; it combines with water in the skin to form sulphuric acid, a substance that's anything but salubrious. The answer—aside from leaving town—is more frequent, more thorough cleansing with whatever you use—soap, cream, gel, grainy scrub, or whatever. Just clean is not enough—a city skin has to be super-clean. It may be advisable to get a good professional cleanup now and then from a dermatologist or a reliable skin-care salon; in New York, Georgette Klinger uses wonderfully cleansing herbal steams, among other things. . . . Vigorous new allies in the fight for clean, fresh skin (Continued)

MAKEUP NOW: HONEST, FORTHRIGHT, DRAMATIC . . . DEFINITE MOUTH SHAPES, NATURE-INSPIRED COLORS—RUSSET, EGGPLANT, BLUEBERRY, EVEN SPINACH

HONEST RED, BACK IN BUSINESS—CLEAR, CHEERY COLOR NOW FOR LIPS AND NAILS

Suddenly right again: *bright red lips and nails*, brand new to the young who dig Carole Lombard now and wish—who doesn't?—they could look like her. . . . Today's reds are fresher, clearer, sheerer, and to get the best of them Charles Revson went to two eminent designers—Bill Blass, Norman Norell—and asked each of them to create his favorite shade of red for lips and nails. Two great new reds emerged, ready now in Ultima II lipstick and nail enamel, called Charles Revson's Great Designer Reds. The Norell Red is cool and clear; the Blass Red, zingy with a nice torchy note—as shown, *right*. Lively, dramatic, sure-fire on lips and nails with a veiled red hat, a drift of red fox. Wrap coat in red fox paw with red fox collar, Bill Blass for Revillon; Adolfo hat. Saks Fifth Avenue.

AVEDON



WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

Makeup with the impact of health . . . dipped from tiny pots of gleaming color

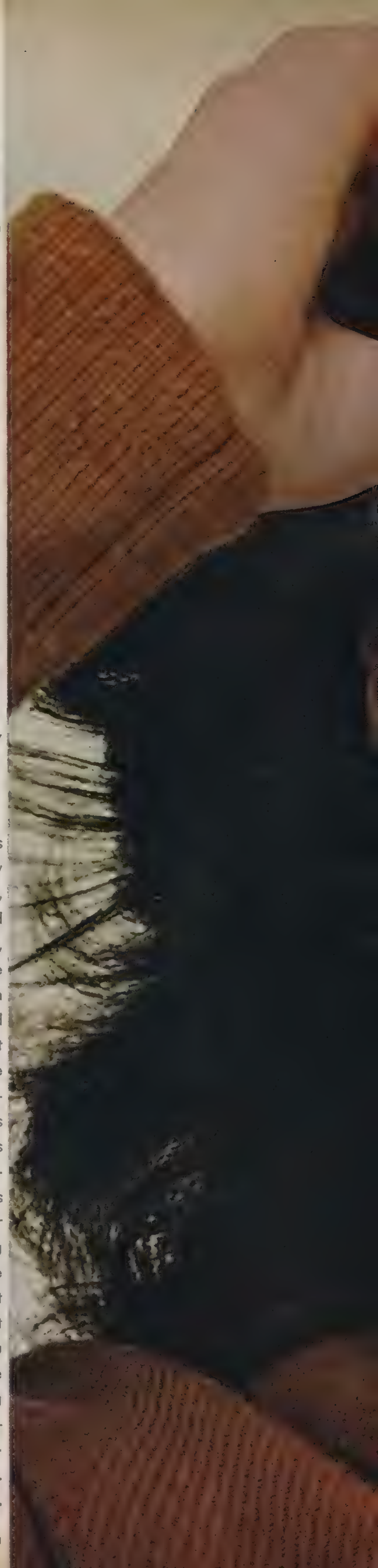
SHEER LAYERS OF FOUNDATION IN TWO DEPTHS OF COLOR, TEXTURE—TO MOLD, CONTOUR THE FACE

(Continued) are the clarifiers and exfoliators—lotions or scrubs that zap off the skin's top layer of dead surface scales; what they are is milder, do-it-yourself versions of the progressive peeling you might get from a dermatologist. If your skin seems dull and pasty in spite of all cleansing efforts, you might try using one of these—every other day at first; then, when skin looks clear and fresh as a baby's, switch to a once-a-week régime. Always follow with a moisturizer. . . . Masques, too, are great for revving up drab, tired skin, and also act as cleansers—flushing up circulation, flushing out pores. Some of the new masques can be used every day—twice a day, if you like, as morning and evening pickups; use them on hands, arms, as well as face. They come in a vast array of delicious forms, made of such things as herbs, fruits, almonds, honey, mint. . . . And while you're giving the masque a chance to do its thing, why not try a spot of Transcendental Meditation? Two 30-minute meditation sessions a day are what's required. Researchers at Harvard University have found that TM not only relieves tension, produces feelings of tranquillity, but has definite medical advantages—levels of blood lactate, often linked with anxiety neurosis and other ills, are markedly reduced in TM practitioners. . . . Foundations: here the word is new shades, better consistencies, so they're faster and easier to apply; the end result is smooth, even-textured—incredibly natural-looking. Try blending two textures and shades to mold and contour the face, give more subtle shading (Serge Lutens, the great Dior makeup artist, always defines hollows in cheeks). The newest look is paler, lighter in tone—not shiny, not heavy or opaque, but (Continued)

LOW NECKLINES ARE CASTING A SPOTLIGHT ON THE STEPCHILD THROAT AREA. NEW, SPECIALLY-FORMULATED ASTRINGENTS AND MOISTURIZERS COULD HELP HERE

LIPSTICK THAT'S GOOD FOR YOU—PLUS A NEW 24-HOUR BEAUTY PLAN FOR LIPS

Going along with the new emphasis on the mouth, there's a whole new plan now for keeping it looking soft, young, moist, fresh always, all around the clock. The plan is Estée Lauder's, the lipstick ditto, and it's a Whole New Thing she calls Re-Nutriv Rich Rich Lipstick, filled with all the good things of makeup life—smooth light texture, stay-true colors, a non-cake clause, and the new dividend of vitamins: A, D, and wheat-germ oil that's famous for E, all said to be soothers and helpers of skin. To give this well-plotted plan the full 24 hours, there's a series of other lip-helpers: A primer stick to smooth the way. A lip-shaping pencil. A sable brush for applying the lipstick. And, for overnight, a lip night cream, full of rich-rich emollients, that keeps up the good work while you sleep. Results of all this lip-service: the appealing mouth, *opposite*, wearing Estée's earthy red called Rosewood—one of the new and enduring Re-Nutriv colors. Turtleneck, by Hark. Sunglasses by Philippe Chevalier.



AVEDON



WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

PERFUME IN NEW FORMS — CREAMS, GELS, POMADES. PERFUMED BODY SHAMPOOS, FOR THE SHOWERS-ONLY CROWD

(Continued) translucent; a sort of mini-matte finish, clear but velvety. . . . Then, on to makeup—and the good news here is that fingerpainting is back. Use your fingers (or a soft brush) to paint color on lips, cheeks, eyelids, all over the face. What you dip into is a series of tiny pots of gleaming color, clear gels or whippy creams. . . . Hair is alive and well, bursting with health, bounce, and brightness—and why not? It's never been so lavished with rich, helpful shampoos and conditioners, many based on natural herbs or fruits (lemon's a favorite), and almost all loaded with kindly protein. . . . Hair is shorter —short enough to clear the shoulders. Too-long, listless hair is old hair. What we're seeing is smaller heads with marvelous swinging, shining hair —the hair all one length, away from the graduated "shag" look. Cutting and shaping are all—cutting that takes advantage of a well-shaped head or a natural wave, allows hair to follow its own bent. Result, hair that looks easy and uncontrived, carefree and natural; hair that moves. . . . Haircoloring—more and more a fun, easily-changeable cosmetic, like makeup—experiment, enjoy. There's a trend to definite color accents around the face—bronze-red with brown, for example. (Vidal Sassoon does this beautifully.) And to thin, thin streaks of color that contrast, often wildly, with the hair—a trend, launched by Leonard's in London, that's getting hotter all the time. (In New York, Beth, at Ian and David's, puts these in with a fine English hand.) Thin burgundy or dark-gold streaks in brown hair; blue streaks in black hair; green, pink, or lilac streaks in ash blond. . . . What they do is add interest, depth—and they also have a light-bouncing effect that's enormously verve-y.

New electric time-and-beauty-savers: mist-conditioning electric curlers, combs and dryers, brushes, blowers

TIE-DYE EYES— SOMETHING TO FLIRT WITH AT NIGHT

Dib-and-dab goes the color now to brighten eyes and balance new brighter lips—an exciting idea from Way Bandy, Makeup Director of Charles of the Ritz, who designed the face, *opposite*—putting a dapplé of mauve, white, and wine-color over a chalk-white base on the eyelid. This is just one way, says Way—your own imagination can invent other tie-dye effects, and you'll probably want to soften the colors more or blend them and make a more subtle eye. However you dab and dapple, you've got an impressive new choice of things to work with—eight new kinds of eye makeup, in sixty-two (count 'em, sixty-two) inspiring colors; all from Charles of the Ritz. Each of these comes in a separate little module, can be linked up with any other, by an ingenious slide-and-lock arrangement, to make your own makeup unit (thus doing away with pre-grouped color kits). The dappled feathers here, a spectacular collar on a long narrow multicolor dress; by Bill Blass, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



AVEDON



Things aren't always what they seem to be



Stan Herman's little trompe-l'oeil knits that look like layers over layers but aren't. Like the natty brown sailor tie and stripe-y undershirt sleeves, left . . . not separate pieces, but a one-piece dress.

Pink sweater-vest layered over a grey-and-white striped shirt. You think?—it's really a one-piece sweater, grey shorts.

Blue patterned pull belted in red over white shirt and matching blue skirt —except: everything's knitted in, even the buckle.

Woolmark outfits by Stan Herman for S.S.H.; each about $70. Dresses, center and left, at Lord & Taylor. All three at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hengerer's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; The Denver.

DAVID BAILEY

Another kind of trompe-l'oeil: the small neat head that's so much a part of the uncluttered look of fashion now —made with a wig.

Carousel wig, here and on opposite page, of Dynel, styled by Franklyn Welsh.

IN HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY, "THRESHOLDS," DOROTHEA STRAUS SPENDS "MEMORIES IN THE SHAPES OF LILIES, EXUBERANCE, GRIEF, UNCERTAINTY" BY JEAN STAFFORD

Since I can remember I have taken pleasure in personal memoirs, but in recent years this beguiling genre has grown polemical; sociological and psychological interpretation render it raspy or unkempt. I don't like finding worms in the fruits of other people's family trees. Now and again, though, there does appear a humane, urbane reminiscence, innocent of wan lamentation or outraged exclamation; and then I applaud the woodman who hewed the trees to provide the pulp for the paper on which it is printed.

Thresholds, Dorothea Straus's recollections of the first five decades of a New York life, is nostalgic, but its fragrances are fresh. She does not condemn the present time nor does she in any belligerent way campaign for the restitution of time past. Affectionate, amused, with prudence and delicacy she weighs her family heirlooms in a steady hand and looks on them with a cool, clear eye. Her book is as shapely as an egg fashioned by Fabergé, enameled and begirt with jewels and filigree of gold, and fitted cleverly with hinges so that it may be opened to reveal a collection of miniatures: memories in the shapes of lilies, grief, exuberance, uncertainty, *amour propre* in the shapes of trees or roods or nightingales or coronets. But the lapidarian ornaments only enhance, they do not conceal the poise of the simplest form in nature. The writing itself, that is to say, is not ornamental, but the general effect is that of a picture gallery, hung richly if often quixotically—Brueghel side by side with Dürer, Vermeer next to Rubens.

While Mrs. Straus was born to the privilege of money and to those amenities that money can buy: mademoiselles for the easy and early infusion of French in the nursery, good schools, travel abroad for German waters and Parisian wardrobes and the acquisition of history through traversing the places where history was made; and while the evolution of style is in a more direct line if money is to hand from the bassinet onward, not everyone can bring this full complement of advantage to the realization of *chic*. I use this word in a vigorous and specific way and in imitation of Isak Dinesen who, in *Out of Africa*, wrote: "A Masai warrior is a fine sight. Those young men have, to the utmost extent, that particular form of intelligence which we call *chic*. Their style is not an assumed manner, nor an imitation of a foreign perfection; it has grown from the inside, it is an expression of the race and its history, and their weapons and finery are as much a part of their being as are a stag's antlers." Miss Dinesen is speaking here of an unvarying genus—although, surely there must be an occasional sport among them, a frump or a stumblebum—and Mrs. Straus, on the contrary, is in full command of her individuality. But her background is tribal and the form on which she was molded and turned was wrought, one feels—at any rate, one prays—to last, and feels—and prays—that her descendants will be heirs to her blood and assignees to her austere, felicitous taste.

She pauses on the thresholds of many rooms, regarding the appointments and the occupants from angles of refraction that differ with her age and with her recollected mood and with judgments emended by hindsight. Some of the interiors do not exist for her in fact, but have come into the possession of her memory through family stories handed down, diminished and bedimmed by time, or enlarged and illuminated by romantic yearning. Her maternal uncle Richard Frank died long before her birth, but so doggedly did the tragedy loiter in her mother and her mother's kinsmen that the reader mourns as if this were the very snowy February night on which the bright and gallant blade caught his death of cold; wearing a scarlet-lined opera cloak, he had stopped at the parlor door to say goodnight: "It was a high-ceilinged room, its windows draped in red damask. At either end the bronze heads of Beethoven and Shakespeare on marble pedestals stood guard." After his death in this house on Sixty-second Street, the shutters were forever closed, and with Richard's sister, Emily, the reader gropes through years of twilight in rooms that smell of lemon oil and burnished brass until, at thirty, Emily emerges to marry and, in time, to give birth to the author in an apartment where the foyer contained a player piano, supernaturally endowed to produce Schubert's "Marche Militaire" without human manipulation.

Mrs. Straus likens herself to an archaeologist in reconstructing the scenes of her forebears' enterprise and tribulations, the forests of much ramified trees that intertwined. One of the earliest that she can clearly see in her mind's eye is the Bavarian village whence her paternal great-grandfather Kupperman came. He had prospered as a brewer in Ludwigsburg in the Rhenish kingdom of Württemberg; but during the struggles between Austria and Prussia for the supremacy of Germany, his beer garden became a bear garden, habituated by the military who were allied with the Prussians, and boycotted by the monarchists who took the Austrian side. Guilty or innocent of intrigue—ancestral pride or political fuzziness obfuscated his position in his descendants' reminiscences—he chose to quit the hotbed and, with his wife and six children, came to the New World in 1848 to brew his beer in Brooklyn, duplicating, insofar as possible, the familiar Bavarian fixtures of furniture and customs and comestibles. There was an alley of lindens to remind the émigrés of home, and there was a school in the brewery building where the patriarch's grandchildren and the children of prosperous German-American families in the neighborhood were taught by a master imported from the old country whose habit it was "to guzzle beer from a pitcher while he instructed his class." If the original compound in Ludwigsburg was somewhat beclouded for the child, its facsimile in Brooklyn was not, for she was aided by her grandfather and her father. Her grandfather's cousin David, a scapegrace bachelor dandy who fancied "flamboyant low women whom he treated like princesses, wasting the Kuppermans' good money on their keep," persuaded his colleagues to change the name of the family industry from plain "Kupperman Sons" to "Rheingold Breweries" after an infatuated evening at the opera, "probably in the company of one of those rouged, overdressed women." The early houses in Brooklyn and the linden trees were gone and the brewery was modernized by the time Mrs. Straus was born, but she can remember, as a child, seeing the stable, now vacant, where her father and his cousins used to go after school to watch the unharnessing of fifty great horses that daily hauled the golden Rhenish brew to the *Ratskellers* and beer gardens throughout the city. They had a sleigh, these fortunate children, and two white goats to draw them through the snow.

According to Mrs. Straus's grandfather, whom, as a child, she visited each Sunday at his apartment on Park Avenue, the Kuppermans were atheists: "In my grandfather's simple categories Atheism was synonymous with Liberalism. And at times family history would be altered slightly and the reason for my great-grandfather's exodus was said to have been his liberal views and insistence on higher wages for his workers." The Frank family, on the other hand, as perseveringly Germanic even though its earliest members had come to America in 1800, still paid some heed to Hebraic observances: "Religion had become attenuated but occasional attendance [at Temple] was obligatory. . . . It was part of the ritual of living: the summer trips abroad, spring cleaning, the three o'clock drive in the carriage through Central Park. . . ."

To these European and Jewish loyalties and ceremonies—as well as the insouciant ignoring of them if they were inconveniencing—were added the exotica and the ambiguities of the American melting pot. At the Weston School, Dorothea Kupperman studied Shakespeare and Milton with a Mr. Gopal Chatterji, a Brahmin of high caste whose "eyes seemed to be saying: make of me what you can—I am a mystery and the world is a riddle, too—accept it." And her science teacher, Boris Borodine, had been a student in Russia during the Revolution and had fled when the Bolsheviks took over: what schoolgirl could not be fascinated to the point of inflammation by such drama?

Thresholds is informed with the qualities that taste of tea and *madeleines*, and smell of the spices of Araby, and look like the gemstones of Cathay, and feel like samite. But it contains, as well, *tableaux vivants* as serene as "La Grande Jatte" and some others as boisterous as a Rowlandson. It is a personal story and it is, in a sense, an idiosyncratically New York story; but it is, as well, a variation on the basic American story: keeping honed, although he may not use it, the weaponry of his native land, and borrowing the finest of his adopted country's finery to accentuate his own, the warrior will maintain his ancient and instinctive *chic* as the core and the spine of his being.

OVER ONE OF HER PRESENT THRESHOLDS, MRS. ROGER W. STRAUS, JUNIOR, IN HER NEW YORK HOUSE

Dorothea Straus here is held by the stillness of her house in town—mysterious summer wrappings muffling its strong, clear style. Married immediately after college, she wore her new husband's name "like a dazzling shield." The Strauses moved into this house twenty-three years ago, when their son, Roger III (now the father of three daughters), was a small child, just a few years after energetic Roger Jr. founded his book-publishing firm—now Farrar, Straus & Giroux—with Dorothea Straus "an enthusiastic onlooker." The house, in the narrow New York mold, surprises with its inside spaces. Rouge-beige walls; brass-bound black lacquer; sleek wood—all furniture modern, modern that already looks classic. No nostalgia here, no ghosts, nothing accumulated. Brisk, analytical, Dorothea Straus focuses on essentials. Nothing extraneous allowed. Her intensity makes her repose seem like action. Small, with blue eyes shadowed by dark bangs, she called herself "a summer writer." Summers in the country house built by her husband's grandfather became first stories, then her book, not of events but of the mysteries of "memory and imagination."

DUANE MICHALS



"Railroad Sunset," by Edward Hopper, 1929; oil on canvas, 28½" x 47½". Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

EDWARD HOPPER

"Greatest American realist of the 20th century" By Barbara Rose

The career of Edward Hopper is a capsule history of American art: Trained as a commercial illustrator, he studied with Robert Henri, dean of the Ashcan School, took several trips to Paris as a youth, and exhibited a painting of sailboats in the Armory Show, which was one of the few works sold from that historic 1913 exhibition in New York launching modern art in America. Hopper is that phenomenon in America in which the split between popular and elite taste is particularly acute: a democratic artist praised by the champions of high art. His subject matter, the familiar American Scene, and his content, the isolation of lonely individuals at home, at work, in the movies or cafeterias, speak directly to masses of Americans. On the other hand, his style, based not on the slapdash brushwork of Ashcan realism nor the vulgar boldness of commercial illustration but on Manet's elegant painterliness, the broad style of the early Fauves, and Cubist geometry has a sound esthetic basis, permitting Hopper to simplify figures and settings to construct harmoniously balanced classical compositions. The greatest American realist of the twentieth century, Hopper gained a popular reputation on the basis of his common subject matter; yet, ironically, his painting will live because it transcends precisely the provincial banality that created the American Scene.

Hopper's fortunes were tied to those of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York throughout his career. After the Armory Show, he had difficulty selling; so Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's offer of a one-man show (his first) at the Whitney Studio Club in 1920 was an important event. Later, he was shown prominently in Whitney Annuals and the former Whitney director Lloyd Goodrich wrote the first monograph on Hopper. Hopper did not forget old debts. When he died in 1967 at the age of eighty-four, he left the Whitney Museum a generous bequest of works ranging from watercolors and oils to drawings and prints—Hopper's etchings rank among the outstanding American graphic works.

The Whitney exhibition (September 10 through October 24) of the Hopper bequest includes works from all periods of Hopper's career, spanning more than half a century. Its historical nature allows one to trace the evolution of Hopper from a gifted student to an apprentice of Parisian modernism to an artist able to weight the refinements of French taste with the dour sturdiness of an American spirit. Indeed, a large measure of Hopper's quality and originality lies in the curious tension between the rich painterly quality of his art and his resistance to sensuousness through a suppression of any elements that might detract from his essentially puritanical and ascetic vision. Of particular beauty in Hopper's work is his treatment of edges: the control he has mastered over the years permits him to create a contour both firm and sensitive at the same time. Again, the mellowness of such a treatment of form, as well as the mellowness of Hopper's golden sunlight which floods interiors and landscapes alike, is contradicted by the general coldness of his palette, predominantly blue and green, as well as the willed restraint of his brushwork and the severity of his compositions, with their sense of just proportion and solid scaffolding of horizontal and vertical elements.

TV

COPS, FLOPS, LOLLIPOPS, AND A FEW SOPS TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING; TELEVISION THIS SEASON HAS THE SURPRISE VALUE OF A PRIZE BARREL AT A COUNTY FAIR. HERE, WHAT, AND WHAT NOT, TO LOOK FOR.

BY HENRY S. RESNIK

This year's biggest adventure series: "Can the Commercial Networks Survive?" Adverse conditions continue. For example, the Federal Communications Commission has made additionally restrictive and complicated new rulings about the use of prime time. Expect more *Lucy* reruns. . . . Independent production companies such as Westinghouse's Group W capitalize on the local stations' dilemma—watch for Group W's **TOM SMOTHERS ORGANIC PRIME TIME SPACE RIDE**—of guest stars, films, animation, and new talent. Also Group W's **NORMAN CORWIN PRESENTS,** twenty-six half-hour original television dramas; Corwin once had a genius for radio plays. (Exact schedules for these shows will vary from one station to another.) No new trends like last season's sad social consciousness, but the heyday of country corn is over: *Hee-Haw, The Beverly Hillbillies,* and others have been scratched.

After its excellent, controversial *The Selling of the Pentagon,* CBS moves ahead with more news programs, anticipating the day, perhaps, when news will be a principal function of broadcast television: A monthly two-hour news special, *CBS Reports. 60 Minutes* in a new Sunday time slot, but weekly now. Two-and-a-half-minute children's news spots Saturday morning, **IN THE NEWS.** And Walter Cronkite in a Saturday afternoon children's *You Are There.*

More for children: **THE ELECTRIC COMPANY** (PBS), aimed at a "bull's-eye" audience of second-graders with incipient reading problems. **TAKE A GIANT STEP** (NBC), an information-entertainment series to be broadcast live Saturday mornings. And, best of all for children, NBC's **BARRIER REEF** series—an underwater exploration of marine life filmed off the east coast of Australia.

Lawmen everywhere you look: Rock Hudson as a police commissioner, Peter Falk as a disheveled cop, and Dennis Weaver as a small-town lawman assigned to the New York City police, all in segments that make up **MYSTERY MOVIE** (NBC). A U.S. Treasury agent, played by David Janssen **(O'HARA, UNITED STATES TREASURY,** CBS). Attorneys: **OWEN MARSHALL: COUNSELOR AT LAW** (Arthur Hill) on ABC and **THE D.A.** (Robert Conrad and the files of the Los Angeles District Attorney's office) on NBC. Two cops in a squad car: NBC's **THE PARTNERS** (*Car 54, Where Are You?* where are *you?*)

Music specials on CBS: Four New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts and Leonard Bernstein's Beethoven birthday concert with the Vienna Philharmonic, a year late. . . . Less of the nostalgia boom than you might expect, but check out **CHICAGO TEDDY BEARS** (CBS)—Dean Jones and two buddies run a speakeasy.

Possible winners: **SHIRLEY'S WORLD** (ABC)—a half-hour series in which Shirley MacLaine plays a photojournalist whose assignments take her throughout Europe and Asia (she'll probably manage to avoid Doris Day, who's also going journalist—and single—this fall); **THE PERSUADERS** (ABC), made in England, stars Tony Curtis and Roger Moore; *CBS Playhouse 90* (a renaissance?). Offbeat: **THE FUNNY SIDE** (NBC)—a permanent company of five couples, including Gene Kelly, examines family and marriage, vaudeville style. . . . Back in the saddle again: James Garner, formerly of *Maverick,* as **NICHOLS,** sheriff of a Southwestern city (NBC); Glenn Ford as a U.S. marshal in **CADE'S COUNTY** (CBS).

Superstars on the little screen: **THE JAMES STEWART SHOW** (NBC)—Stewart is a college professor with a seven-year-old son, a twenty-eight-year-old son, and a seven-year-old-grandson, bridging all the gaps; Anthony Quinn plays the kind of mayor in **THE MAN AND THE CITY** (ABC) that you can really believe in, or eat popcorn with (pilot film of the series was self-righteously maudlin).

Suspected losers: **SARGE** (NBC), George Kennedy plays a "veteran detective, so disturbed by his wife's death that he retires from the police force and becomes a priest"; **THE GOOD LIFE** (NBC), about a suburban couple (Larry Hagman and Donna Mills) who drop out from prosperity to become Real People as the butler and maid of a millionaire (David Wayne) with a large country home; **LONGSTREET** (ABC), starring James Franciscus as a blind insurance investigator.

Goodies from Public Broadcasting Service: A new *Masterpiece Theater* series—Thomas Hardy's *Jude The Obscure;* Dostoevsky's *The Gambler,* starring Dame Edith Evans; Tolstoy's *Resurrection;* Stella Gibbons' *Cold Comfort Farm.* A somewhat shorter *Great American Dream Machine. Hollywood Television Theater* specials including Jack MacGowran's superb readings of Samuel Beckett. All this and William Buckley, too. ▼

Today, Hopper's paintings speak to Americans in a special way, because they speak of values lost and life-styles on the wane. His dedication to fine craft and compositions that were "well built," in the sense that the New England shipwrights or the Shaker craftsmen built well, seems a thing of the past. Today, when the America of Dennis Hopper confronts the America of Edward Hopper, the manicured lawns and Cape Cod houses, the scenes of deserted beaches and country filling stations recall a past when there were moments of calm and silence, even if that silence was fraught with a strange imminence, as in the frozen moments painted by such European masters as de Chirico and Balthus.

An exhibition by Edward Hopper is always a great occasion. (There is another retrospective running concurrently with the Whitney show at The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia.) One depressing note regarding the Whitney exhibition: it appears at least part of the bequest is to be sold, apparently to support the Museum's current exhibitions and acquisitions. How much better to have a permanent installation of Hopper's works, a durable monument to the fine qualities of American painting. ▼

RETURN OF A PRODIGAL AMERICAN VOICE

Arlene Saunders, below, *blond, with a wide-open voice and a fierce dedication to "just singing," dashed brilliantly through more than two dozen roles during the past eight years at the Hamburg State Opera in Germany. This September 10 she will star in the first opera to be performed at The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. This opera,* Beatrix Cenci, *was written especially for her by Alberto Ginastera, the astonishing Argentinean composer of the opera* Bomarzo. *"At Hamburg, we have so many operas in repertory that I can keep growing, singing, acting," said Arlene Saunders who lives in a small house in the old section of Hamburg. "In Europe, opera is part of everyone's life. It's beautiful to be so close to what you're doing. Opera has governmental backing in Germany. Perhaps the Kennedy Center will begin such support in America."*

JACK ROBINSON



"Mysterious, hypnotic, consuming," the work of the American Robert Wilson shook Paris and illuminated L'Espace Cardin. Martin Gottfried describes this phenomenon of

STAGED DREAM TIME

Pierre Cardin's theater complex—L'Espace Cardin—was an absolute bust in Paris until Robert Wilson came along to save it. Cardin had designed a handsome set of stages, two cool, sculptural theaters installed within a neo-Grecian temple on a lovely park. One of these theaters was conventional enough, seating five hundred people before a proscenium stage. The other was simply a *space* (the fashion today in theater-building), a long rectangle perhaps fifty feet by one hundred, painted and carpeted in soft grey. Both handsome. And both wasted while Cardin sought vainly for art theater to set Paris on its ear.

He found the man to do just that in Wilson, the young American who had conceived two productions in two years for just two performances each in New York—*The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud* and *Deafman Glance*. Both produced at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, they were much too far out for general audiences and critics.

Ah, but in Paris nothing is ever too far out. This is the home of the avant-garde; indeed, the place sometimes seems to make a fetish of it. And so when *Deafman Glance* was produced there last summer, it was a flabbergasting success. Only not at L'Espace Cardin. Wilson had found its stage too small for his dream-walking, three-and-a-half-hour spectacle, and so he convinced Cardin to present it in a bigger house in Paris.

In exchange, partly in gratitude and partly because Cardin was beside himself for having presented a success in one theater while his own remained vacant, Wilson created a whole new piece for L'Espace: *Program Prologue Now, Overture for a Deafman,* to be seen immediately before *Deafman Glance,* adding up to over seven hours of surreal, silent, superslow time suspension. It is Wilson's most successful and artistic work to date. In these odd times, when any crank Grotowski-ite is draped in apostolic robes, Wilson emerges as a true artist and very probably a genius.

Prologue begins in Cardin's upstairs room with the spectator-initiates ushered in by escorts, as if at a ritual. Why say "as if"? *Prologue* is very much a ritual, its scenic theme being the votive candles of the Catholic Church and its scheme being that of the Mass.

The audience is seated on low steps at one end and along the side (only one hundred people at each performance). The candles glitter all around. The music is quiet and repetitive, snatches of violins or a theme from the Fauré *Requiem,* recorded on tape loops to play over and over again. There is no dialogue. The actors are in robes, or sometimes nude. They lie on biers or stretch along in priestly procession. They engage in "Wilson's dance"—an otherworldly celebration of the body and spirit, moving to whimsical rhythms. A waiter serves dinner to a nun in a wheelchair, an arrow through her chest. The film of the *Deafman Glance* murder (by a mother of her children) is shown on all four sides of a pyramid that *we have just seen built* (about ten feet high). The murder has been re-enacted by a child upon her doll.

Then the audience is led out of the room, through the corridors and past strange scenes, as if on a magic carpet. It is very much like John Fowles's novel *The Magus,* life all around you prepared for theatricality. Looking through the window onto the street, one sees a row of white-robed actors on the sidewalk. A walrus flaps its fins in the garden. The music and the candles are everywhere.

Finally, the journey is concluded in the main theater, the various symbols of man and God—pyramids, fish, candles—now curling up through the balconies. The curtain rises to reveal a vaporous operating room—the interior of the pyramid we saw before. The murdered doll is in a crypt and the murdered child from *Deafman* is on the surgeon's table. The evening concludes as mysteriously, hypnotically, and consumingly as it had begun.

Most significant about *Prologue* is its depth of invention and intensity of feeling. The completeness of its inspiration and its sustained success in enveloping an audience into its mood is a brilliant achievement.

As unique and magical as Wilson's earlier works have been, *Prologue* is masterful and plans are already afoot to bring it into New York this winter—plans that, if its creator has his way, will include a performance that runs for seven continuous twenty-four-hour days. The prospect may turn your mind groggy, but you can't call it temporary; and time, of course, is what Wilson is all about. ▼

In silver screenland "Not all the drama was canned" By Allene Talmey

Max Wilk has cauliflower ears, incapable of distinguishing the voices of those who tell the anecdotes in his new book, *The Wit and Wisdom of Hollywood* (Atheneum). Fortunately there is considerable wit but, less fortunately, no more wisdom than pepper in custard. Instead of his ears, Wilk used his tape recorder, a device that manages to make most people sound like tape recorders. Although he gives a full chapter to Sam Goldwyn, it is a watery one, lacking the robust brilliance of the man, his homely recklessness, his extravagances, his remarkable stinginess. During one of Goldwyn's great litigations, an opposing lawyer said to him: "Your credo, Sam, is don't be a piker, give me the nickel."

For some fifty years the public has been duped into thinking that Sam Goldwyn is a master of the inadvertent comic phrase. He isn't. He uses the English language just as badly as national broadcasters. What he had for years, however, were factory hands in his changing publicity department who evolved those marvelous Goldwynisms. They understood their boss, they knew that he could attract new capital to a corporation turned corpse; that he could seduce the Du Ponts into backing him, Joseph M. Schenck into releasing his movies; that he could lure talent, irritate his directors, fight, sell, argue, file suits claiming anything from fraud to murder. People didn't work for Goldwyn, they enlisted for the duration of the war.

At one point Wilk has this fast story about Jack Warner who was described in a newspaper interview as "nearing eighty." When one of his friends didn't care for that, Warner said: "What the hell, it's a better line than 'Services will be private.'" That services will be private for Hollywood is the tenor of the book, with Wilk presiding at the graveside ritual. When the great old Hollywood retired or died, and the younger front-office men, writers, directors, and witch doctors did away with the censors, the sound of Cheyne-Stokes breathing could be heard in the movie theaters. Now, it will take enormous amounts of money, back-room politicking, and guts to get the censors back. No one has answered Harry Ruby's question to a producer: "How do you think a smash hit would go today?" (It's in the book.)

While Hollywood may need censors to get in the money, the Wilk book needs more of those flash men like Joe Schenck, who ran United Artists when his brother Nicholas ran M-G-M. They shared alike: Joe hired Nick's dependents and Nick hired Joe's. No one could spell nepotism and everyone practiced it. Joe had an acre of forehead, an immense flat face topped by hair carefully draped, and he mixed his tenses; but what he said meant something. Clerks sold him yellow overcoats, black shoes with grey spats, mauve shirts, and, for a long time, brown derbies. A mean man with a gilded telephone, Joe had rages the way some people have hay fever. He liked the noise of a smashed glass top on his desk. He liked to play distracted businessman, interrupting himself to settle a story deal, call a star, dictate, as chairman, an end to a local Republican county committee fight in California, and then, pacified, ask a watching secretary, "And now, what is it?" Not all the drama was canned.

In its three hundred and thirty pages, Max Wilk's book has a cast of hundreds, a notable number of put-downs, one-liners, and other really funny stuff but not quite enough to make up for the arid spots. Happily, this King Vidor line is in: "The picture was so bad they had to do retakes before they could put it on the shelf." ▼

POET'S TOUCH



DIRECTOR INGMAR BERGMAN, ABOVE, BETWEEN ELLIOTT GOULD AND BIBI ANDERSSON, TWO OF HIS STARS IN *THE TOUCH*, AND, IN THE INSET, DIRECTING THEM IN A SCENE FROM THIS, HIS NEWEST FILM, HIS FIRST IN ENGLISH.

MARVIN LICHTNER

BY ANDREW SARRIS

Ingmar Bergman's thirty-fifth film in a career covering the past quarter of a century is among his most puzzling and perplexing. This movie, *The Touch*, is structured, on the surface at least; around that most banal of all dramatogeometric forms: the triangle. As Bergman said of his original screenplay, "The tensions arise from the conflict caused by a stranger without roots (Elliott Gould) coming into a milieu where the security of the home has been taken for granted for generations."

Gould, the first American star ever to join a Bergman cast, plays a forty-year-old American archaeologist who comes to a Swedish town to supervise the excavation of a medieval church and remains to disrupt the secure middle-class marriage (with two children) of a reasonably compatible couple incarnated with toe-tingling sensitivity by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow, two of the most brilliant veterans of Bergman's stock company.

Another equally brilliant veteran —Gunnar Bjornstrand—once remarked that playing comedy for Bergman was like walking on the edge of a cliff. And so it is with *The Touch*. Much of the material could be treated as the stuff of farce: Bibi Andersson's happily bored housewife finding gruff passion in the arms of Elliott Gould's ludicrously petulant analysand; Max von Sydow showing the family slides with just a trace of self-ridiculing irony which, in the circumstances, turns out to be more ridiculous than ironic; the wife trying to get over her affair by taking Italian lessons. But there are no laughs. And few smiles. For one thing, the logic of comedy is too rigorous to tolerate the gaping holes in Bergman's plot. Why does Gould's "sister" (Sheila Reid) speak with a British accent when Gould's is strictly Berlitz English, and what of her intimations of incest? Why does Bergman so quickly drop the subject of Von Sydow's having treated Gould after the latter's attempt at suicide? Or was it an attempt at suicide?

Then, too, the movie begins on a somber note with the death of the wife's mother; and from the moment we witness the wife's tearful breakdown, we tend to see everything that follows from her point of view and solely in terms of her emotional development. Hence, *The Touch* is first and foremost a glorious opportunity for Bibi Andersson to unveil all her charms, physical and spiritual, intellectual and emotional, visual and verbal. She so dominates our sympathies that Elliott Gould's morbid behavior seems increasingly irritating and unmotivated. He lacks the charm, mystery, and romance necessary to redeem his temper tantrums. Even on the casting level, Gould is less a presence looming significantly on the horizon than a kind of Rorschach rubber doll bouncing off people in a crowded room with a zany resiliency. But then it is not entirely Gould's fault that Bergman seems to be so completely on the side of Woman in her absurd adventures with male vanity and vainglory. In this sense, *The Touch* comes perilously close to being the most old-fashioned kind of woman's picture. But not quite. Bergman's psychological intensity, though often disconnected dramatically, grabs at our throats with its intimations of unrelieved pain and suffering. Bergman has made his modish reputation by brooding about Death as a chessplayer (in *The Seventh Seal*) and God as a spider (in *Through a Glass Darkly*), but his greatest strength is not in his contemplation of Death and the Hereafter but in his anguished awareness of Life in the Here and Now.

We might say of Bergman after *The Touch* as Stark Young said of Eugene O'Neill after *The Great God Brown:* "I think . . . there were a good many who knew that his most intense qualities and appeal and effect on us did not arise from any subject matter, any supposed revolutionary impact, any strong dramatic expertness. They knew that what moved us was the cost to the dramatist of what he handled. They knew that by his capacity for concern, his quivering nerves and passionate involvement, far more than by any dramatic process, he was touching their inmost hearts; and that, whatever the dramatic motive, the real appeal of his play was poetic and personal." ▼

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

BLACK AT NIGHT

The calmer-downer, the keyer-upper . . . what everyone wants to put on at six, at nine . . . to go to dinner in . . . to go to the theater in . . . to go to small parties in, big parties . . . stay at home in . . . stay up all night in. It has been missed. It has been longed for. And it's back with a bang. . . . We've said it before: black is the star—comfortable, seductive, quiet, exciting. Dynamite! Give it something bold in the way of jewelry . . . something bright in the way of makeup . . . a black stocking and a sexy black slipper or red legs and red shoes. And it's on its way. . . .

the black fox Chubby

. . . a wonderful soft, small, pretty one from Trigère, cut to fit right in at the back, over a long black wool jersey dress—wanted this very night.

Chubby by Pauline Trigère for Oliver Gintel, of black-dyed Norwegian blue fox. Trigère dress, of Meyer Woolens fabric. Sara Fredericks; B. Forman; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Coiffure here, and those on the next ten pages, by Suga. Accessories, next to last page.





BLACK AT

a touch of sparkle



Back-baring velvet, short and swingy

Shimmery cut velvet with a tizzy of feathers around the thigh—Kasper's sweet-sexy-prettiest-girl-at-the-party dress, to dance out the soles of your red satin wedges in.

By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of polyester-and-rayon cut velvet; about $230. At Sara Fredericks; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Halle's-Cleveland; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; The Denver; I. Magnin.

moon over miami

Leg-baring velvet, otherwise covered

When you want to be perfectly simple —and daring—and dashing: Cardin-New York's black velvet apron-paneled dress split over a satin mini.

By Pierre Cardin - New York; Martin Fabrics velvet of Acele acetate and Enka rayon; about $240. Bonwit Teller; Hengerer's; B. Forman; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Both pages: other stores and accessories, next to last page.

PENN

small-coiffed head

BLACK AT

Long lapin coat, fluffs of bright lamb

What every black dress needs at night Adri has in plushy lapin—a black coat to the floor with lamb cuffs and collar like three fat peonies (don't miss the charm of a sleek small head in these downy surroundings).

Coat by Adri for Clothes Circuit, of grooved rabbit and dyed Icelandic lamb. Made to order at Lord & Taylor, New York.

Wrapped black crêpe, covered and bare

For big parties, for evenings at home: the calm and excitement of black in one romantic swoop from Sarmi—satin ribbon at the waist and a long, loosely ruffled slit from which the leg comes through like a beautiful surprise.

By Ferdinando Sarmi, of rayon and Celanese acetate (William Rose fabric). About $250. At Martha; Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Helena Rubinstein makeup. Accessory details, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

red legs, red shoes at night

PENN

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

BLACK AT NIGHT

think about your skin

Short and bare

The how-did-we-live-without-it black dress —Ben Reig's diamanté-strapped version in tissue wool, fitted, flare-y, not to be missed this season.

A woolmark dress; about $315. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue. Dynel wig by Halston for Abbott Tresses.



Long and bare...

Adri's black crêpe (above) with one of those sexy, soft-as-a-handkerchief slip tops—when you want to show some skin and still be skirted, this is it....

Adri for Clothes Circuit; satin-backed rayon and acetate crêpe. About $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's.



Long and covered

Kasper's killer-diller matte jersey (above) clinging then full—as revealing in its way as the barest of the bare.

Kasper for Joan Leslie rayon dress; about $160. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hengerer's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Halle's-Cleveland; Stanley Korshak; Vandever's; I. Magnin. Other stores, next to last page.



The satin smoking

For anyone still wondering how alluring a woman can be in pants—John Anthony's shining black raven of a suit, thin and fatale.

In Celanese acetate (Onondaga fabric); about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Swanson's. Other stores, next to last page this issue.

PENN

THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS

BLACK AT NIGHT

Evening suit, prim and proper in sequins

Out of the schoolroom into the night—white cuffs on an ankle-length black wool crêpe dress from Dominic Rompollo, over which goes a sleeveless Norfolk jacket in a glory of sequins.

Dress of Meyer Woolens fabric, loomed in America; about $165. Jacket, Whelan lace; about $315. Suit, Miss Bergdorf, Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's; Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; The Denver; I. Magnin.



PENN



Fur-trimmed coat, long on velvet

To put over every evening thing you own, black or not, long or short—Donald Brooks' shaped coat with all the becomingness you'd expect of black velvet and silky black fur around the face.

Coat of Acele acetate and rayon velvet (Martin Fabrics) and black-dyed fox. Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Makeup by Germaine Monteil.

Shirtdress, movie-star sequins

If you're marvelous in sharp little polo shirts, don't change your luck: light up the night in Chester Weinberg's super-attenuated polo shirt—a zillion blinkers on gauziest lace, plunged the limit and belted tight. Sensational!

Dress, Whelan lace. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; The Denver. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

EASY AND BEAUTIFUL

the smock

Pyjama

Think of pouring good thick cream. That's how fluid Halston's beautifully soft crêpe jacket is, falling from a high little yoke in back as easily as a serf's smock, over wide straight pants.

Halston Ltd.: Staron silk. Jacket, about $260; pants, about $200. At Bloomingdale's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Sakowitz. The Dynel wig by Halston for Abbott Tresses.

PENN

remember the red shoe

AT NIGHT

In Onondaga crêpe, of Avisco rayon and Celanese acetate. About $165. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; Sakowitz. The flawless makeup: Etherea Transparent Coloring Cream. Coifs on these eleven pages, by Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

Red, hot, and flaming —just add a bright lipstick, a lilac cuff. Larry Aldrich had done the rest: sharp dolman sleeves (the sleeves to watch for— and how can you not?), the plunge, all that red to the ankle.

the dolman-sleeved dress—covered and bare



EASY AND BEAUTIFUL

The suit—big news for evening

The whole glorious idea of ease at night—Dior-New York's printed cardigan and skirt, so fluid and effortless, all the splendor is in the fabric: sprays of apricot, peach, quince on satin-plaited black organza. Black satin tunic.

Christian Dior-New [illegible] Verron silk organza and satin. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's

AT NIGHT

the shimmered blue sweater dress

Easy, clinging, all covered up: Malcolm Starr's flickering knit turtleneck, just as simple—and sensational—as that.

By Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr, of rayon and metallic threads. About $165. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Other stores for this page—and accessories, both pages—next to last page this issue. Coifs by Franklyn Welsh.

DAVID BAILEY

EASY AND BEAUTIFUL AT NIGHT

the covered and patterned dress



From Wilson Folmar—a soft, gauzy, gold-shimmered red dress and cardigan—a suit by any other name....

Left: In sari silk. About $260. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Montaldo's; Swanson's; Frost Bros. Kanekalon wig by Fashion Tresses.

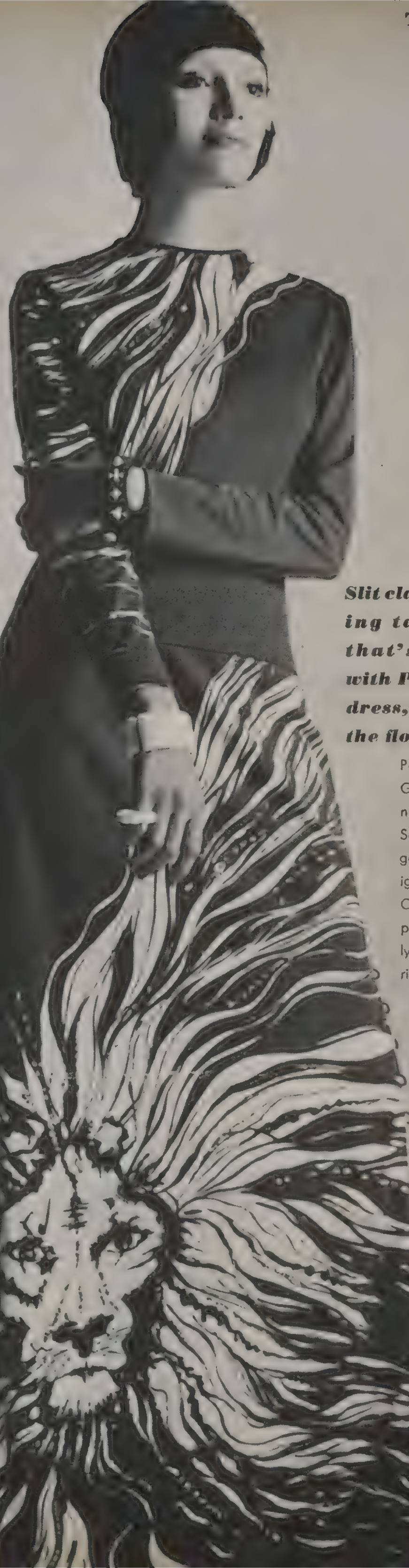
Flame in the wind—Nat Kaplan's blowy, fiery, red chiffon throwing off sparks of gold.

Embroidered silk dress, about $260. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Other stores, next to last page this issue. Dynel wig by Givenchy.



Glistery, goldeny, silvery, greenery—and satin, simple and soft as Oscar de la Renta can make it.

Oscar de la Renta Boutique, satin of Qiana (Onondaga fabric). About $215. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hengerer's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Titche's, Dallas; I. Magnin. Other stores, next to last page.



Slit claret knit, roaring tawny print—that's how it goes with Paganne's easy dress, all the way to the floor.

Paganne designed by Gene Berk in Antron nylon. About $105. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Other stores, next to last page. Both pages: Franklyn Welsh coifs; accessories, next to last page.

DAVID BAILEY



EASY AND BEAUTIFUL AT NIGHT

the covered satin dress

Strict, sexy, left—Cardin-New York covers you completely in the softest, most fluid sable-brown satin, falling against the body and just sort of blowing around in a quiet, very devastating way.

By Pierre Cardin-New York, of Qiana (Onondaga fabric). About $295. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Swanson's; Frost Bros.

the vinyl-striped T-shirt

Simply a long slit black jersey T-shirt, right—skinny, easy, nothing to it—until Lanvin New York adds the punch line: shiny yellow, violet, and red vinyl stripes and big vinyl flowers on wool knit.

Lanvin Paris New York. About $130. Bonwit Teller; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Dynel wig by Givenchy. Both pages: coifs by Franklyn Welsh; accessories, next to last page this issue.

DAVID BAILEY

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



CARLY COMING UP

Carly Simon—tall, lean, and talented—is one of the new breed of girl singer/songwriters. She's up at the top of the charts with "That's the Way I've Always Heard it Should Be" and a new Elektra album. **1.** Carly in one of her boutique finds from Narcissa—an off-white wool aba with enormous bat-wing sleeves and bright one-of-a-kind antique embroidery panels inset on the lace-up front. $100. **2.** Carly's flower-printed brown chiffon two-piece dress, puffed sleeves. About $150. Her knotted cord handbag is $48. **3.** Beige matte jersey pants cascading like a waterfall, narrow top with ruffled neck. About $135. Everything here designed by Eric Lund for Narcissa, 242 East 58th Street, New York. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

Continued


1

CHÉR: TODAY

Now, we all know Chér never misses a beat. She's one girl who looks and sounds right on target . . . who picks the best of the new and goes with it. . . . This year, Chér is wearing much more subtle makeup . . . lighter and more natural colors and contours . . . it's a brighter, more open face for the 'seventies. As always, Chér is an innovator, a fashion original. . . . The new Chér for her series of concerts at the Royal Box at the Americana Hotel in New York is whipping out some sexy, sophisticated looks. . . . **1.** Chér in a sexy shiny jumpsuit made especially for her by Sadie Hayes. **2.** Another fabulous look on Chér—an open crochet dress by Helga Howie. . . .


2

CUNNINGHAM

NEW WAYS: THE SUPREMES


3

Mary, Cindy, and Jean always look, well, supreme. For their Schaefer Music Festival concert they wanted something new—and decided their pal Stephen Burrows was the man to give a new twist to the look of the famous trio. Stephen's plan was simple—close little helmets of hair knotted in back and cupped in silver . . . blowy white jersey dresses with asymmetrical hems and an allover glaze of gold leather strips. . . .


4

(Continued from page 252)

"... it wasn't just the end of an era of music, but the end of music."

seeing myself in print. This persisted for a long time. But in these three years, I've become press shy, because I find the press so irresponsible. The big instance, of course, is now a year and a half old—that widespread report of what to this day people think of as The Panther Party we gave in our house, which was neither a party nor was it for the Panthers. It was actually a serious evening of explanations, questions and answers, and fund raising, not for the Black Panther Party, but for a few specific Panthers who had been in jail at that time for ten months waiting trial. (They've all been acquitted, by the way.) The treatment of that event in the press, the abuse that Felicia and I have suffered since then . . . all owing to that horrendous editorial that appeared in *The New York Times*, would have been enough to make me press shy. Then, of course, came a Tom Wolfe "masterpiece" in *New York* magazine. Well . . . that's the press.

But I'll tell you something that infuriates me almost more than this Panther business. Last April, I was in Vienna recording *Der Rosenkavalier*. I was in the middle of the recording session when somebody in the violin section came up and whispered in my ear the news of Stravinsky's death. Naturally, everything stopped and I brought the news to the orchestra. There was a long silence. I'd been preparing myself for this moment for years, because Stravinsky had been so sick so often. I thought I was prepared for the news of his death at any time, but I felt totally unprepared when it came. I finally said to the orchestra, "I know that what Stravinsky would have wanted would be for us to keep working, because music was the thing that he loved most in the world, in spite of the fact that Richard Strauss was the composer he hated most in the world." I tried to go on (and this was facing the bear), and the orchestra all picked up their instruments, and we started again and we played two bars—and then, I broke down. I just couldn't go on.

I called intermission and went back into the control room to try to hear some playbacks. But I couldn't concentrate because it struck me with such force that it wasn't just the end of an era of music, but the *end* of music. I know this isn't true, but that is the way it struck me —that music was over. Stravinsky, the last of the great composers, was gone. I felt that somehow I'd been abandoned by my father.

I was still in the control room when knocks came at the door. People came in saying that every news agency had to have a statement. I said "No," because I had no words. I was plunged in despair. I went back to my hotel and found, conservatively speaking, thirty telegrams, again saying, "Must have an instant statement." I went to my room, locked myself in, and said, "No phone calls." Anything I could have said would have seemed sleazy and I thought, "Why does the press always descend at the moment of somebody's death?" It's awful. And so I succeeded in avoiding it all.

What was my chagrin then, as Dickens would have put it, to pick up the Paris *International Herald Tribune* and to find on page one, associated with a report of Stravinsky's death, quotes from musical luminaries—some of them quite long, some obviously prepared by secretaries or press agents, some quite sincere sounding—and a one-liner from Leonard Bernstein, saying: "Well, the grand old man is gone!" I couldn't believe my eyes, especially feeling as desperate in my reaction as I did.

GRUEN: But even given your despair, couldn't you have somehow managed to make some sort of statement? Or, having read that invented one-liner, couldn't you *then* have made some reply?

BERNSTEIN: I didn't make a reply because, by making a fuss about it, all I would be doing would be calling attention to myself as associated with this event, and not to Stravinsky. This would be nauseating, and something I would not do.

GRUEN: I thought that the press was rather fair in their report of the Berrigan-brothers evening you and Felicia held in your apartment. You raised over $35,000. The only repercussion was that, shortly after, the Jewish Defense League began picketing your apartment building, carrying placards reading "Remember You're a Jew" and "What About Jewish Civil Liberties?" What were your feelings about that?

BERNSTEIN: The closest I can come to any kind of rationality for the Jewish Defense League is that their point was, "O.K., we are not against your giving an evening for the Berrigans, but what about us? Why don't you give one for us?" Well, I've worked all my life for Jewish causes. The League is specifically concerned about civil liberties in Russia. One can't give an evening for the Riga 4 or the Leningrad 9, because they are not here, and we couldn't get the funds we could raise to them.

GRUEN: You recently visited Father Daniel Berrigan in prison at the Danbury Federal Correctional Institute and talked about his case and about your *Mass*?

BERNSTEIN: It was an extraordinary encounter. Anybody who is locked up may become hostile and strange. But Father Dan was anything but. He was sweet and radiant and earthy and even witty. Sitting in a visiting room jam-packed with families and screaming kids, we talked for about two hours about theological doctrine, liturgical matters, and touched on ways of putting my *Mass* on a stage.

I was very moved. Berrigan is authentically a priest. I asked him if I could be very blunt, asking whether, for example, he literally felt, when taking Communion, that he was taking into his body the blood and body of Christ. He said "Yes" without a moment's hesitation. What's so interesting is that so many ardent anti-war Catholics are conservative when it comes to Catholicism itself. That's what's so touching: their being conservative in that sense and still being dissident to a point of making such a medieval morality play as burning those draft files in Catonsville, and joining hands and pray-

(Continued on page 310)



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LEONARD BERNSTEIN

(Continued from page 309)

"... the only way I can begin composing every day is to say to myself that I can write only what I believe in ..."

ing over the flames as they waited for the police to come and arrest them. It's an incredible kind of drama. It's beautiful and inspiring, and it puts a tremendous load on the rest of us who are not subjected to the conservative Catholic ideology. And we say to ourselves, "Do we have the guts to do anything like that?"

GRUEN: Why a *Mass* for the opening of Kennedy Center?

BERNSTEIN: I've wanted for some years to write a religious service of some kind. In the course of thinking about this, the Kennedy Center commission came up, and perhaps unconsciously the association of the name Kennedy seemed to point a ray of light toward the Catholic service. It may also have been partly my renewed interest in Catholicism through the Berrigans. You see, the thing that preoccupies me the most these days is peace. The hatefulness of war has never been more keen than in connection with the war in Vietnam.

At any rate, I've veered toward writing a Mass because the Mass is probably the most dramatic and theatrical religious service there is. My *Mass* is a stage work, although when I hear myself saying that it's a Mass, I begin to question myself, because it isn't a Mass in the sense that it's usable in a church as a Mass. And it isn't a concert Mass in the sense of one by Beethoven or Mozart or Bach. It's a stage work that is at the same time a Mass and at the same time *about* a Mass. It's very hard to describe. It's a piece of theater that I hope will, in its way, accomplish something similar to what a Mass accomplishes in a church.

GRUEN: A new work of yours has been very long in coming. Your last major piece, *Chichester Psalms,* was composed in 1965. What has happened to your composing in the intervening years?

BERNSTEIN: As you know, I resigned as Music Director of the New York Philharmonic in 1968 (although I've been made Laureate Conductor for life and will continue conducting the orchestra every season). Since that time, I've been in and out of composing but have not completed a work because I've had very bad collaborative luck on four major projects. This *Mass* is the fifth project.

GRUEN: As a composer, do you consider yourself to be in the mainstream of contemporary American music?

BERNSTEIN: Composition at this moment of musical history is a difficult business. There has never been so much music being composed as there is now. Some of it is fascinating, some even touching and beautiful.

But the mainstream of composition was sharply diverted by the disappearance of tonality. This disappearance, however, has not happened in my interior landscape. Tonality is very much with me, so that I don't fall into the mold of what is now regarded as a *contemporary* composer. It makes composition twice as difficult for me, because I have to get over the notion that I am old-fashioned, reactionary, or conservative (which it is not in my nature to be). And yet, I am irrevocably stuck with tonality.

So, each day I have to jump over that little hurdle, and the only way I can begin composing every day or think about it is to say to myself, as religious people say their morning prayers, that I can write only in what I believe in, in what is *really* coming out of me. I cannot go along with fashions, and I can't jump onto any bandwagon.

GRUEN: What are your thoughts on Pierre Boulez who, this season, follows you as Music Director of New York Philharmonic?

BERNSTEIN: I feel very good about all he's planning to do, which is to make seasons that have themes and programs that relate to one another—to investigate a composer or a school of composers. This year, he has decided to throw the spotlight on Franz Liszt and on Alban Berg. Boulez has had much better luck with me than I had with many of the guest conductors when I was around and tried to make these thematic series of pro-

(Continued on page 314)

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(Continued from page 233)



JACK ROBINSON

Edna O'Brien

Her sense of country is verdant, acute, pervasive. Edna O'Brien, with hair like an uncontained fire, proves an author can and, in fact, must go home again—Ireland and her own County Clare well up as background for* The Lonely Girl, The Country Girls *(both filmed as* Girl With Green Eyes*), and the recent novel* A Pagan Place. *In her thirties, divorced, the mother of teen-aged sons, Sasha and Carlos—"Children are the great tenderizers"—Edna O'Brien lives in a house on the Thames. She writes often for the films: her screenplay X Y & Zee, published in paperback, will star Elizabeth Taylor. Next in view, a new O'Brien novel,* Night *(of this, she said, "Something has occurred between my former self and me"), and a play to be produced in England this autumn.

If when you were sitting or standing you looked up to study some of the advertisements, along with several for chocolates and balding heads and slimming aids and bread, there are a couple that would bring you back to the issue of what is happening now to the sexes. There is one that portrays a gorgeous girl and the caption says, "If you like eating and drinking, take *your* boyfriend to the Spotted Dog." And there is another gorgeous girl, or a brace of gorgeous girls: "Ask a friend to your Happy, some girls like company when they come and see us, go ahead, bring a friend, have your happy Alfred Marks Day, the way you want it. But have it, today."

Sex, money, a job, making it. The girl, notice, not the weary woman, as breadwinner, the implied lesbian possibility, the equality of the sexes. Not an out-and-out orgy, but three to a bed! London today. To write an adequate novel about it would need a great satirist and I am inclined to think it would have to be a male, because they have sharper brains. Such a satirist would have to consider the government—H.M. the Queen in her relatively ivory tower having relatively thin times it seems; her husband out and about making speeches about air pollution, the preservation of wild life, et cetera; their son at Britannia Royal Naval College carrying on the naval tradition; Enoch Powell whetting up racism; the pot smokers and the trippers in the restaurants, dreaming and tripping; the traffic jams and the glut of money spent on food, drink, clothes, and records. One would have to go to schools and hospitals and jails and lawcourts and nightclubs and striptease clubs and Hyde Park Corner on a sunny Sunday morning. No one does. I mean no artist considers the flux of such things.

The artists are on their own. There is no group, no school, no theme common to one and to another. Antonioni came from Italy and made a picture about a photographer who pulled birds and had a desire to inject mystery into his life, a life that was glamorous but emotionally arid. The most talked of sequence in the picture was two girls making love with the photographer inside a paper eiderdown, a sort of womb. It was a valid picture.

It showed one section of London life, the glassy.

Harold Pinter writes about men who have no papers, no self-knowledge, no hope. His appointment of words has passed into everyday life and he has, in that sense, been vital to English letters. But the world he portrays is not indicative of the East End of London where he was born; it is a world of his own, a semi-asylum, where people live by repeating ambiguous utterances across the lonely reaches of their own rooms, a world where paucity struggles to become poetry.

Kingsley Amis has departed from the life of English university mores, from the antics of the fat or thin Englishmen into another realm, part fiction, part science fiction. Iris Murdoch assembles a lot of characters and familiarizes us with their fetishes, their adultery, and ramifications of their clever conversation. Margaret Drabble writes about women with babies in one hand and an intellect in the other, and their struggle to give rein to both. John Osborne writhes and writhes. A recent play of his was concerned with six people in a hotel room in Amsterdam, debating as to whether they should go out for dinner or stay in, drink this blend or that of whiskey. Though their anguish was genuine, a target they chose for attack was a film producer whom they were in the pay of. I am told that I write of ignorant Irish girls on bicycles, the saddles of which have some sort of sexual symbolism.

These, then, are our dilemmas, while in another part of Europe a writer may expect a knock on the door in the middle of the night and be carted off for interrogation or death or? Maybe England is too benign. Artists require a struggle. Maybe there will be no more great art because historically that has happened. Shakespeare and her lyric poets have been England's literary glory.

Something quite different is going on in America, something more robust and hideous and terrifying and vital. The themes that engaged the writers of the American 'thirties are now the province of television and journalism. It is journalists who describe the journey of the Mexican grapepickers who cross the frontier and work in appalling conditions and for a pittance.

It is on television that we see what is happening, or some of what is happening, in Vietnam. No writer could dare to compete with the goriness of the events. I suppose the more prosperous and therefore complex and therefore mechanized and therefore brutalized that a country becomes, the more the artist tends to withdraw because the full facts are too hideous.

At the moment there are two very different kinds of writing going on in America. There are the works set in urban places, shrill, raucous, the themes are fornication, divorce, marriage-swopping, and God as possible solution to the housewife's crotch.

William Burroughs is undoubtedly the American genius, but the book on everyone's coffee table is *Portnoy's Complaint*. I would think the reason, apart from its titillative skill, was that it took vengeance on those erstwhile victims/heroes, the old Jews from Cracow or wherever. In this case, the vengeance was taken by the son of the house against parents, mainly mother: Need I even say that she stood over me with a breadknife because I am such a bad eater? Run to the drugstore, get the grapes, get the nylon stockings, get the Kotex, did I run, he says!

Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, Edward Albee, all writers in whom spleen and brilliance are artfully welded, work where hate is queen. I believe that the fiction of a country is the touchstone of it, and consequently I imagine America as a place where something has gone terribly wrong. I don't know what will happen there but it is true that alongside all the material life and therefore art—how fitting that Andy Warhol should

(Continued on page 315)

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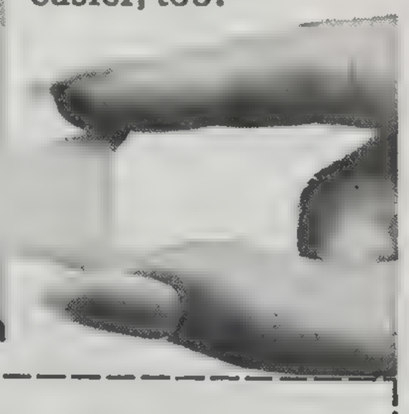
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You're still douching.

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LEONARD BERNSTEIN

(Continued from page 310)

"If I weren't convinced that there were a way to solve all this, I would simply jump out of that window . . ."

grams. When I was doing Ives and Ruggles, investigating American music in its difficult, craggy beginnings, I couldn't get any guest conductor to cooperate. I had to do them all myself. Anyway, I'm going along with Boulez because I know exactly how he feels. Among other works, I will be doing the Faust symphony by Liszt, and *Psalm XIII* by Liszt, and the Berg violin concerto.

GRUEN: Will the coming season be something of a Bernstein festival?

BERNSTEIN: Yes, it's going to be quite a full season for me. The *Mass* at Kennedy Center happens in September. Then, the revival of *On The Town* hits New York in October, and the revival of *Candide* comes in November. And in November I come back, too, to conduct the Philharmonic. So it's something of a retrospective.

GRUEN: What is your general mood these days?

BERNSTEIN: I'm very worried about bloodshed. I see a lot of bloodshed ahead, all of which could be prevented. And I see a lot of disease and ecological disaster—also preventable. I worry terribly about the young because their descent into psychic hells, which is becoming more and more frequent, can also be prevented. I keep thinking about Bernard Shaw who said in his preface to *Major Barbara* that there was only one crime that he knew of in the world, and that crime was poverty. For example, we talk about pollution all the time as an American problem. We say, "What's happening to the pike in Lake Michigan, they're all dead, nobody can make gefilte fish anymore; and what about the whales, and the salmon, and the swordfish turning up half filled with mercury?" We all think it's an American problem. Well, it's a worldwide problem.

It's a worldwide problem because poverty is worldwide and greed is worldwide and the more industry is built up around the world—mainly with ours and the Soviet Union's help—the more pollution there is. And the whole horror of prisons—of the people who are being put into prison now and who don't belong in prison, or the whole notion of the indeterminate sentence which is supposed to be such an advance in penology and is really forty steps backwards into the Middle Ages. We have enormous riches in the world. We also have minds, and it is simply imagination-boggling that we do not put our minds to constructive use.

The positive thing is that it is all solvable. If enough people make enough noise, if enough people come to their senses, if some kind of leadership appears, it could all be solved. That's what's so horrible and heartbreaking. There must be rationality somewhere. I'm desperately searching for it somewhere, because everything that's happening seems irrational.

I just talked to somebody who had spent five weeks in Vietnam, and this brings us back full circle to the evening when we were playing the game about the bear. I asked him to describe his experience in Vietnam in terms of this game—that is, describe the house, etc. And he said, "It's a house that's on fire and, inside, the most elaborate and elegant dinner party is in progress."

If I weren't convinced that there were a way to solve all this—not, mind you, that I know what the way is; otherwise I'd be screaming it in the streets—then I would simply jump out of that window and wouldn't worry about it anymore. But I am convinced that somehow, miraculously, through the rediscovery of man's rational power, and maybe through the appearance of leadership, we'll be able to make it. That's why I'm really writing this *Mass*. It's the only way I can contribute to what I hope is rationality in these times. ▼

THE ARTIST AND HIS COUNTRY

(Continued from page 313)

use disposable things—that alongside the material minds are a new crop of artists that I call for want of a better word "mushroom inspired."

The film *Easy Rider* falls into that category. The riders are after another truth, they are scrutinous and they are searching and I must confess they are frequently humorless. There is a book called *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge* by Carlos Castaneda. The hero is aspiring to be initiated into the rite and ritual of peyote and therefore into a higher realization of himself. He is told by his guru, "A man goes to knowledge as he goes to war, wide-awake, with fear, with respect, and with absolute assurance. Going to knowledge or going to war in any other manner is a mistake, and whoever makes it will live to regret his steps . . . under such conditions his acts lose the blundering quality of a fool's acts. If such a man fails, or suffers a defeat, he will have lost only a battle. . . ." Art is becoming closer to prayer.

Has the artist a duty to his country? No. The moment duty comes into it, the moment he is apprehensive about his superiors, then he is a mediator and a whore. Respect for authority is a piddling mentality. As an artist you must bite the hand that feeds you. If Shakespeare had stopped to consider the feelings of the reigning Queen of England, he could hardly have written his history plays and showed kings and queens to be the rogues, murderers, and plotters that they were.

Loyalty, patriotism, these are slogans, these are for brochure writers. The poet's business is to rage, rage and storm. He has two criteria, truth and excellence. He should not be in the pay of the politicians or the bureaucrats or the middlemen. Art is not for appeasing people, it is for expanding them. He may love his country, he may be in awe of it, but he must always draw attention to the behavior of its inhabitants. That will make him unpopular both with his leaders and with a great section of the people. That is one of his duties.

I don't, of course, mean a gratuitous whiner, a man who carps for the sake of carping, I mean a real true warrior. Why is art so separated from life? Why? Why is art for the elite, why do paintings cost so much and why are poets writing for themselves and for other poets? Because most artists have failed, have forgotten about real communication. The outstanding exception is Bertolt Brecht who took art by the scruff of the neck and made it everyman's.

There is a glut of middling stuff here, there, and everywhere. By all means a man should paint or write sonnets if it stops him going berserk or masturbating or eating his feces, but why inflict it on the world? The measure has become quantity not quality. Publishers like fat books, books with a lot of pages. We even hear now of books being put together rather like sausages, a collage of smut and adventurousness. Publishers are businessmen. Writers have no right to be. To my mind, in order to pursue their course, writers ought to have to do feats of initiation like mythological heroes of old, ought to have to serve their time with hard and honorable work, rather like aspirants to Plato's Utopia.

You may say is the reverse true. Has the country a duty to the artist? No. The country must give him the opportunity of air and light and drainage, and law and order, and allow him to be heard, but that is all. It is the artist's business to make its inhabitants aware of him, not through sensation, not peripherally, but from the very core, from the gizzard. If he is coddled and honored, then he is soon appeased and he is likely to become too conciliatory.

This introduces the whole subject of Art and our mutual investment in art and what are the consequences. As a person who aspires to being an artist, I want to leave you with some intimation of light and I ask the same from other artists in the power they exercise over me. Take us out of the capsule of our tight minds, free us from the dross and habit of our own thinking, push us into a higher place or state.

Examine something that you read that has affected you deeply. Ask yourself how long you retained that effect, how much you let the spirit of a Dante or a Dostoevsky into your being to alter you henceforth. Most art is shallow. But good art is an attempt to get to an unknown, perhaps to a preceding thing. It is, or it can be, as alive or as dead as we are.

I often say I would rather crash into a tree than into a lamppost. Does that make me a country lover? I believe it does. Who am I? What am I? Whom do I love? What things do I feel about my country? What do I most dislike about the Irish? Their slavery and their vast exaggerations. You would think no one ever suffered as much as they. Desperate people.

The great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made
mad,
For all their wars are
merry,
And all their songs are sad.

It was a safe place, from the point of view of the elements: no earthquakes, no avalanches, for that matter no snakes, the story went that St. Patrick had banished them all to Australia.

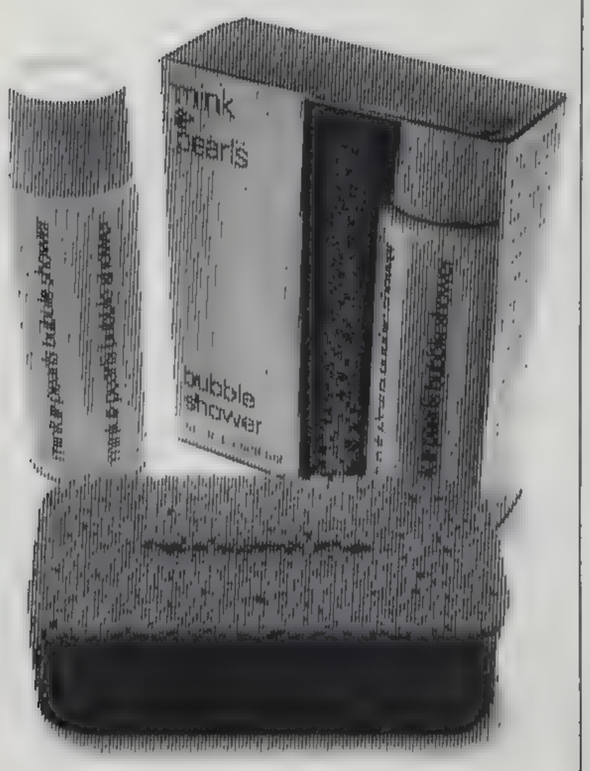
I wouldn't want to be from anywhere else. I was born in a Catholic country, a rainy country, at Christmastime in the 1930's. The first sounds I must have heard must have been the wind, the midwife exclaiming—because I had, as she thought, club feet—my mother's pain, and my father in a state of inebriation. The language I knew and spoke was Irish. The world outside, with its trees and its meadows and its nettles and its hills, was my first, and no matter where I go or whom I'm with or whom I love or whom I might betray. . . .

There was no such thing as

(Continued on page 316)



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THE ARTIST AND HIS COUNTRY

(Continued from page 315)

literature. Three books circulated in my childhood: *How Green Was My Valley, Rebecca,* and *Gone With the Wind.* They were passed round by the page. I read snatches of all three but never got the full book. The other cultural event was the traveling players and the big draws were *East Lynne, Dracula,* and *Murder in the Old Red Barn.*

There was no privacy in that world. You knew everything and in turn you were known. I knew the secrets of each house, what they wore, what they ate, if they quarreled, who slept in whose bed, their earnings. It is partly what drove me out. A claustrophobia. I say partly because there are two other factors: hunger for the world, and a certain fear. The Irish do not like you to disagree with them. They do not have that quality that Carl Gustav Jung called "respect for the otherness of the other." Psychologically they are barbarians, although imaginatively they are poets. If Martin Luther never got there neither did Jung or Freud or Reich or any of the mind liberators.

So I left. You could say it is cowardly or you could say it is brave. It is a bit of both. I want to learn. I want to know. I want to be among people where I can raise my voice and not get guillotined. In England, I can do that. England is a harbor. I neither aim to leave it or to stay and in that sense I am in limbo and limbo is no place for a writer. A writer must be in the thick of things. Must be in the marketplace. I am lucky in that I can still draw from my roots and, what is odd and a small miracle, that the more I draw the more there seems to be.

Eleven years ago, living in London, I wrote a novel set in Ireland, first person singular, a sort of child's hymn to a place. I wrote other things and dwelt in other places and then my imagination or obsession or whatever it's called brought me back. The same world, the same landscape, but looked at through other eyes in my book, *A Pagan Place:*

Dan Egan is in Drewsboro
The Wattles at the gate
Manny Parker's in the Avenue
And the Nigger's walking straight.

Manny Parker was a botanist, out in all weathers, lived with his sister that ran the sweetshop, they ate meat Fridays, they were Protestants. Your mother dealt there, found them honest.

They put chocolate aside for her because it was rationed, six bars plain and six bars of fruit and nut. These she stored in the sideboard along with jams and jellies. The sideboard was dark brown, the keys missing, but since the doors opened with a terrible creak it was nearly the same as having them locked. No one opened those doors without the whole house knowing. When the bitter oranges came from Seville in the spring, Manny Parker's sister made a marmalade and the pound pots were put to cool on the counter where everyone could see them and compliment her on them. She favored a coarser marmalade than your mother and the shreds suspended in the dark jelly were like seeing pet fish in a tank.

The Wattles were in the gate lodge, across the road from the gates. The gates were green, and speared along the top, the hasp missing. One gate was loose in its pivot and when it slipped out you had to hold on for dear life or you fell, gate and all.

They were named the Wattles because their daughter Lizzie went to Australia and came home, and had yellow jaundice. Before she came she sent snaps of herself and they got the Gramophone mended and bought a record "Far Away in Australia" but she said that was the last thing she wanted to hear and asked bitterly where the pipers were. She threatened to go back but didn't. The Wattles never opened gates because they didn't get paid. The two old people had the pension.

Mr. Wattle called everyone Mister and when Mrs. Wattle bought a cane chair he said Am I in my own house at all Mister? When the cow did number two into the pail of milk, Mr. Wattle who was milking didn't see it. The women strained the milk over and over again through a strainer and through muslin but it was still yellow and it smelled. The other time when milk had a smell was when the cows were given turnips or the grass was too rich.

That rich grass was called aftergrass and your father prized it for his horses. If the gates were left open, or if the big stone was not put to them, cattle got in or got out and either ways there were ructions, investigations as to who was to blame. Your mother could not bear to see and hear stray cattle dispersing all over the fields because she had a presentiment that they were going to be there forever, fattening themselves for free. Yet they were never turned out. Only the tinker's stock was driven out. Tinkers' ponies were canny. They grazed on the roadside, never shied when cars and lorries went by and if they saw a guard coming had the good sense to saunter off. The tinkers settled in the evicted field that belonged to no one because two married brothers fought over it and neither would let the other till it. Some nights there were lots of caravans there with lights shining through the half doors, some nights it was like every other field, dark and empty and dangerous. . . .

If dead people appeared it could only be at night, the way Dan Egan was said to appear under the shade of the tree named after him. Whenever his name was mentioned your father said Poor devil, God rest him. Your father and he got drunk together, played cards and clicked girls. Your father didn't mention girls but there was a photo of them both on a sidecar, each with a girl and each couple with a rug over the knees. It was taken at the Horse Show to which they went annually. They went everywhere together although Dan Egan was a lot older. When the lake was frozen they walked nine miles to an all-night dance, and Dan Egan insisted on dragging

a boat behind them and your father was bucking, but providential it was because on the way home in the morning the ice began to go. When they got in the boat they found they had no oars and Dan Egan was cursing and blinding and they were bobbing around like that between the floats of ice until a coal boat went by at midday.

Your father met your mother at that dance but didn't throw two words to her. Your mother was all dolled up, home from America on holiday, had a long dress and peroxide in her hair. Your mother put the eye on him then and got her brother to invite him up to their house to walk the land.

Your father could guess the acreage of any field by walking it. That and horses was his hobby and off nights with Dan Egan for sing-songs and out on the lake shooting duck. Dan Egan and he lived in a big house with an old tiddly nanny and when they got home drunk in the mornings she used to bring up shaving water and whisky, a mug of each. Kept a roaring fire they did in one room and in all the other rooms there were bats, and mice, and dark pieces of furniture.

Your father was an orphan but his old tiddly nanny took care of him and when he wanted shaving water or a headache powder all he had to do was press a bell and when the green gong trembled in the kitchen his old tiddly nanny said Bad cess to you but went to him all the same.

Your father burned the house sooner than let the Black and Tans occupy it as a barracks. Not even a candlestick or a cruet could he take away as a memento because that would have been theft. The house got burned but the old cellar remained and your mother used it as a dumping ground. Your mother dumped ashes there and the empties that were not charged on and broken crockery and the entrails of the cockerels that got killed and drawn every Saturday in summer, for Sunday's dinner. She gave herself the worst parts of the chicken, the skin, the Pope's nose, the posterior bits. She sent one once a month to your sister Emma along with a cake and some butter.

Emma had airs because she was born in New York. Often she slighted you and said you were trash and said Be off, trash. She pedaled fiercely on her bicycle so that you couldn't catch up. She was his favorite. He called her Whitehead. She got the watch. The watch made a black rim on her wrist and she told you that was known as oxidization. She had a bracelet too that was expandable. Once it got caught above her elbow and had to be damped and forced down. It got buckled.

There was not much jewelry lying about the house, his gold watch, some necklaces, and loose pearls in a soapdish that were skinless and without glow. Your house had no gongs either, and no cellar, but it had marble mantelpieces in all the rooms and constellations of flowers in the centers of the ceilings.

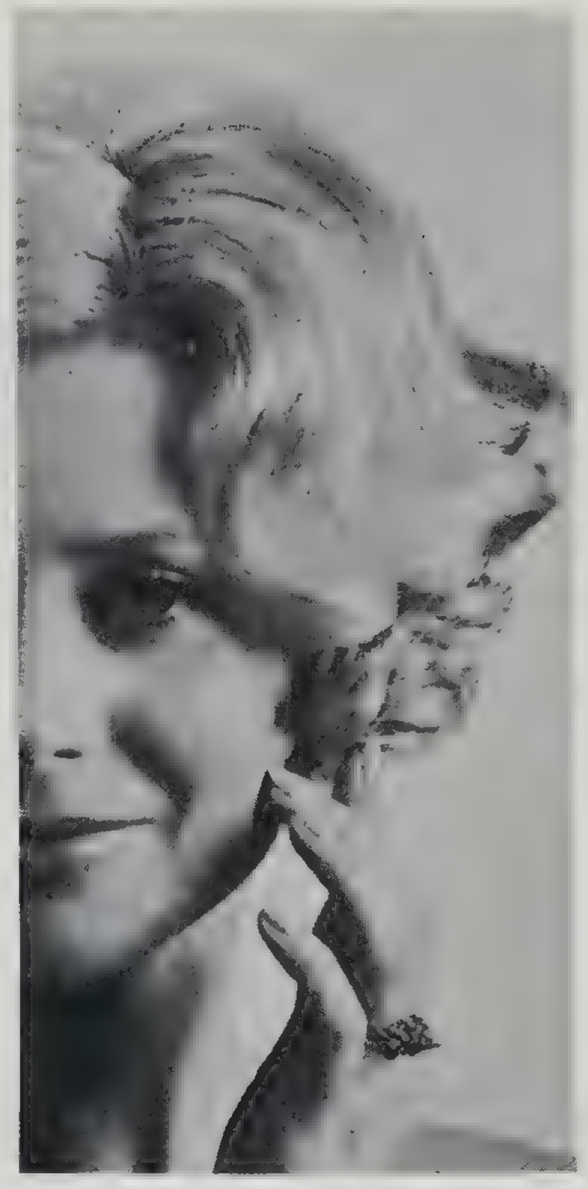
In the chimneys crows nested. Crows preferred the chimneys to the trees because the trees were prey to the wind. Around the tree trunks were plaits of ivy so thick and matted that they were like shields. The crows pecked at the ivy. They were black and lustrous and were always on the go, circling around and around, cawing and crying.

What was classified as a front garden had pampas grass, Devil's pokers and apple trees that hadn't grown to their full stature but weren't dwarfs either. The pampas grass was in wayward clusters, more blue than green. It was a foreign grass, stiff in stem and with a knife edge. It was from the old days, the gone days, when the place had its ornamental garden. You put that part of your hand between thumb and forefinger to the knife edge, that flap which if it got cut could lead to lockjaw. That was courting disaster. The grass was scythed once a month, the hedge clipped. Nettles had to be kept at bay. Nettles had a white flower that no one admired. She sent you around the fields to gather some for young chickens. She gave you a saucepan and shears and told you to drop them directly as you cut them, so as to protect your hands. You suffered a few stings to be devout. You crooned and baritoned, in order to intimidate small animals that were lurking in briars and low coverts of foliage. Nettles had an iron content. Cabbage had iodine. Cabbage was frequently on the menu. It was one of her specialities. She was liberal with salt and pepper and these condiments combined with cabbage and mashed potatoes made a lovely compound. Good with turnips too or for that matter any of the root vegetables. If there was fresh meat he had it, a chop nicely done. The dogs got the bone. They tussled over it. They were huge and were the color of lions. They were called Bran and Shep, Bran after an ancient hero's dog and Shep because it was such a convenient name. They went off at night, across fields, so did badgers and hares and foxes and wildcats and owls and rats and weasels and moles, all enemies, all springing at each other, all letting out primeval cries.

In the morning on the way to school, you saw things, tracks, fur, feathers and once a paw with its long nails intact. You skirted the fort of dark trees. It was a pagan place and circular. . . .*

That's my world, my root. After I finished that book I dreamed this dream: that I was in a ploughed field, a sort of nowhere, no trees, no nothing, only the upturned land and a toy dog made of rubber who turned into a real dog and then a wolf, and I knew that he would eventually have to eat me. In that dream I lost my country, I lost my last bit of footing. Which brings me to a small but certain truth: after God, or the absence of God and the mother's womb, the country is the most significant thing there is. ▼

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THE ART OF GOSSIP

BY QUENTIN CREWE

It is rather like a ghastly riddle—what is it that is good and bad, essential and trivial, helpful and damaging, absorbing one day and without interest the next, done and loved by everyone but detested when done to you? The answer, of course, is gossip.

Gossip is almost impossible to define. It is all the news that isn't fit to print. It is the cozy chat over the telephone or the garden fence. It is the spice that brings history alive. It is something to which the reply is, "Oooh! Really?" Lord Egremont perhaps got closest to a definition of good gossip. "It is the sort of thing you would not say about someone to his face; but, if you were to, he would not really be angry. He would turn away with a wry smile."

Unfortunately, gossip has become a thing of ill repute, a pejorative noun and verb, whereas in many ways it is a vital, almost creative part of living. The subject matter may change. Victorians gossiped of who sat on a sofa with whom; today the talk may be of who has been busted, but the enlivening quality remains eternal.

The problem is that it is an art that everybody practices. It is as if everyone composed and played music for a good part of the day. The air would be filled with cacophonous sounds and music would get a bad name. Poorly wrought gossip is almost worse. Cacophony would merely affront the ears, while indifferent gossip can damage and hurt and bore. Practiced properly, gossip can illuminate, enhance and smooth, as we shall see; but let us first get rid of bad gossip, the dross, the hackwork, before we get to the art.

The worst gossip is the untrue.

Perhaps the most famous case was that of Lady Flora Hastings, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. Her shape began mysteriously to alter, which circumstance court gossip attributed to her having traveled down from Balmoral on a night sleeper with a doctor. When her stomach grew larger and larger, the Queen, without further inquiry, dismissed her from the court. It transpired that Lady Flora's inflation was due to no saucy cause. The poor lady had a tumor. Eventually the Queen was persuaded to send her some apology. But Lady Flora died—a virgin.

Gossip can also damage in retrospect. It would be hard to find any story about the late Lord Castlerosse which would make him sound endearing. Lord Beaverbrook once told me that Castlerosse conducted the breakup of his marriage in print—publishing in his column in the *Sunday Express* everything his wife said or wrote in the course of their rows and his replies. Lord Beaverbrook chortled away. I protested that that and everything else I had ever heard about Castlerosse made me dislike him. Lord Beaverbrook agreed that it all *sounded* awful, but that if I had met him I would have understood. Lord Beaverbrook himself had infinite charm, but this hardly ever appears in any anecdote about him. Randolph Churchill told a story of asking Beaverbrook's butler if he were in. "No. The Lord is out walking," said the butler. "On the water, I presume," said Randolph. Baldly, the story is damaging to Beaverbrook, but curiously enough Beaverbrook told me the story before Randolph did. He thought it very funny. Randolph Churchill is a comparable case. Again, it was he who told me the story of the night he took an advance copy of his book on Eden down to his father's house. He pressed it on Sir Winston who took it up to bed. "In the morning I pounced on my father. 'Have you read my book?'

I asked. 'Just finished the last page,' my father announced. 'Oh good, then what do you think of the point I make about Anthony's fear?' My father looked at me. 'I wouldn't know anything about that. You see, I have only read the last page.'" Many men must have been rendered odious by the fact that gossip and anecdote tend to concentrate on the unattractive rather than on the worthier qualities.

You have to give away an awful lot of money before tales of generosity are told, but cling only once a little too eagerly to sixpence and your fate is sealed.

The searcher after scandal does a grave disservice to gossip. I have in mind a woman in London who, when she hears of a death, rings one up and says, "I suppose he left his wife no money." If one says, "Perhaps not, I don't know," she quotes one as promulgating the widow's poverty as a fact.

The gossip columns in newspapers constantly debase the coinage. Their former hounding of unfortunate people was ended by Penelope Gilliatt's campaign against them, but what has been left reveals the thin quality of bad gossip when robbed of wit and malice. The first essential of good gossip is that its author should know what he is talking about. The world that the gossip columnists write about is usually closed to them, so that their nuances, informed by ignorance, are all wrong. Further, it means that they give weight to unimportant things and, in particular, unimportant people, being unable to get information about important ones. It is what might be called the Uffa Fox syndrome. Gossip that is not personal must be about the great. The eloping daughter of a rich glove manufacturer who lives in Sunningdale is not gossip, it is tittle-tattle; the news that a sculptor who once shook hands with the Princess Royal is to immortalize a trendy hairdresser in plaster of Paris is not gossip, it is handout material.

Gossip is not just facts passed on for the sake of it. The ultimate in the automatic quality of one who gossips badly is the person who rings up and tells you what you have been doing—"I hear you have been staying with the Jamesons in Italy. Their house is . . ."—stuff you know, your gossip purloined. All that is rubbish that should be stamped out as you would throw away bad wine.

Vintage gossip, however, is something quite else. It should be fostered and admired, for it is as useful as fertilizer.

Where would we be had it not been for the gossips of history? Historical facts are no use without the flesh and guts that gossip provides. The most obvious schoolboys' tales of how Nelson put his telescope to his blind eye, or how Archimedes leapt from his bath, tell us more, in one sentence, that we need to know about naval strategy or the nature of scientific progress than a hundred plans of battles or scores of algebraic equations. It is the Saint-Simons, the Hickeys, the Madame de Staëls, and the Herveys, who bring history alive for us, revealing the human characteristics and frailties that we can understand and identify with.

It is just as important with contemporary figures, both for our understanding of them and for their own communication with each other. It is an advantage that Europeans have over Americans that we enjoy gossip. On the whole, Americans do not gossip. They are concerned more with deeds than with words; and not using words as we do, they can be more damaged by them. A man's career in the United States can be shattered by things said, but for us the saying is already a softening, because gossip makes things humorous rather than shocking. In France, obviously, but even in Britain, the jokes and chat about a minister's love affairs would make them unimportant. We all know public figures who drink or who are unfaithful, but we don't concern ourselves about this information because it is common knowledge. When it isn't, disaster follows.

Gossip smooths the way. How is one to deal with people whose foibles and eccentricities are unknown? (Continued on page 321)



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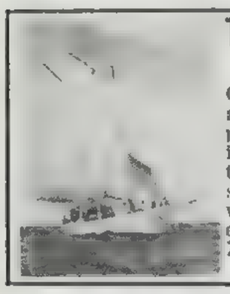
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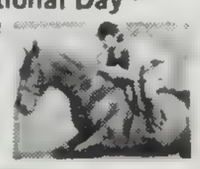
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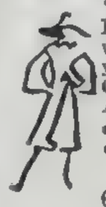
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THE ART OF GOSSIP

(Continued from page 319)

Gossip humanizes men without reducing their true stature. No man is a hero to his valet, but his valet can love him. The man about whom there is no gossip is not lovable.

We should perhaps qualify here what we mean when we say gossip must be true. More precisely, it should be accurate. There are certain affinities with fiction in good gossip. What it must be is true in intention; the actuality need not be faithful reportage. Noël Coward, for instance, like all truly witty people, gets flattering stories attributed to him. It is true that when he came out after seeing *Camelot* he said, "Just like Parsifal—but without the jokes." It is not true that on coming out of a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* he commented, "For a dreadful moment I thought the asp was going to teeter to the front of the stage and say it couldn't go through with it." Both stories, however, tell us exactly the same thing about Sir Noël. In a slightly different way, consider the story of Sir John Betjeman when he worked at the Ministry of Information during the war. There was a particularly exasperating bureaucrat there called, well, Smith. One evening a friend of mine was going down in a crowded lift at the Ministry. Smith stood primly, umbrella, briefcase, and bowler in hand. Suddenly Sir John's voice protested, "It's not true what you all say about Mr. Smith's taking bribes." That is gossip at about three different levels—illuminating about Mr. Smith, Sir John, and the conflict of wartime civil service. While on the subject of war, what gossip could be more illustrative about Sir Winston and the spirit of Britain than the untold story of an Admiralty cat called Nelson during the blitz. One of Sir Winston's secretaries went into Churchill's bombproof office to rouse him from his nap during a raid. Going in quietly, he found Sir Winston in his underwear kneeling in front of an antique desk trying to coax the bomb-scared cat from underneath it. "Come out, come, out," Sir Winston was saying. "You should not cower under this Queen Anne desk—you, the bearer of so proud a name."

It is not only in the large field that gossip is valuable. What is a village without gossip? Or even a family? It is the chatter and the knowledge of each other's weakness that bind a community together—the Cranford quality.

There is also the self-revealing nature of gossip. What a person selects, what amuses him, what surprises him, tell us as much about him as about his subject. We can form perfect pictures of chatty diarists. We would have known, even if he had not told us, that Pepys's first action on getting home and suspecting his wife of infidelity would be to rush upstairs and feel the sheets to see if they were still warm. We would have known it from what he told us about others.

All in all, gossip does make the world turn more smoothly, acting both as a catalyst in relationships and as a brake on excesses, as useful as a vigilant Press.

But who shall practice the art? There are strict qualifications. A good gossip should be a man. Women are too inventive, too full of malice. He should be discreet. Nothing so spoils gossip as too early or too broad dissemination. He should be witty, for the sting must be extracted. He should be accurate. He should be incapable of disapproval, because moral fervor turns gossip strangely sour. ▼

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ACCESSORIES

Cover: Scarf by Handcraft.

Page 218: Oscar de la Renta pendant, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 221: Earrings by Yves Saint Laurent; K. J. L. ring.

Page 222: Pins by Lee Menichetti for Polcini; Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 223: Bag by Bonnie Cashin for Coach Leatherware; gloves by Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb; Charles Jourdan boots.

Page 224: Hat by Anne Klein, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Onik Designs pendant; Canterbury belt; watch by Battaglia Shop; tights, Saks Fifth Avenue; shoes by Laura Tosato for Miller Eye.

Page 225: Amerex tights, at Bergdorf Goodman; Mario Valentino shoes.

Page 226: Adolfo hat, Saks Fifth Avenue; Viola Weinberg gloves; Dynasty watch; tights, Saks Fifth Avenue; shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 228 (top): Bag by Gerald Wessenger; Belle-Sharmeer tights; David Evins shoes.

Page 228 (bottom): Madcaps cap; pin, Celia Sebiri; bracelets, K.J.L.; shoes, Walter Steiger for Pancaldi.

Page 229: Madcaps hat, Bonwit Teller; pin, Aude Kamlet for Henri Bendel; Calderon belt, Bonwit Teller; Round-the-Clock tights; David Evins shoes.

Page 230: K. J. L. necklace.

Page 231: Veil by Mr. John; Jules Van Rouge earrings; sable muff, Maximilian; Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 234: Earrings and pendant by Alexis Kirk; Burlington tights.

Page 235: Donald Stannard earrings; Gucci watch; bracelets by Celia Sebiri; belt by Anne Klein for Calderon; Kay Fuchs gloves; Hanes tights.

Page 236: Bort Carleton bag; belt by Elsa Peretti. Bernard Kayman sunglasses.

Page 237: Earrings by K. J. L.; Trifari bracelets.

Page 238: Trika cuffs; necklace, The American Indian Arts Center; Burlington tights; Mario Valentino boots.

Page 239: Scarf, Handcraft; gloves, Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb; boots, Mario Valentino.

Page 240: Madcaps hat, Lord & Taylor; Trika bracelet; belt by Elegant, Bloomingdale's; boots, El Greco.

Page 241: Hat by Madcaps, Bergdorf Goodman; Handcraft scarf; Latinas bag; belt by Elegant, at Bloomingdale's; Gioconda Crevelli bracelets; Grandoe gloves; tights, Henri Bendel; Mario Valentino shoes.

Page 242 (left): Hat by Pierre Cardin-New York; belt by Elegant; Herbert Levine knee boots.

Page 242 (right): Schiaparelli tights.

Page 243: Fownes gloves; loafers by Mario Valentino.

Page 244: Bergère earrings; Bort Carleton bag; Van Raalte gloves; shoes by Palizzio.

Page 245 (left): Boots by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 245 (right): Fox bag by 700 b.c., at Bonwit Teller; boots, Palmroth of Finland.

Page 246 (top left): Van Raalte gloves; Gucci bracelet; hat by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear.

Page 246 (right): Pendant by Trifari; chains, Sondra S. for Eye Plus; pocket scarf by Echo.

Page 247: Benson & Partners belt.

Page 248 (left): Bag, Bienen-Davis; Aris gloves; Burlington tights; shoes by Golo.

Page 248 (right): Earrings by Stanley Hagler; Alexis Kirk bracelet; K. J. L. rings; Amerex tights; shoes by Mark Cross.

Page 249: Celia Sebiri earrings; Echo scarf; tights by Penn Carol.

Page 250 (left): Pin on scarf, Alexis Kirk; Aris mittens; shoes by Hermès of Paris.

Page 250 (right): Madcaps hat; Handcraft scarf; Roger Van S. bag.

Page 251: Scarf in hair and tie, Handcraft; gloves by Grandoe.

Page 256: Halston gloves; Chadbourn tights; boots by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 257: Ring by K. J. L.; Vanity Fair tights; Palizzio shoes.

Page 258: Pringle of Scotland turtleneck; Grandoe gloves.

Page 259: Pringle of Scotland turtleneck; Grandoe gloves; pants, Bloomingdale's; shoes by Palizzio, Lord & Taylor.

Page 260: Adolfo hat, Saks Fifth Avenue; Polcini pin; cuff by Celia Sebiri; Aris gloves; Round-the-Clock tights; shoes by Walter Steiger for Pancaldi.

Page 261: Madcaps hat, Bloomingdale's; pin, Scott Barrie, Henri Bendel; Glentex scarf, Bloomingdale's.

Page 262: Hat by Madcaps, Bonwit Teller; pin on hat, Alexis Kirk; ascot by Ashear Bros.

Page 263 (left): Adolfo cap, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 263 (right): Chain by Judith Lieber; Danskin tights; Latinas boots.

Page 264 (left): Belt by Marcia Breen; Berkshire tights; Silvia of Fiorentina shoes.

Page 264 (right): Adolfo hat; belt by Elegant; Alexis Kirk bracelet; Vendôme watch by Coro; Prestige tights; shoes by Golo.

Page 265 (left): Madcaps hat; Roger Van S. belt; bracelets, Bergère; Beautiful Bryans tights; shoes, Golo.

Page 265 (right): Madcaps hat; pin, Joia; Hanes tights; Palizzio shoes.

Page 266: Necklaces by Alexis Kirk; dickey by Joanna Rubens for Gerald Wessenger; Grandoe gloves, Bergdorf Goodman; Latinas bag; Beautiful Bryans tights; boots by Latinas.

Page 267 (top): Danskin tights; shoes, Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 267 (bottom): Earrings by Bergère.

Pages 288-289: K. J. L. earrings, at Bonwit Teller; Charles Elkaim cuffs.

Page 290: Willie Woo earrings; Ruza Creations bracelet; Belle-Sharmeer tights; shoes by Julianelli.

Page 291: Pins by Willie Woo and Scott Barrie; Round-the-Clock tights; David Evins shoes.

Page 292: Pins in hair, Willie Woo; Aris gloves; Bonnie Doon tights; Julianelli shoes, Lord & Taylor.

Page 293: K. J. L. necklace (Bonwit Teller), rings; Roman Stripe tights; shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 294: Earrings and pins, Willie Woo; ostrich boa by Doro, Bonwit Teller; K. J. L. rings, Napier; Schiaparelli tights; shoes, Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 295 (top left): Belt, Lee Menichetti for Polcini; William de Lillo bracelets.

Page 295 (top right): K. J. L. necklace; Maximilian dyed Norwegian fox boa; tights by Beautiful Bryans; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Page 295 (bottom right): Barrette by William de Lillo; K. J. L. bracelets and ring; Beautiful Bryans tights; Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 296: Hat, Bob Green for Irene of New York; boa of dyed Norwegian fox by Maximilian; Phoenix tights; Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 297 (left): K. J. L. choker; tights by Beautiful Bryans; shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 297 (right): Ruza Creations bracelet; shoes by Herbert Levine.

Page 298: Pendant and ring by Elsa Peretti for Halston; shoes by Herbert Levine.

Page 299: Earrings by Robert Originals; K. J. L. cuff, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 300: Pin on head wrap, by Eisenberg; K. J. L. bracelet; Burlington tights; shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 301: Maximilian dyed Norwegian fox boa; Alexis Kirk earrings; Charles Elkaim bracelets.

Page 302 (left): Oscar de la Renta earrings; David Evins shoes.

Page 302 (right): Earrings by Oscar de la Renta; Judith Leiber belt; Belle-Sharmeer tights; shoes, Piero Nuti for I. Miller.

Page 303 (right): K. J. L. bracelets and ring; I. Miller shoes.

Page 304: Eisenberg pin on cuff; Burlington tights; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Page 305: Alexis Kirk choker; K. J. L. cuff bracelet; tights by Roman Stripe; shoes by Julianelli.

the New York Collections

Other stores across the country carrying the new American fashions shown throughout this issue of Vogue. . . . On the opposite page, the accessories shown with them.



PAGE 228
Heathery-grey knit dress. By Christian Dior-New York. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak.



PAGE 229
Pale patterned knit dress. By Kimberly. At Dayton's; Frost Bros.; Hengerer's; O'Neil's; Sakowitz; Titche's, Dallas.



PAGE 234
Coppery-blond metallic knit shirtdress. By Leslie Fay. At L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; The Denver; B. Forman; Frost Bros.; Halle's-Cleveland; Hengerer's; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; O'Neil's; Titche's, Dallas; Wanamaker's Phila.



PAGE 235
Pale blond wool knit shirtdress. By David Crystal. At Dayton's; Frost Bros.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Chas. A. Stevens.



PAGE 236
Classic blond wool coat with a big notched collar, belted in back. Originala designed by Ilie Wacs. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Stix, Baer & Fuller.



PAGE 239
Crushed taupe-y brown cotton suède belted raincoat. By Davidow. At L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; The Denver; Titche's, Dallas.



PAGE 241
Cranberry tweed belted coat, with its own matching dress. By Rona. At Dayton's; Frost Bros.; Henger-er's.

PAGE 242
Purple-bibbed violet jersey dress. By Pierre Cardin-New York. At Dayton's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's.



PAGE 242
Black-and-white patterned jacket and culottes, red turtleneck. By Kasper for Joan Leslie. At L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Swanson's.



PAGE 243
Blue-and-white windowpane pants suit with checked shirt and tie, white sweater-vest. By blassport. At Dayton's; Frost Bros.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; O'Neil's; Sakowitz.



PAGE 247
Scarlet suède-and-navy knit vest over a tweedy navy turtleneck, navy knit skirt. By Susan Thomas. At Dayton's; Halle's-Cleveland; Hutzler's; Swanson's.





PAGE 248
Brown herringbone-tweed suit with beige crêpe shirt, brown satin tie. By John Anthony. At Dayton's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hengerer's; Sakowitz; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 249
Brown-and-purple tweed coat and brown knit dress. By Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader. At L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; B. Forman; O'Neil's; Swanson's.



PAGE 250
Oxford-grey knit pea jacket with Oxford-and-white jacquard pants, white turtleneck. By Kimberly. At L. S. Ayres; B. Forman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hengerer's; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Hutzler's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



PAGE 265
Black-and-grey sweater-and-skirt dress. By David Crystal. At Frost Bros.; Hengerer's; Vandever's; Wanamaker's, Phila.

PAGE 290
Back-baring black cut velvet dress, trimmed with feathers. By Kasper for Joan Leslie. At L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Hengerer's.



PAGE 291
Covered black velvet dress with apron panels split over a satin mini. By Pierre Cardin-New York. At Dayton's; Frost Bros.; Halle's-Cleveland; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; Swanson's.



PAGE 295
Long-and-bare black matte jersey dress. By Kasper for Joan Leslie. At Dayton's; The Denver; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's.



PAGE 295
Black satin smoking, by John Anthony. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Wanamaker's, Phila.





PAGE 301
Long blue sweater-dress, shimmered and clingy. By Elincr Simmons for Malcolm Starr. At Dayton's; The Denver; Frost Bros.; Swanson's; Titche's, Dallas.



PAGE 302
Blowy red-and-gold chiffon evening dress. By Nat Kaplan. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak.

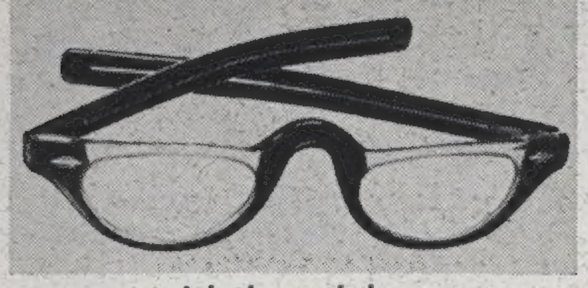


PAGE 303
Gold, silver, and green printed satin evening dress. By Oscar de la Renta Boutique. At Dayton's; Frost Bros.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz; Swanson's.



PAGE 303
Long slit dress in claret-and-tawny-colored printed knit. By Paganne. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wanamaker's, Phila.

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Revelations®

SAVING LIFE

(Continued from page 269)

"It would appear to be safer to be injured in battle in Vietnam than to be injured on the highways of civilian America."

many accidents occur on rural roads as in crowded city streets. Although stress, anger, emotional disturbances, illness, suicidal inclinations, and mental depression contribute seriously to the human problem and those emotionally disturbed or ill often use automobiles as instruments of aggression, drunkenness accounts for half of the automobile accident deaths.

Dr. Melvin Selzer, of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Michigan School of Medicine, reported that alcoholics often drive short distances because they feel too drunk to walk. Alcohol is also a critical factor in pedestrian fatalities: drunk pedestrians account for nearly 20 percent of the nation's yearly accident fatalities.

Many people are using barbiturates, tranquilizers, amphetamines, and other substances that alter mood or provide psychic energizing or tranquilization. Other drugs for other purposes may be given to patients causing interference with body balance and producing dizziness and, occasionally, even deafness or disturbance of vision. A combination of these drugs and alcohol in the driver of an automobile is lethal.

There are persons with heart disease or other serious illness who may die or suffer severe disability while driving. A study in California by Dr. Irma West of the California Department of Public Health showed that within fifteen minutes of single-car accidents, 15 percent of the drivers died at the wheel of natural causes. Half a million licensed California automobile drivers are in this group who are likely to die at the wheel. Unfortunately for the health of Californians, fewer than a third of the individuals who died at the wheel of coronary occlusion were under the care of a physician. The stress of driving may have an unfavorable effect upon the heart.

A study of drivers in London traffic showed that the heart rate is reported to rise from 70 to 85 beats a minute to 100 to 140 beats a minute. In Sweden, half of the drivers studied, who had heart disease, showed abnormalities of the electrocardiogram while they were driving in heavy traffic. The attention requirements of driving, even on rural roads, may increase the pulse rate.

In America the car problem remains unsolved and without uniform laws. So difficult has been the program of controlling drinking while driving that increased attention has been devoted to developing crashworthy cars as the best practical defense against injury and death.

The next problem is prompt emergency care and the transportation of severely injured patients to places well equipped to handle accident victims. The operation "dustoff" of the Army in Vietnam is a major example of the importance of efficient and effective immediate care with rapid transport by helicopter from battlefield to hospital. It is not unusual for a man wounded in battle to be on the operating table in less than one hour.

From the standpoint of receiving definitive proper resuscitative treatment, including operation, if necessary, transfusion, and the use of respiratory support with mechanical ventilators, it would appear to be safer to be injured in battle in Vietnam than to be injured on the highways of civilian America.

In civilian accidents, it has been estimated that approximately 25 percent of automobile fatalities may be due to either delayed or inept emergency care of the victims. This problem can be solved successfully. In Yorkshire, England, thirty doctors have created a voluntary cooperative emergency service. The doctor closest to the accident responds to a call from the local police.

This project, begun in December, 1967, cared for 351 accidents in which there were 492 injuries with 182 of these serious. Twenty-three deaths occurred immediately on automobile impact. Four deaths occurred in the hospital, and *none at all in transit*. In comparison, 2,000 of 100,000 seriously injured people elsewhere in Great Britain died enroute to the hospital in the same time period.

It is estimated that hundreds, possibly thousands, of people who are accident victims don't survive the trip to the hospital because of untrained ambulance attendants and improper ambulance equipment. It is believed, on the best of evidence, that only ten states have any standard for the design, staffing, or equipment of ambulances. The American College of Surgeons has set minimum requirements for this kind of equipment and *only six* of these states conform to these minimum requirements.

There should be good ambulance service in each community. The National Research Council has made some recommendations: ambulances should be designed exclusively for emergency transportation of patients and not for multiple purposes. Each should have complete equipment and supplies for meeting any need, including two-way radio communication with an effective health center.

There should be appropriate life-supporting devices, including transfusion, mechanical respiration, the correction of breathing-passage disturbances, and other important material. Although the Council does not say so, it is clear that the future will require air transport.

Perhaps more important than equipment is the need for thoroughly trained ambulance attendants. Continuing refresher education and testing of the competence of the attendants and of the equipment are mandatory.

The prospects and the possibility of prevention of accidents are good. The life you save by insisting on this kind of care in your community could be yours or that of someone you love. ▼

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